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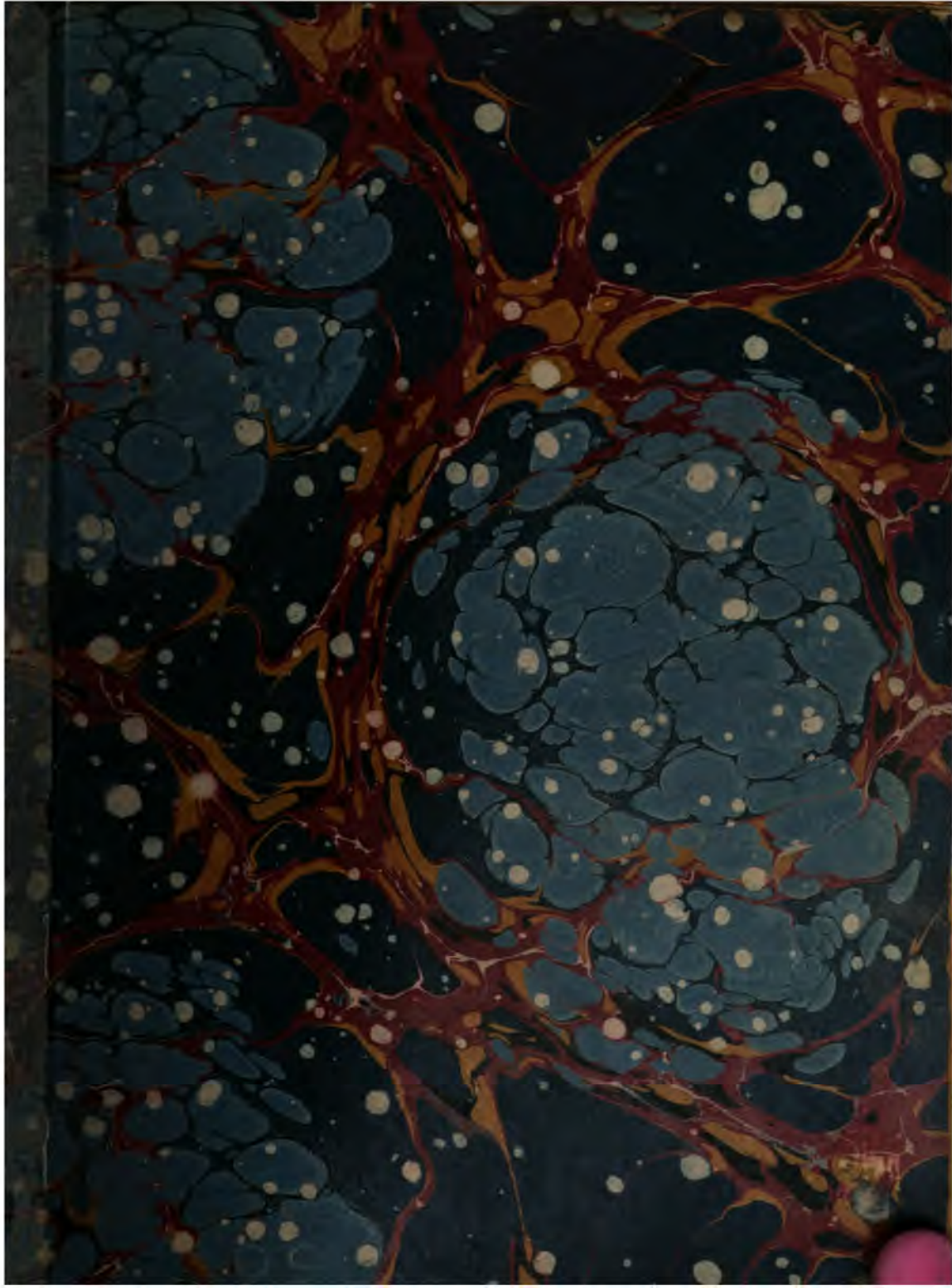
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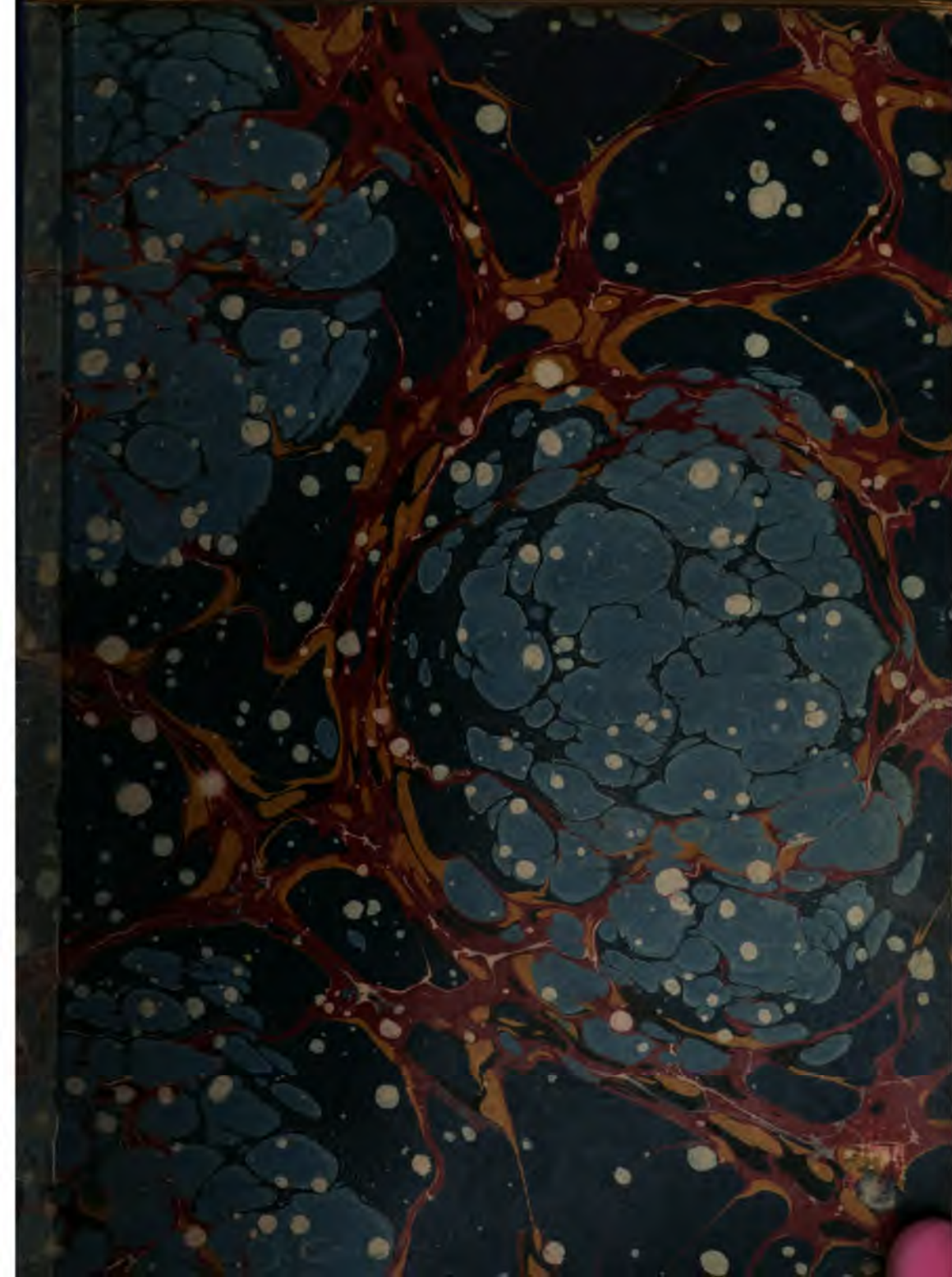
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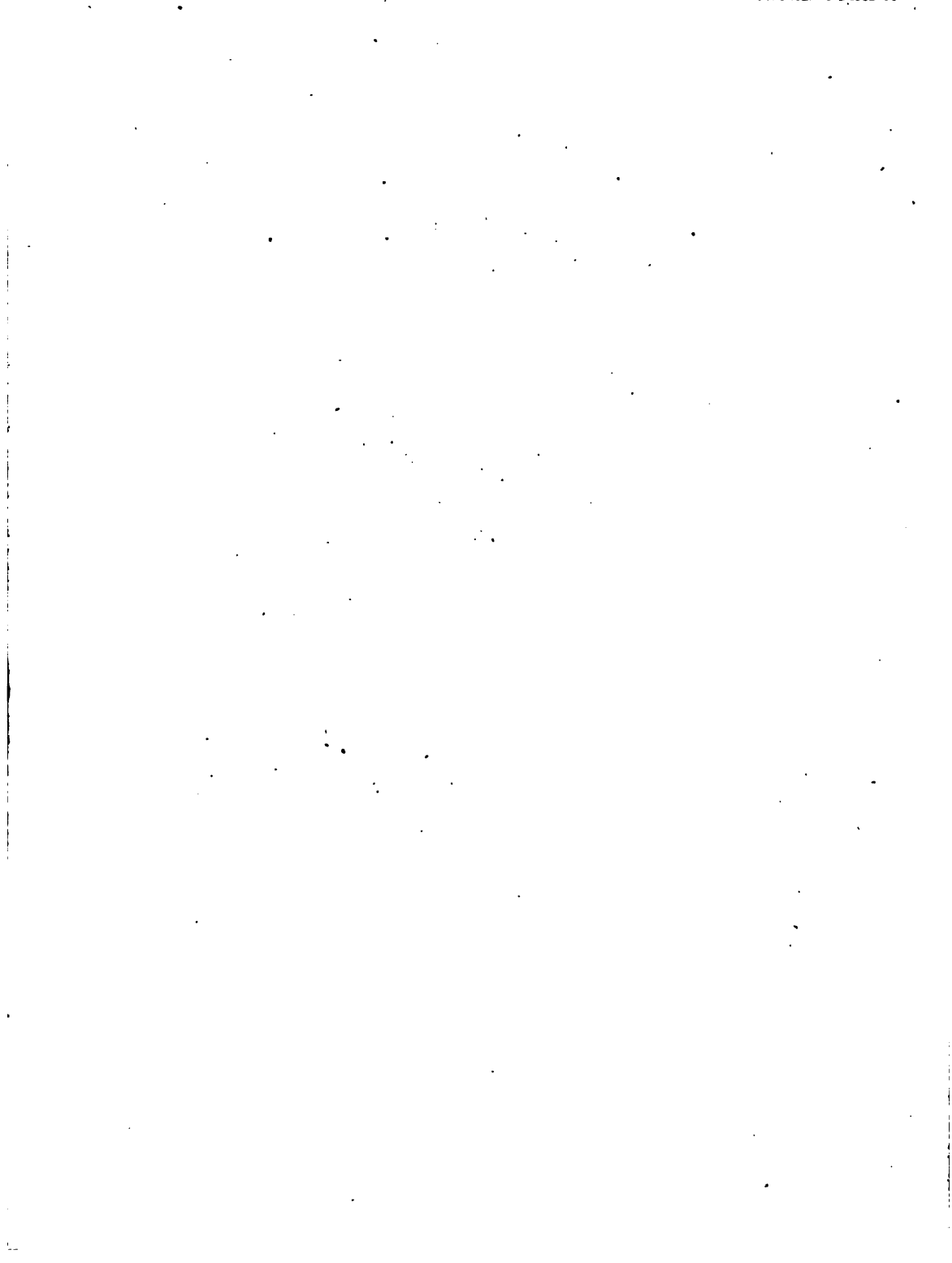
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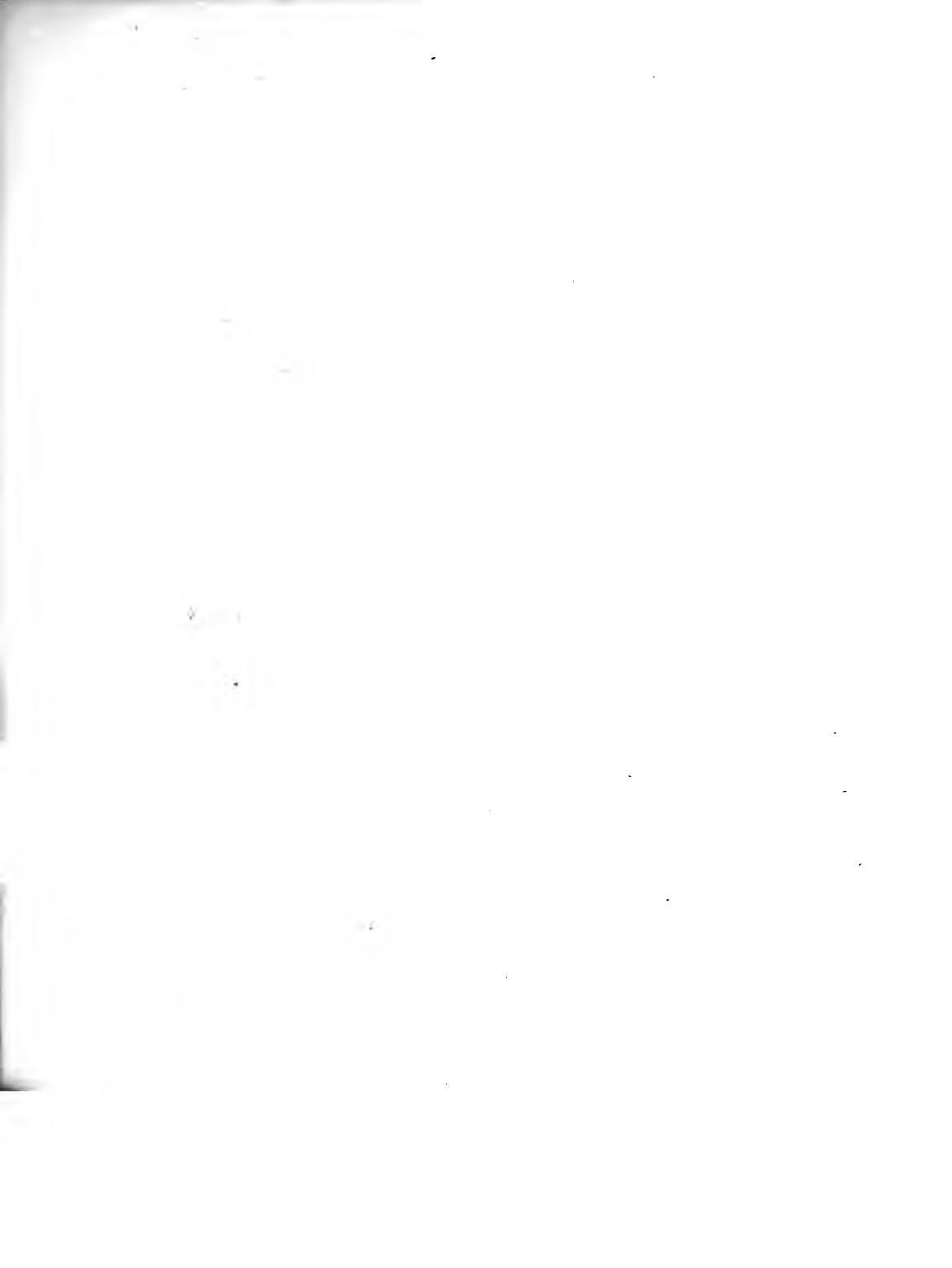


*Alex. Young Esq*

Churchyardes Chippes.

1575.

PART I.









ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
**Early English Poetry.**

EDITED BY  
**J. PAYNE COLLIER.**

VOL. II.



LONDON :  
PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1866-70.

2004

## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

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1. CHURCHYARD'S CHIPPEES. 1575.
2. WHETSTONE'S ROCK OF REGARD. 1576.





## INTRODUCTION. // /

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THE late George Chalmers having, in 1817, gone in considerable detail, and with much general accuracy, into the incidents of the life of Thomas Churchyard, from his birth about the year 1520, to his death in 1604, it is not necessary here to travel over the same ground; especially recollecting that not a few of the most important facts were derived from the work now in the hands of the reader, which the same biographer then in part republished. He derived his materials only from the second edition, while our reprint of the entire work is from the earliest impression; and, although they vary in many particulars, the leading features are the same in both.

“Churchyard’s Chips” is, to all intents and purposes, a Miscellany, although it consists only of his various and scattered productions, belonging to different years between about 1550, when the author began to write, and 1575, when they were collected in the form and sequence observed in the work before us. The author was not by any means a poet in the highest sense of the word; but in the beginning of his career he was certainly in greater estimation than near the close of it. Some of his pieces were considered good enough to be included by Tottell in the volume he put forth in 1557, the first edition of which has been already reprinted by us, and may possibly have been originally edited by Churchyard himself: we only put forward his claim to the discharge of that duty upon conjecture, but there are two or three points in his biography that render it not altogether unlikely. He was at that date about the Court, he had a strong rhyming propensity, he was acquainted with at least several

poets, who, like himself, certainly were contributors to that collection, and he was in want of money. Still, if Churchyard had really superintended the publication of so important and popular a volume, we hardly think it probable that he would not somewhere have asserted his right to the distinction.

He was not a man of imaginative powers: he deals mainly with facts, and narrates them more like a rhyming chronicler than as an inventive genius; and it is this circumstance that especially recommends him to our notice in what he called his "Chips": he was fond of these alliterative titles, and he has, therefore, left behind him his "Charge," "Chance," "Choice," and "Charity," some of which we hope hereafter to be able to present to the eyes of modern readers, because there is not one of them that does not contain matter, more or less interesting, as criticism, biography, or history; merely as poetry we cannot bestow much praise upon them, although Churchyard's "Shore's Wife" obtained the applause of Thomas Nash in 1596 for its antiquated, and then neglected author. "Shore's Wife," in its best form, we have already reprinted.

It is to be borne in mind, however, that Churchyard had the merit of being a very early admirer of Chaucer, whom he mentions; and one or two of the best productions in our present volume are creditable imitations of the Father of English Poetry. Churchyard was a soldier, not a scholar, and for this reason, probably, we are not much troubled in his works with tedious classical allusions. We might have entertained a higher opinion of him, if he had not adopted, almost from the first, a peculiar spelling, often annoying to modern eyes, and rather indicating (like the wearing of a peculiar hat or coat in our own day) the absence of more important claims to notice.

J. P. C.

918  
C699  
ib  
v. 2

THE FIRST  
PARTE OF CHURCHYARDES  
*Chippes, containing*

**Twelue seuerall  
Labours.**

*Deuised and published, only*

by THOMAS CHURCHYARD,  
Gentilman.

\* \* \*

Imprinted at London  
*in Fletestreate neare*  
**unto Saint Dunstones**  
Church by Thomas  
**Marte.**

1575.

Cum Priuilegio.

## THE CONTENTES OF THIS BOOKE.

- ✓ 1. The siege of Leeth.
2. A farewell to the worlde.
3. A fayned fancie of the Spyder and the Gowte.
4. A dollfull discourse of a Lady and a Knight.
- ✓ 5. The Rode into Scotlande, by Sir William Druery,  
knight.
6. Sir Symond Burleys tragedie.
7. A tragicall discourse of the unhappy mans life.
8. A discourse of vertue.
9. Churchyardes dreame.
10. A tale of a Fryer and a Shuemakers wief.
- ✓ 11. The siege of Edenborough Castle.
12. The whole order of the receiuing of the Queenes Ma-  
iestie into Bristowe.



## TO THE RIGHT

worshipful his tried and worthy friend,

*Maister Christofer Hatton, Esquier,*

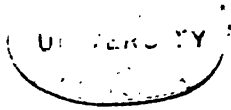
Captaine of the Queenes Majesties Garde,  
and Gentleman of her highnesse  
privie Chamber.

THE long liking and good wyll, with the fast frendship I finde in you (good maister Hatton), procures my penne presently to performe that I promised, no smal time since, touching a booke of al my English verses in miter. The offer wherof came from my selfe, not for the goodnes of the matter, but for the parfitnesse of the persone to whom I ment to dedicate my worke. And albeit your valeur may not bee seen in so simple a glas, yet I hope this my woorkes shall not hinder your deserved renowm, nor breed occasion to mislike my unbridled boldnes. And for that from my head, hand and penne, can floe no farre fatched eloquence, nor sweete sprinklyng speaches (seasoned with spiced termes) I call my workes Churchyardes Chips, the badnes wherof can beguile no man with better opinion, than the substance it selfe doth import; and in deed if any other tielle had bene geven to my trifles than the proper name of Chips, men might have hoped for graver matter then the natuer of my verses can produce. Wherefor I prepared a title aunswerable to the weight of the worke, misdoubting not but that you will of cortesie behold what blaes of good wyll these my Chips will utter to the

*world; assuring my selfe and my friendes, that herein is no kinde of sparke, neither hurtfull nor uncomly. But as the world may judge, among many chips may be sundrie woodes, so the worst of them all makes but a crack, consumes with the coales, and turneth unto finders. What fier can be made where neither smoek can be seen, nor hissing of stickes maye bee hard? And yet those two properties agree in the end to one flame, effect and purpose. I write of severall things, whose sondry foundations might leade me to divers subjectes, but each of them in deede serveth to one mans cogitation and duetifull dealing towards God and my countrey; and none of them hath any humour or disease, but futch as evrybody may broke, digest, and embrace (bearing any graine of favour to the wrytter) whiche I hope makes the reddier passage to that which I caused to be printed. My first booke hath but few things in it, but such varietie of matter as shall breed to the reader rather pleasure than painfulness; and the second shall contain a nomber of things I trust of no lesse pastime and commodity, weighing mirrely the meaning of my imaginacions. Thus, making my choice of a sufficiente patroen for a farre better woorke than my cunning can performe, (and creping under the target of your protection) I weery you no further in reading of this my plain Epistle, committing to the Almighty your worship, good naem, and most desired felicitie, with increace of wished fortune.*

Yours in all at commaundement,

THOMAS CHURCHYARD Gentleman.



TO THE DISPISERS OF OTHERS MENS WORKES.

*that shooes nothing of their owne.*



If well you judge of my good will,  
you yelde me my defarts :  
If that with frowns and scorneful loeks,  
you shooe your hollowe harts.

(And by disdaine disgrace his verfe,  
that doth the best he can :)  
You do not well to hinder foe  
the works of any man.

For loke, what measure you doe meet,  
the same yee shall receive,  
When from the loem of your device,  
like webb of cloeth you weave.

But if you leade an idle life,  
and father near a childe,  
You are as bad as barain ground,  
and so the world begilde.

• The loekar on of table playe  
finds many faults in deede ;  
(And with conceites of this and that,  
he doth his fancie feede)

But bid him play a gaem himselfe,  
 and than perhaps he will  
 Mis some good pointe by over fight,  
 and loes his money still.

A man that builds a prettie house,  
 in sweete and holsome ayre,  
 (With goodly rowms and choise of place,  
 and windoes large and fayre),

Shall heer his neighbour streight dispraves  
 the seate and eek the fraem ;  
 Yet hee that praets wants wealth and wit,  
 and cannot mende the feam.

What needs more words to waeft my wind,  
 about these busie brains,  
 That powlts and fwels at others toils,  
 and take themselves no pains ?

The best is, though small goodnes be  
 in these baer chipps of mien,  
 My hatchet hewd them all in deede,  
 whear they be grosse or fien.

And whan that theas have maed a blaes,  
 and bin in world a whiel,  
 A bigger basket will I bring,  
 to make you worldlings smiel.

And wheather theas you like or noe,  
 the rest aer neer the stamp ;  
 Which if you pleas to flinge in fier,  
 will borne as cleer as lamp.

Thus faerwell frends, or flyring foes,  
 I kno not how to fawne :  
 I mean to see you ons again,  
 fo leave my booke for pawne.

Adue.

## THE SIEGE OF

Leeth, more aptlie called the fchole of warre,  
(the Lord Gray of Wilton generall thereof) in the  
second yeare of the raigne of oure sove-  
raigne Lady Queene Elizabeth.

Anno 1560.

**A**S Marche did ende, so *Mars* began his raigne,  
Whose men I saw to bluddy warres were bente :  
From *Barwick* walls they marched throw the plaine,  
With banner splaide, with carriage, haell and tente,  
All fitte for warres : to *Leeth* this armye wente,  
And, as I know, the number was so small,  
Sixe thousande and five hundreth men were all.

And most of those not trayned for the field,  
More rawe then rype, unready, out of use ;  
And some men say, ech leader was not skild :  
But what of that ? I write not of abuse.  
If faultes there were, I ought to make excuse :  
First do wee creepe, and after learne to go ;  
All hitts not white that shooteth in the bow.

Amonge these men were fouldiours of ech sorte,  
Both old and yonge ; what should there more be said ?  
And some that fought to get a good report,  
To haunt the warres did holde them well apaid :  
Of cannon shotte they seldome stode afraid ;



They knew **the** cracke and horling in the eare  
Was halfe **the** harme, and most of all the feare.

(4) Such men declarde they had a det to pay,  
And still they wisht in countries cause to die, ✓  
They prayfde that man that servde his prince a day, ✓  
They were a feare unto the enmyes eye ;  
They beautified theyr bands with bravery :  
They bare the blowes, and broughte the yonglings on,  
And gave the charge when others lokt uppon.

As erste I said, this campe so furnisht out  
Lord *Gray* the chiefe, Lord *Skrope* the marshall than :  
Of knightes and squires if here I went about  
To show their names, as if I list I can,  
Time should I loose, and weary many a man  
To read their stiles ; wherefore your leave I crave,  
To write such thinges as in my head I have.

The maner thus : before *Dumbar* they paste,  
Where issued out the French, a silly bande  
On horse and foote, and not requyring faste  
To take, me thought, the skirmishing in hand :  
And thus a while both parties still did stand,  
Till cankred hate had kindled malice newe, ✓  
And badde our men in field their foes pursewe.

A skirmishe at  
*Dumbar.*

But, in the ende, a few were hurt or slaine,  
They driven in, and none that skirmishe would :  
The campe marcht throw, and did no while remaine  
Before *Dumbar* ; the troth thereof is tould :

The rest my penne shall foone to you unfould,  
 So that you do my tale in order marke,  
 And, as you ought, give credit to my warke.

At length, in fight of *Leeth* our army preast.  
 I had forgot how they the Scots lords met,  
 Who brought with them two thousand men at least,  
 Few more I gesse that were in order set,  
 But still in hope a greater power to get,  
 They put us in ; so thus wee joynde in on.  
 I may not longe this matter rest uppon.

But as I said, when fight of *Leeth* we had,  
 Like as the bore his brissels ginnes to shake  
 When he is chafte, and fares as he were mad ;  
 Or as the wolfe that newly is awake  
 In fury runnes the fillie sheepe to take,  
 So did our men the French full fast pursue,  
 Where sone was seene the warres began a new.

They had no minde on peace proclaimde in Cheape,  
 The leage was brooke they thought in London made :  
 Out goes the pikes, the souldiours ranne in heape,  
 The scabberds falls, and forth was drawen the blade.  
 Some shotes apace, the others chardge and lade ;  
 But ere the heate of this great skirmishe grew,  
 The *Dowager* with trumpet toke a trew.

This stage of warre made many men to muse :  
 How be it was devised of theyr queene,  
 Some say, by crafte our captaines to abuse,

And so it provde none other as I weene ;  
For here and there the Frenchmen laye unseene,  
As though were ment no harme on either side,  
As fire lyes hid untill the smoke be spide.

Our campe came on, and fought their tents to pitch :  
The Frenche drew neare to view our maner throw ;  
Whereat Lord *Gray* was discontented mitch,  
And sent them word they should retyre them now :  
Wherefore (qd they) we understand not how  
Wee should give place, or any waye be bounde  
To part from hence, and leave our maisters ground.

Yees (qd my Lord), were not for promise sake  
Of truse a while, we should not reason longe.  
Full stoutly than the French in bravry spake,  
Do what you dare, we will not take a wronge.  
Wherewith in haste they fange us such a songe,  
With curriar shotte that, had not hap bin good,  
They had soone shed some of our worthift blood.

Under the  
pretence of  
peace, they  
shotte in our  
faces.

For as our chiefe, and leaders of the field,  
In daunger stoode, under the league we had,  
They usde such warres as have bin seen but field. *scd.*  
Full in our face they shotte as they were mad :  
A tricke of Fraunce, a bluddy parte to bad ;  
But as God woulde, the skath they did was smale ;  
It was but one on whom the harme did fale.

One man  
slaine at the  
first.

Our rage was great, our bloudes began to rise,  
Our stomackes storde as we did this beholde :

Throw out the campe the noyes ran to the skies,  
 At brute whereof the coward waxed bold,  
 The valiaunte man had courage dubble fold :  
 So that a lowde, a chardge, a chardge! they cride.  
 They taried not, and loked for a gide.

But as by chaunce each one his marrow mette ;  
 They skirnisht as thicke as bees they swarme :  
 Some losfe their lives, and paide the earth his dette,  
 Some were fore hurt, and had no further harme.  
 I you assure, this skirmishe was so warme,  
 That as the haills commes downe like rainy teares,  
 The curriar shotte did ringe about our eares.

If *Barwick* bands had absent bin that day, 1411  
 A present plague was like on us to light :  
 Uppon our foes they ranne and ledde the way,  
 And still they put the French perforce to flight.  
 But yet I prayse some other men of right  
 That servd ful wel, whose names if I should show,  
 Some here might fay, the men we do not know.

All have not  
 fame that do  
 well.

A further cause hath staide my penne herein. 1414  
 All have not fame that worthy are therefore : 1412  
 Some gets great thanckes, that silde in warres hath bin,  
 Some serve so long, their names are cleane out wore ;  
 Some have ill frends, ill hap, and that is more :  
 So that their acts lie dead and litle worth,  
 For that no man their deedes dare well set forth.

I leave this cafe, and to my matter cumme.  
That day was hot and hard for to indure ;  
The shot was such there could no sound of drumme  
Be easily heard, the time I, you assure,  
On both the sides they put theyr force in ure,  
And if I shal not lye for favours sake,  
The French that while servde well, I undertake.

Full wile and ware they were in all their wayes,  
And valiauntly they did themselves defende.  
But as I do their skill and manhode praise,  
So here I must their boldnes discommende ;  
For had wee seene what hapned in the ende,  
Or knowne the ground, as reason did require,  
Wee had full soone compeld them to retire.

Retire, good Lord ! fo well it had not bin ;  
They had bin slaine or taken every man :  
But who can tell who shal the victry win  
When men do meete ? no more we knew not than,  
Untill in deede the heate of this began,  
Where laye their rewen, where our good fortune was ;  
For battailes are as brittle as the glas.

Now conquest seemes, than overthrowes appeares :  
Now seemes it good that after proves starke nought :  
Now is he free that hapneth in the breares ;  
Now men devise, now all is out of thought :  
Now much is spoke, and little thinges are wrought.  
This is the course and custome of the warre,  
Where wifedome bids no man to go to farre.

The soth to showe, if men before had known  
 What vantage great to us that day was due,  
 Wee had in deede the Frenchmen overthrowen  
 With little losse; and yet I fay to you  
 It hapned well, as forth then matter grue:  
 Our horsemen came and gave a charge ful well,  
 In whom then laye the service every dell.

Sir Harry  
 Knivet hurte  
 manfully at  
 the charge.

Their names that chardge I thincke unfit to wright;  
 Who serveth well at length must needs have fame:  
 Let no man thincke their deedes are buryd quight,  
 All though not here the persons do I name;  
 I nill for that my worke put out of frame.  
 To them I leave at large that to disclose,  
 That after shall this journey wright in profe.

Right hot awhile the enmies shot enduerd,  
 But sone was coold the terror of the fame:  
 The horsemens force, in fine, the French procuerd  
 For to retire, nay runne away with shame;  
 But yet I may not much their doinges blame:  
 In order still their battel stoode, mee semde;  
 Five hundreth pykes they were, as we esteemde.

Twelve men  
 of good name  
 flaine on the  
 French side,  
 and v. gen-  
 tlemen taken  
 prisoners.

But what should more be said? they shronke aside,  
 And to theyr towne they trotted as they might;  
 But every band had not with him his gyde,  
 They bode the brunt, on them the bloes did light,  
 And as I heard and sawe, there compted right,  
 Twelve men of name were flaine, and prisners five  
 Wee toke that day, and brought away alive.

Of common fort of fouldiours, good and bad,  
Fnnl seven skore of them we put to sacke,  
And some fore hurt into their towne they lad :  
Of ours in deede a very fewe did lacke.  
Some hurt, some flaine, our enimies put a backe,  
And as in deede the maner is of fortes,  
The towne, seeing this, against them shut their portes.

Wee hearde thearof whan all this broile was donne ;  
But who could say he saw the same the while ?  
Each man can talke whan that a thing is wonne,  
And with conceites his fansie oft beguile,  
Runne throw the hedge, and after leape the stile :  
This should be done, our after witts can say,  
But few at first findes out the ready way.

Well, let that passe : we drew us to our reste,  
And every man made mirth as cause he founde,  
This bickring duerd foure houres and more at lest.  
Men wilbe glad when trump retrait doth sound,  
That weary are in trave[r]sing the ground ;  
So doubt I not it did both parties please,  
When they had found a time to take their ease.

In shot of *Leeth*, within *Laflaricke* than  
We pitchtte our campe, where cannons cabons brake,  
And oft by chaunce it kild a horse or man,  
But no man would the campe therefore forsake :  
Such tennis balles did keepe our men awake,

And quickned those that wear dull sprited foules,  
And made some ladds to digge them deepe in holes. ✓

To fave the warde from harme of enmies shot  
Full many a trench did *Pellam* cause be wrought :  
X Loke, what was meete there was fewe things forgot.  
Our powre so small, by every way we fought  
To keepe the fame; but that availed nought.  
Some were so rude, they ranne their death to seeke;  
So thus decreast our number every weeke.

The byshop of  
Valence.

A bishop came from Fraunce to treat a peace.  
Muche talke there was which time consumed still,  
But all this while the wars did nothing feace;  
To hurte our foes we never wanted will :  
( At length uppon a rocke, a craggy hill,  
We plaest a pece, and in a trenche below  
Was other store of smaller shot also.

Forget not here, the weather on the seas  
Would not permitte the cannons for to lande. ✓  
The longer here we laye to our diseafe  
For lacke thereof, which fewe doe understande.  
I would demaunde, howe we should take in hande  
To laye a siege, or els our campe remove,  
When most thinges lackte that was for our behove ?

The woman  
was duckt in  
water.

Among our men might Scottishe vitlers haunt,  
Who with the Frenche a treason tooke in hande.  
A wife, a queane, did make the Frenche a graunte  
Upon this rocke in sight of *Leeth* to stande :  
! p. 17



And there to make a signe to *Dozis* bande,  
When that the warde were careles and at reste,  
Which she did keape ; her selfe the same confeste.

The Frenche came on, as they thus warned were,  
Like men of warre, they chose their time full well :  
Our men start up, amafde with sodaine fere,  
But what was beste to doe they could not tell.  
Some, loving fame, his life did dearly fell, ~~X~~  
Some, hating death, did sone from daunger shonne,  
Some, past all shame, full fast away did runne.

The bloody  
Monday.

Some made defence, but still they strove in vayne,  
Once order broke, fare well the fight that houre ;  
So in this heate was many a souldiour slayne,  
There was no helpe, they were orelaide with power.  
Thus have you heard how fortune gan to lowre  
Upon our men ; the chaunce of warre is fuche  
A man may not at no time trust it muche.

But at this tide full many a one was there  
Deserved praife that are untoucht for me,  
And moſte of those that did them stoutly bere  
Were mangled than, myne eies the same did see ;  
But for they are of meane and base degree  
I leave them out : it is sufficient here,  
If in the booke of fame their names appere.

Ye knowe when that the waspe within his neste  
Is sturde with stick or any other thing,  
Assone as he is troubled from his reste,

He crepeth foorth, and sharpely under winge  
 He seketh place for to bestowe his ftinge :  
 So lo ! our campe, that erst in quiet lay,  
 At noyes of this began a fearfull fraye.

Sir James a  
 Croftes led the  
 soldiours on  
 their enemies.

Now ran they foorth, and forward ! cryde they all.  
 The drummes did founde, the souldiours made great spede  
 Unto the trench, the larum was not small,  
 But all to late the helpe did come in dede ;  
 The captaines still their men with hope did fede,  
 And bad them marche : The day is ours, quoth they,  
 At sight of whome the Frenche retierd away.

The lord Gray  
 that nowe is  
 was fore hurte  
 at a valiaunt  
 charge he  
 gave.

Great terror made the curriars in our face,  
 Some slaughter to[o] by that to us arose ;  
 But yet in spight the foe forfoke the place,  
 And straight to *Leeth* in haste the enmy gofe.  
 Abide, quoth we ; ye parte not without bloes.  
 Upon them rose the boldest men we had,  
 All had not charge that daye the way that lad.

Undoubtedly, the soldiours femd they wolde  
 In fonder rive the ramper with their hands,  
 And pluck them by the eares out of their holde ;  
 But as it was they flewe upon the sandes,  
 And left foer hurt, and groning on the landes,  
 I judge at leste, as many men full oute,  
 Or more then we had lost, have ye no doute.

A bande of men by this time to our aide  
 At *Muselbrough* were come, unarmd I gesse,

Of which reliefe we helde us well apaide.  
The enmies store therby became the lesse :  
This done, all thinges were put in readines  
For to dismounte such peces as we sawe  
Upon a church, that kept our campe in awe.

A battrey small against the same was set ;  
In halfe a daye downe fell therof the chiefe,  
Than for the siege we found not so much let :  
Our skirmishers retired with lesse grieve,  
Our men might come more easely to reliefe.  
But marke this well, such skirmishing, I saye,  
I never sawe, nor hard of, er this daye.

The mounting lark no soner in the skie  
Then we were fourth : the Frenchmen were so brave,  
Ne night nor day they would not let us lye  
In rest, for still they did the skirmishe crave ;  
And they in holes them selves could finely save,  
To cause great shot to playe upon their walles,  
As though that we were made unto their calles.

And this they usde full ofte and to our harme,  
Untill a staye our leaders tooke therein :  
Before in fildes rawe men so thicke would swarme,  
That long we seemd more like to lose then wyn,  
By rashnes rude of suche as had not byn  
In warres before ; but yet with exercise  
A white cote did become both ware and wife.

Rashnes of  
fouldiours,  
running out  
voide of con-  
duit, loseth all  
many tymes.

And servde as well as any fouldiour might  
 With bowe and bill, fuche weapons as we use,  
 And oft therewith they put the Frenche to flight.  
 What! marveile not; you knowe this is no newes:  
 The bowe hath ofte made them the field refuse;  
 The bowe is feard as farre as flies our fame,  
 And bowes, I weene, wan Englishmen the name.

Our enemies still to skirmishe us procuerd,  
 And gald our beste and ouldest fouldiours fore.  
 I tell you trothe, the heate of this enduerd  
 Full long, wherby our men away we wore;  
 But God be thank, the Frenchmens losse was more,  
 For still they spent upon the stock ye knoe,  
 When we without had meane to come by moe.

By depe foresight a mounte there was devisde,  
 Which bare the name of *Pellam* for the space.  
 I had forgot how Frenchmen cam disgisde  
 In womens wedes, like queanes with muffled face:  
 They did no acte, but sone they tooke the chace.  
 I let that passe, and of the mounte I treate,  
 Where, to be playne, the service was full greate.

Sir Andrewe  
 Corbet was  
 here, and  
 other gen-  
 tlemen.

The captaine there one *Cutbert Vaughan* was,  
 And joynd with him there were a number mo.  
 This mounte thus made, the campe away did passe  
 More nere the towne, how much I nede not shoo:  
 This mounte to *Leeth* was still a daily foo,  
 The peces there a longe the rampere shott;  
 Some harme they did, but what full fewe men wott.

Upon the fandes they could no cockells feeke,  
But that this forte might easely them anyo :  
Some derely bought their muskels evry weeke,  
Some sacriside their horse to fwete faint Loy :  
Some in their heads did take so mad a toy,  
They never spake a worde ne good nor ill,  
Some lerne to feele the weight of our black bill.

A bande of horse there were to warde that forte,  
Which evry day did serve full worthely,  
With whom the French, some times for chaunge of sporte,  
Would mete, and so the matter would they trye.  
The Frenche full oft, I can not this denye,  
Made fallies forth as tryme as men might do,  
And so went home with blud and honor to.

But commonly, in dede, the worst they gate,  
Yet still they brav'd and bare their fortune out ;  
Their warlike shiftes they were of suche a traed,  
My penne shall but ecclips them, out of doute,  
To painte them right ; but since I go aboute  
To praise them thus, I will procede for shame,  
And let them have their owne deserved fame.

First, all they did was drawn by orders skill,  
And feld they paste the boundes of reasons lore :  
By pointe devise they skirmished at will ;  
That we perceivd they practised no more,  
That we seard not, and had not seen before  
They put in use : thus still their heads they bende .  
To purchase prayse, and eke the towne defende.

Policy the  
preserver of all  
governments.

Great neede they had them selves to use full well,  
 For all their lives upon their doings laye.  
 What should I more upon this matter dwell,  
 To tier your eares and waste the time away?  
 There was no side stode idell halfe the daye,  
 But on both partes for service driftes were founde,  
 And every howre we drave them from their grounde.

Maister Pel-  
 lam, lieutenant  
 of the ordi-  
 nance.

At *Pellams* mounte, by foote and horsmen both,  
 This trade full long did there the souldiours kepe,  
 Whose payne was much and fore, I tell you trothe,  
 For at no time in quiet could they slepe;  
 And specially, when day began to pepe  
 The shot went of, then souldiours to their toyle,  
 And as hap drewe, they did abide the poyle.

I nowe returne unto our campe awhyle,  
 That laye where shot did daily them salute,  
 And where the Frenche with many a warlike wyle  
 Did showe our men of warres what was the frute;  
 And where some get their death by littell fuet,  
 A skarre, a maim, and fuche a rude rewarde,  
 As moste men findes that do that life regarde.

I spake afore of bickrings by the Frenche,  
 But here the heate of serving might be seen;  
They bearded us, and made them trenche for trenche,  
 And shewed them selves trimme souldiours, as I ween.  
 But what of that? we came to serve the queene  
 Though to our losse; our courage did we use,  
 We forst our foes their trenche at lengthe refuse.

And to their milles we wente and burnt them downe,  
Slew them we founde, where many hurte were than  
In service great, right nere before the towne.  
( Our hap was such, that we the honour wan,  
Not onely here, but ever when began  
A skirmishe, or a bickering any where,  
Which, as we gesse, we wanted feldome there.

A thondring noises they made when they came foorth :  
Their ratling shot did perce the cloudes, me thought ;  
To show the truthe, their corriars were more woorth  
Then double tolde the peces that we brought,  
And to be plaine, our shot they counted nought ;  
Yet as it was, when that our men came nere,  
The Frenchmen bought their comming forth full dere.

Yet would they not be kept no tyme within :  
An hundreth tymes they issued out, I gesse,  
And sought for death their honor for to wyn.  
What ere they losse they bravd no whit the lesse :  
If here I should all skirmisshes expresse,  
What they have done, what we have wrought like wise,  
Of paper sure a quere would not suffice.

Unto my tale my penne, I praye thee, passe ;  
What humer brought thy reason here so wyde ?  
You knowe, good folkes, in what discours I was.  
The campe thus plaste, we did reliefe abide :  
Muche losse eche daye we had, I will not hide,  
And greater harme was likely to ensue,  
If some had not made up their bandes anewe.

Of watche and warde our men so wery were,  
 They carelesse stooode of any hap at all :  
 The nightes were fowle, the dayes not very fear,  
 The countrie could, their garmentes thinne and small ;  
 And still upon their captaines gan they call,  
 A faute, a faute ! we lye ore long in trenche ;  
 Let us go spende our lives upon the Frenche.

It seemed good the towne for to assaile,  
 Men willing were in princes cause to fight ;  
 The battry shot, but that did not prevaile,  
 Muche poudre spent, the charges was not light,  
 Small skathe it did, as seemed to our sight.  
 This dare I saye, so sharpe a pele so rong  
 I never harde, but yet it durde not longe.

[ For this assault, lewde ladders, viele and nought,  
 The fouldiours had, which were to[o] shorte, God wot ;  
 The profe thereof with blud the poore men bought :  
 Had they ben long, the towne we might have got,  
 But looke what God assigned to our lot,  
 We could not shonne, nedes must it come to passe  
 That he appointes, as there good triall was.

Captaine  
 Randall gave  
 warning when  
 the assault  
 should be-  
 ginne.

Let those thinges go ; I kepe an other vaine :  
 Of this assault the manner show I shall.  
 First were our men in battaile rangid plaine  
 And gardid well with horsemen were they all ;  
 The reste in trenche did stand as did befall,  
 Till warning made of *Randall*, major there,  
 At which they past to *Leeth* withouten fere.



The drommes did founde, the trumpettes blew alowde,  
The cannons shot, the bowmen stode not still ;  
The smoke was like a fogge or mistie clowde  
That poulder made ; our souldiours lackt no will  
To clyme the walles, where they receivd much ill,  
For when they laide their ladders in the dike,  
They were to[o] shorte the lengthe of halfe a pike.

The flankers than, in murdring holes that laye,  
Went of and flew, God knowes, stoute men enow ;  
The harquebuz afore hand made fowle playe,  
But it behovd our men for to go throw,  
And so men sought their deathes they knew not how.  
From such a fight, swete God, my friendes defende,  
For out of frame did divers finde their ende.

To see poore soules there wander in the dikes,  
The stones were flunge, the curriar bet them downe ;  
The wounded men let fall both bowes and pikes,  
The mangled heapes that creped from the towne,  
The slaughter foule, and here the wofull fowne  
That souldiours cries there made, I thinke in dede,  
Would fure compell a stony harte to blede.

The brute of this abasht our bouldist men,  
And cut our combes as all were cast away :  
The coward forte did steale them homewarde then,  
And some in campe came never since that day ;  
Some sought dischargc, some sawe so great a fray,  
They wisht they had at home bin keaping crooes,  
Suche is the warres where men both wyn and looes.

I leve that case, and nowe returne I shall  
 To those that daye were leaders in the felde ;  
 And for in ryme I cannot show it all,  
 And well set forth in ryme are faultes but felde,  
 And wordes I lack, and that I am unskilde  
 To feke out termes that apte are for that case :  
 In profe I minde therefore the same to place.

That shall I wright when this I draw anew,  
 Which in short time I mynde at large to set ;  
 But for the first, it may suffice to you  
 This naked rime out of my handes to get :  
 Yet, if I live, I will be in your det,  
 To paye you once a better sum, I thinke,  
 Then I have yet set forth with penne and ynke.

The Earle of  
 Worceters  
 brother, maister  
 Frances  
 Somerset.

An other mounte, that *Somerfet* was cald,  
 Devifed was, where *Somerfet* was plaft :  
 This forte full ofte the French both flew and gald,  
 And many a time their peces it defaft.  
 Here you must note, these mountes were not in waste,  
 For if they had not helde the towne in awe,  
 We could not it befege, for ought I sawe.

If that the Frenche, with frendes that were without,  
 Had ventred all and stode to fortunes hap,  
 In daunger greate we had bene, out of doute,  
 And likely sure we were to fall in trap ;  
 But lo ! our chiefe, misdowting fuche a clap,  
 For wante of men to sege the enmies rounde,  
 Devifed fortes upon the metest grounde.

In this meane while, there came *S. Fraunces Leake*  
To our reliefe, whereof much nede we had :  
A greater lacke we had there than I speake  
Of men and helpe, whiche made our hartes full fad ;  
But still with wordes the counsell did us glad,  
And said the Duke was comming have no drede,  
Who much desirde for to supplie our nede.

Sir Frances  
Leake came  
to our reliefe.

The Frenche came forth at midnight after this,  
As though they would a canvozado make,  
But as God wrought, their purpose did they misse ;  
For though some men the trenchis did forsake,  
An other sorte defence did undertake,  
And stode so sure, and shot so in their face,  
That there they flew a corprall in the place.

They, feing that, full hastily retirde,  
And lokte not backe their fellowes for to see :  
To tourne againe was none that them desirde,  
Eache man is glad to see his enmye flee ;  
A bridge of gould give him that runnes from thee,  
The wyse man biddes, which counsell they that maye  
Will not refuse in warres, I dare well faye.

Now must you note the Frenchemens hartes were hie,  
And of reliefe they made a great avaunte,  
And for they servd before their mistris eye,  
The feates of armes the more they usd to haunte,  
As though our campe their courage could not daunte ;  
Wherefore full late at night, when funne was set,  
They issued out to take us in a net.

Upon our trenche and all along the sandes  
 They came amaine, farre past a marching pafe,  
 And brought abrode their brave and chiefeſt bandes ;  
 But as God would, we met them in the face :  
 Where lo ! the ſhot enduerd a marvelous ſpace.  
 Some men of theirs, that while cride ſhirilly bowes  
 So nere the campe, that up the ſouldiours goes.

A larom in  
 our own campe  
 by the French  
 policie.

A larom long among them there they had,  
 And ſundry fortes of thinges they thought thereon,  
 But at the trenche was many a ſtubborne lad,  
 Which ſtill with ſhot did preſe the French upon,  
 And leſte them not untill that they were gon,  
 Or ſaw them flye, their whitcotes ſervd ſo well :  
 I lack but time their worthines to tell.

Our enmies now became more circumspecte,  
 And curſie made ſo nere our campe to come,  
 They would not loſe their men to ſmall effecte,  
 Nor had no will to hap in whytcoates thom.  
 They ſent them in without the ſounde of dromme ;  
 They kept ſuch ſturre as never yet I ſawe,  
 And yet at firſt they were but blunt and rawe.

Still did we hope to have from *Barwick* aide :  
 It coms this day, qd one, it will not faile.  
 The ſame wherof did make the Frenche afraide ;  
 They knew they muſt abide a newe affaile.  
 This newes among our men did much prevaile,  
 But in the ende they ſawe ſmall haſte was made,  
 Wherefore their mindes were in an other trade.

The *Dowager*, the Queene of Scottes, fell sicke  
This while whereon : at length this lady dyed,  
Whose death did touche the Frenchemen to the quicke ;  
For sure their frende she was as well was tried,  
(And to her realme, it cannot be denied,  
She was full faste) a princes of hye sprete,  
For Fraunce a perle, a member apt and mete. )

I had almoste left out a skirmishe here  
Upon the sandes, where horsemen honor gate,  
And in despight they rode the Frenche so nere  
That divers Frenche were overthrowne therat :  
Although that here I partly touched that,  
You must not thinke but divers dayes likewyse  
The horsemen kept this common course and guise.

As tyme confumd, so still our men did waste,  
And nedefull was for aide, or els for peace ;  
And to be brieft, our country made no haste  
From watche and warde our fouldiours to releace. )  
Great murmurs still among us did increace,  
But dewtie bad eache fouldiour do his beste,  
Till sweete reliefe should bring poore soules some reste.

From Fraunce there came embasadours this to ende,  
And from our Queene the like to us was fente :  
About the same they did much labour spende,  
And as you knowe, both parties were contente.  
The Frenche by sea unto their country wente :  
Compeld with force, they did forsake the towne,  
To our great fame, and honor of the crowne.

The byshop of  
Valence from  
Fraunce.  
My Lorde of  
Burleighe,  
that nowe is,  
came to con-  
clude this  
peace.

First, give me leave our souldiours to aduance,  
 That with their blud their countries reft have brought ;  
 Next, how they servd against the flower of Fraunce,  
 And, last of all, did bring their bragges to noughte :  
 And more then this, note here and kepe in thoughte,  
 They, being weake, did make the strong to bow,  
 And to their home returne with conquest now.

Lord Bur-  
 leigh ended  
 these broyles.

But or I go to farre in souldiours praise,  
 The instrumentes that endid all this toyle,  
 I must set foorth whose grave and sober waies,  
 And stoutnes both, did give the Frenche a foyle :  
 They forste the Frenche to yeld to their own Ipoyle,  
 They did perswade, nay rather, them compell,  
 To parte to Fraunce, as all men knowes full well.

Was this none acte to worke them so like waxe,  
 That were as harde as flinte or stony steele,  
 And quencht the fyre that was so nere the flaxe,  
 And seast the plage that many one might feele,  
 And brought us peace and cast all warre at heele,  
 And, as a man might saye, mawgre their teethe,  
 Drew out the Frenche out of the towne of *Leeth* ?

Because the brute and betill headed braines  
 Can not conceive the depenes of this peace,  
 And that some thinke that we have losfe our paines,  
 Or that by this may further warres encrease,  
 For that I would fuche fonde conceiptes should feace,  
 Here shall I showe the sum of all the same,  
 As nere as I can put fuche thinges in frame.

By this we have, that many kinges did feek,  
A perfit peace with Scotland fuer for aye ; ✓  
By this the Frenche, that nestled nere our cheek  
Full many yeares, are now dispatcht away ;  
By this small broyle did seace a greater fray,  
By this our realme was rid from further care,  
Our foes sent home, and we in quiet are.

By this our Queene hath all her owen requestes,  
Unfit for you to know therof the weight ;  
By this great things as yet in question restes,  
Till for our wealth they shalbe framed streight ;  
By this our fame is lifted fuche an height,  
That evry wight that throwly wayes this chaunce,  
Shall fay we strove against the flower of Fraunce.

How happie are the subjectes, hie and low,  
Ruel'd by the prince in whose time this was wrought,  
Whiche for the zeale of her own realme, you know,  
And Scotlandes love, hath set expence at nought,  
And in her dayes to passe fuche thinges hath brought,  
As feldome could be compast well with wit,  
Wherefore the fame therof to her is fit.

Here have you harde of *Leeth* the ordre throwe,  
As farre as ryme will suffer me to wryte :  
In prose who liste to make reherfall now,  
Thereof hath skope to show in paper whyte  
A better waye that shall you more delighe ;  
For this was done as there I saw it then,  
And time but shorte I had to use my penne.

## A FAREWELL

*when I went to studie ; written to the worlde.*

FAREWELL thou world, that me betrayde to long,  
To dearely bought I find thy follies all ;  
Who shall thee serve is sure to suffer wrong,  
Who skorns thy happs may shunne thy sodaine fall.  
Who fawnes on thee shall drincke thy bitter gall ;  
Who flyes thy toyes thy painted face shall find :  
Who sooner slides than those which at thy call  
Lives like thy slaves, in body, foule, and mind ?  
Firft from a child with fancies was I fedde  
All at thy hands, till I to manhode grue ;  
Than, in the darke loe ! blindfeld was I ledde,  
So that my God, my selfe, nor man I knue.  
Wield wit, yong bloud, old vice new bred in bones,  
Made me forget my dutie all at ones.  
Faire thinges, foule thoughts, fond works & flatterring eas  
Had moffled mee, and hodwinckt so my wits,  
That in the storms I drad no *Sillas* seas,  
Nor in the calms I feard no froward fits  
Which were to come : things present pleasde me best ;  
Those gone, I made no myrror to the rest.  
Bed soft, full mouth, gay backe, and foolish fame,  
Was all I fought, like lord to live at lust ;  
At my nowne shape and shadow had I game,  
A looking glasse, a plaiffeer trim at truft



To prie a pon : my life thus did I frame  
Cleave out of tune ; I see it now full well,  
So that my life was carelesse everye dell.  
Yet found I have a heape of other harms  
Thereby : what than ? I cannot them amende :  
When dead they seeme, than spring they up by swarms.  
Such mischiefes ripe wil have a rotten ende,  
Though at the full the tied of them are now,  
The ebb may come when God a time shall sende :  
Leave that to him, and I shall tell you how  
I learnde to know the course and kinde of man,  
His nature new, his fashion halfe disgiefde,  
And how for shame at length lo ! I began  
To follow that which I afore dispiefde.  
Full welcome ought that learning be to me,  
Which taught me wit when wildnes weavd the loeme  
Of wanton wayes, and blindnes gan to see  
The path he miste, the way that ledde me home  
Unto the port where I would harbred be,  
And rather dwel with quiet settled minde,  
Than rove abroad to seeke uncertaine luck,  
Or subject be to filthy worldly muck.  
I would not, sure, be bound to such a clogg,  
That would me rob of reason and good skill,  
And in the ende but fische and catch a frogg ;  
As some have done, and some do use it still,  
Which snatch the bone before the hongry dogg,  
Who will not part from that hee hath in hold,  
Although in deede his maister would it have.  
Unto this ende this tale now have I told,  
To show him wyse that knoweth what to crave,

And asks of those that freely gives for nought ;  
 But he most wise that hath no greedie thought,  
 And can content him with those litle scraps  
 That falls by lot unto him for his share ;  
 And finds no fault at others worldly haps,  
 But hath a head as free from inward care  
 As babe new borne : yea, such a one may smile  
 And laugh his fill, when some cries wo the pye.  
 He shall see much that hath a simple eye ;  
 That man shal see the strong the weake begile,  
 The poore by rich and mighty swallowd upp,  
 The harmles drinke out of the poisoned cupp,  
 The needie lacke that greedy raveners gripe,  
 The theves let goe that robbs in skarlet weeds,  
 And sits on bentch when troeth feesles many a stripe :  
 How feare is dubd a knight for coward deeds,  
 How manhoode beggs, and none are helpt that needs ;  
 How creepe in hools, that did no hurt at all,  
 Are valiaunt calde : such is the peoples bruite.  
 The quiet man these thinges behold he shall,  
 And see them passe, and learne thereby some fruite  
 As I have done, though farre from quiet minde,  
 In any case, my selfe God wotte I finde,  
 Save that to toile and burthens for to beare  
 I framed am, and letts the world alone  
 Amid my foes, that fawns and speaks full fear,  
 I live a louff, and will not be a knowne.  
 There hate I have, I must dissemble there,  
 As doth those mates that playes at Fortunes ball.  
 Do not some halte that well may go upright ?  
 Who can denie, but we dissemble all

In some one pointe, and wisedome we it call ?  
Things are not founde as they do seeme to fight ;  
Some laugh in hart, yet shew a weeping eye :  
You have hard say, the blind eates many a flie.  
How should the fadde with wantons myrth agre,  
The hole with sicke, the wise with foolish dwell,  
The prowde with meeke, the meane with mighty be,  
If all these forts could not dissemble well ?

Note.

And even so it fareth now by me :  
I wincke at things that I would not behold,  
And see those faule that profite mee no whit ;  
I heare likewise that I can wishe untold,  
I shoote with them that never marke may hit ;  
But me beleve, yet winne the game I would  
Among that fort that giveth aem to sit.  
I like not sure : I rather wish to bet  
Than loke apon, and lay on near a sied.  
Set doubts a part, it is good sport to get,  
But he that winns must hazard needes abide.  
(I leave you there) I would so make my game,  
It wear halfe won before the match wear tride,  
And make him thincke that hits the marke is wide,  
And say himfelse he roveth out of frame.  
I pray you now, who would not do the same  
To gaine thereby, or els at least to save ?  
Than, graunt me this : dissemble sure he must  
As I may do, or in time paste I have,  
And made some blind that better saw than I,  
And sawe full oft that I would not perceive  
When that thereon did life or daunger lye :  
And yet I lookt, and leered, by your leave,

What might befall, and fought to shun the shooke ;  
 And as I fled, ill fortune followd faste,  
 Whan she would strike, I scaped many a knocke  
 By douking downe. I knew so well her cast,  
 With cap and knee her favour sone I wan,  
 So in a while she toke me as her man :  
 But whan I thought most holde of her to take,  
 A way she wente, the whirle winde in her taile ;  
 Yet with her friends fayre wether did I make,  
 Whose helpe was good when world began to faile.  
 And if you aske how I acquainted was  
 With such sure props that holds up house and all,  
 And how that I could bring such things to passe  
 To keepe me up whan divers fought my fall ?  
 (His fall not great, it cannot be I trow,  
 Whose climinge up was never much, you know.)  
 This by the way I speake, yet aunfweare loe  
 To you I make, that this demaundes of mee.  
 To courte I came, wher I could hear and see  
 As others did, and with the strong I stooode :  
 As world did wag I wound my barke about,  
 And leand me there wher I could find most good.  
 In deede this was the way to beare it out,  
 And there I founde of evrye sort ynow :  
 Would I be brave, I knew wher mates were had ;  
 Would I be stout, I saw who would not bow.  
 Hie lookes was he that still I saw go throw :  
 That shippe made way that all the failes could beare ;  
 Small sprite fate low with finger in his eare ;  
 Great curtchie crept full hie among the best :  
 He made them laugh that lolt as he would sweare,

Note.

He carryed coales that could abide no geaft.  
Plaine life, **the lowt**, was little fet by theare ;  
Fine taunting tongues brought many a foole in feare.  
Make love, **the meeke**, was ready at a call ;  
Faine would be seene was frisking evrye where ;  
Set forth to sale was markt beyonde them all.  
Vaine glorie smield and loekt for much a doe,  
New fanglenes shaekt off old friendship past ;  
Fien faule at foote could whine and bite you toe.  
Proude blind confait would not be placed last,  
Small witte would laugh at wiser than him selfe ;  
Disdaine, that dwarfe, loekt like a pivishe else,  
Straunge nature fround when homely folkes fate downe ;  
Full purse found frendes that came but late to towne.  
Set by himselfe would not salute but fewe ;  
Small worth made boeft ; still mouth was all the shrewe :  
Tell all, that blabb, was cald a royster than,  
Fals semblaunce thrivde, that could ii. faces beare ;  
Happy was hee that was a turncoets man :  
They sped not worst that counterfaited wear,  
Do as world did drave of the longest time ;  
Hee had the lands that was Dick shifters ear,  
He caught the byrdes that best could set the lime,  
Yet broken shins some gate that usde to clime.  
Spite spornde at those that better sped than he,  
All busie heads could not on shoulders bide,  
They met full oft that feldome could agre.  
Who fell so sone as witte oermatcht with pryde ?  
Who rose but such as roffled forth their yeares ?  
Yet chaunge of suites brought many in the breares ;  
White plumes cost pens, apparel pickt the porse,

12

Note.

All worne in courte was not in city paide.  
 Sharpe set faid oft, backe cloutes made belly worfe,  
 Bare cloake he ware whose credite was decaide;  
 Catch nought, poore knave, could court and courtierscorfe;  
 Spend all fate still, and loked like a maide;  
 Hope well, made spoile, and waited for a day;  
 Unthrift would sweare and dice it all away;  
 Tosse blade would snuffe and shake a fwinish head,  
 Dare do lokt bigge as butcher in his shoppe;  
 Save groet smeld out where hunger might be sped;  
 Proude would not speake that fate not at the toppe,  
 When Lortch was out, some knew not where to dyne.  
 Who kepes the barre? was asked every houre;  
 Some spake full fayre to get a cuppe of wyne:  
 God save you, sir, wilt please ye take a floure,  
 A sweete red rose? he had that kept good cheare,  
 And many a cappe and curtchie to the ground,  
 An ofsar still was made of all the yeare.  
 Old stagers knew, where such a frend was found;  
 Yong frie might fast for any thing they gate;  
 New commers walkt abroad for taking cold;  
 Full pauntch did martch as he had bin a state.  
 Who lookes like mee? thoughte he that chippings fold.  
 -- When Christmas roobes wear broefht, and the day worne,  
 Well was that man mighte bid that faint good morne;  
 Beare rule stoode stiffe and kept his betters out;  
 Bold face thrust in throw thickest preace and thronge;  
 -- Hoffe have at all full hye could hold the snout;  
 Speake as he thought was not in favour longe;  
 Finde fault, the foole, would flier in echmans face;  
 Ritch rueld the roste, lacke frends felt all the wrong:

Bare life knew not to whom to shew his case ;  
Wast all the wield might sing a heavy song ;  
Hoyft up in hast forgate from whence he came ;  
Hie office skornde to loke backe how he climde ;  
Hogge Norton breede disdaine to know their dame.  
Pried seard no fall, till foote full fast was liemde ;  
Snatch skratshed all and gave his fellowes none ;  
Neede likt the plaets and gnawed bare the bone ;  
Mountch present crept in corners all alone ;  
Havoke was made, where meate was litle scene :  
Unworthie of breede fardewel, God save the Quenc !  
Spoile would not spare, his charges was but small ;  
Make feaft fild in, the king did pay for all ;  
Seeke helpe speake faire, yet sloely speede his fuite ;  
Give bribes was hard, his money told his tale ;  
Lacke nought had more, but want could finde no fruite :  
Neede blew his nailes and looked very stale ;  
Skill for a shift was glad to teach for pens ;  
Old hangars on would not be beaten thens :  
Witte did invent but wealth bare all the bruite ;  
Boldnes did speake when bashnes was full muite,  
Cunning wrought much, but craft beyonde him crept.  
Poets made rymes, but roysters praifes rept ;  
Wifedome would waite on many a wodcocke oft ;  
Old broems were good, but new al cleane they swept ;  
Love ease fate long and loekt to lye full soft.  
Eate much would boest he sarvde our suffraunt long ;  
Fat browes knightes, I tell you, toke great paine ;  
Some went full gaie that was not worth a thong ;  
Some thrue at all and nicked evrye maine.  
He talkt of warres that had small wit in peace ;

Skarce knew himselfe would common wealthes debate,  
 He spake great thinges that swelted in his greace.  
 Witles, well diende, would be a lords checke mate.

- ? — Loe croetcht unto a fore discourfe would make ;  
 Make rourke, my frends, (qd. he) that kept the gate.  
 Craft had a care to all he did or spake :  
 Unwelcomde geafts stept in and askt no leave,  
 Some pleasde the prince, yet had the peoples hate ;  
 Some sarvd them both, and did them both deceave.  
 He near sate still that corrid favour well ;  
 Some plaied the foxe that like a goose could looke ;  
 Some askte what newes, and yet could wonders tell.  
 Smal minde of God would often beare a booke,  
 He went to masse that would the challice sell.  
 Some lovde the church for the sweete reliques thear,  
 Some made of faints brought up another whear ;  
 Some neither faint nor devill fearde at all,  
 Some liekt this world more than the world to come,  
 Some in their ruffe would get about the haul.  
 Some spent such nights they drad no daye of dome ;  
 Some watcht their time, and yet thear time they lost :  
 Some bankets made, and wear bankrout at last ;  
 Some learnde to be fine courtiers to their cost ;  
 Some had small helpe, and yet spent all full fast :  
 Some fought to spend upon anothers charge ;  
 Some carelesse livde and walkt abroad at large ;  
 Some cravde a pace and caught some crows by craft ;  
 Some could not aske, they thought defarts should crave :  
 Some made faire sale of blades louse in the haft ;  
 Some never wanne, nor could devise to save ;  
 Some waited hard, and gate small frute therefore.



Some had ill hap, and yet no vertue lackt ;  
Some favde odde ends and made of litle more ;  
Some had their baggs as full as could be thwakt ;  
Some made cold myrth, yet favred for such vice ;  
Who Fortune liekt was ever moft in price.  
All this in Court I fawe and kept in ftore  
Full twentie yeares, as tryall good I have  
Not of Court now, as Courte hath bin of yore  
I write, I speake, and treate, fo God me fave,  
To fhew wherefore from thence I me withdrew.  
What harme it did unto my betters farre ;  
What good likewise he gat that Courte wel knew,  
How some did make, and some therein did marre,  
But to be plaine, where I fuch chaunges found  
I lifte not dwell : let them that wil be bound  
To that fhort raine, I chufe the quiet foile,  
The countrie large to have free fkope to walke ;  
To be in Courte I count it but a toile :  
Where hart much thincks, and tongue dare little talke,  
Where fome muft fit, and loke upon the walls,  
And beate their heeles againft formesides all day,  
And fubjects are to others becke and calls :  
That life is weake wherein there is no ftay.  
A peece of breade is better had with eas  
Than bankets fweete apon fuch bitter bords.  
Some fay there is no fifhing to the fea,  
Yet many troutes are caught on litle fords  
That fhallow feeme, with other pretie fifhe  
That at the length will make an honeft difhe.  
On litle brooks men angle fafe and drie  
In lether bootes, and dread no drowning there ;

On these rough seas the least winde in the skie  
Tieps up the barke, or brings a man in feare.  
Some have no harts with roring waves to strive,  
Full greene to fight, and uggly to the eye,  
Which on the rocks the filly vessels drive,  
And knocks their keels, and makes poore pilots crie  
Hael in the faile ! let go the bowling, mate !  
Now, in good faith, such sodaine shocks I hate.  
Yet some will thincke I am not settled foe,  
But I wil seeke to trie the sea againe.  
Why is the earth so narrow, would I knoe,  
I cannot finde where I may well remaine ?  
The world is wide, and men must burthens bere,  
That ordainde are unto no better chaunce :  
That groes not here, takes roote another where.  
Some shooteth ill, yet hapneth by a glaunce  
To hit their game ; men ought to do their best  
And feeke for lucke, and let God worke the rest :  
So for my part I shal likewise proceede,  
And though I bid the Court and world farewell,  
I meane to use them both as I have neede ;  
But for to say in courte I wishe to dwell,  
I minde it not, as good me helpe and speede ;  
And for the world his yoke still draw I must,  
But fure I serve him all against my lust,  
For in the same is neither hope nor trust.  
Wherefore my leave I take as powre I have  
From him and his, though course of life sayth noe :  
A worldling here I must be to my grave,  
For this is but a May game, mixt with woe,  
A borrowd roulme where wee our pagents play,

A scaffold plaine where on we revells make,  
A croked path, a parlous fals hie way,  
A toilsome foile, where we much travel take.  
Good reader, now do neither ftinge nor hisse  
At any thing that in this verfe is plaest :  
Where fault is found, for favour mend the misse.  
This roving rime was slubberd up in haest,  
And nought thereby the simple writer ment,  
But neither Court nor world could him content.

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A FAYNED FANCYE

*betweene the Spider and the Gowte.*

If that ye list to give me eare,  
And with my matter for to beare,  
Although a fable tell I shall,  
It is to make you meerie all.  
Ye may some pleasure finde therein,  
And yet my tale not worth a pinne ;  
As I have hard, from thinges of nought  
Is wifedome and greate knowledge fought :  
Yea, goulde is gotten out of drosse,  
And torves are made of mucke and mosse,  
That beetes the poore a goodly fire.  
Nowe to my tale I will retire.  
Tenne thousand yeare agoe at leaft,  
I meane whan evry birde and beaft,

And evrye thing that we can name,  
 Could talke and reason in good frame,  
 It hapned than, make you no doute,  
 Betweene the Spider and the Goute  
 There fell a strife, full straunge to heare,  
 Which was ear ended was that yeare.  
 These two would know by chaunge of place  
 Who furthest stode in Fortunes grace,  
 And which of them was best at ease ;  
 So ech a part, as he did please,  
 A master chose unto his minde :  
 A day betweene them was assinde,  
 Whan that the yeare was full runne out,  
 For talke twene Spider and the Gout ;  
 And at which season meete they would  
 Their haps and fortune to unfold.  
 The grevous griping Goute should goe  
 Unto a husbandman, I troe,  
 And dwell with him for that yeare than ;  
 The Spider to a gentleman.  
 And so they parted severall wayes ;  
 But which of them had mirrist dayes,  
 Here after shall you here me tell.  
 The Spider was not welcomde well  
 Into the pallace where he dwelt,  
 But rather many a mischiefe felt ;  
 For evry day there was a maide  
 That made the Spider sore afraide.  
 With merry larke this maiden roes,  
 And straight about the house she goes,  
 With swapping become in her hand,

Note.

And at her girdle, in a band,  
A jolly bontch of keyes she wore :  
Her petticoet fine laeft before,  
Her taile tockt up in trimmest gies,  
A napkin hanging oer her eyes  
To keepe of[f] duſte and droſſe of walles  
That often from the windowes falles.  
Though ſhe was ſinog, ſhe toke ſmall eas,  
For thrifty girlls are glad to pleas :  
She wanne the love of all the houſe,  
And pranckt it like a pretty mouſe.  
And ſure at evry word ſhe ſpake,  
A goodly curtchie could ſhee make ;  
A ſtoering houſwyfe evry where,  
That bent both backe and boones to bere.  
She never ſleaped muche by night,  
But roes ſometimes by candell light  
To card and ſpinne, or ſowe her ſmocke :  
There could no ſoner crow a cocke  
But ſhe was up to ſleek her cloes,  
And would be ſweete as any roes :  
Full cleanly ſtill the girle would goe,  
And handſome in a houſe alſo,  
As ever ſawe I cuntry wentch.  
She ſweeped under evry bentch,  
And ſhaekt the coſhens in their kinde,  
When out of order did ſhe finde ;  
A ruſhe, a ſtraw, or little ſticke,  
She could it mend, ſhe was ſo quicke,  
About her buſnes evry houre.  
This maide was calde her miſtres flourc.

She bare the keyes of ale and beare,  
And had the rule of better cheare.  
She was not nice, nor yet to kinde,  
To proude, nor of to humble minde,  
To fine, nor yet to brave, I troe :  
She had, as fayre as I do knoe,  
Two faire newe kirtles to her backe :  
The one was blue, the other blacke.  
For holy days she had a gowne,  
And evrye yard did cost a crowne,  
And more by xviii. pence, I gesse :  
She had thre smocks, she had no lesse ;  
Foure raylls, and eek five karchers fayre,  
Of hofe and shoes she had a payre ;  
She needed not no more to have,  
She would go barefoote for to save  
Her shoes and hoofe, for they were dere.  
She went to towne but ones a yere,  
At Eafter, or some other day,  
When she had licens for to play.  
I had forgotten for to tell,  
She had a purffe shee loved well,  
That hanged at a ribende greene,  
With taffails faire, and well befeene ;  
And as for gloves and knives full bright,  
She lacked not, nor trifles light,  
As pins and laces of small cost.  
I have to you rehearsed most  
Of all her goodnes ; now, to the forme  
And making of this creeping worme .  
Her port was lowe, her face was fayre ;

It came no sooner in the ayre,  
But it would pill ; her cheekes were thin,  
God knowes, she had a tender skin.  
The worst mischape this minion had,  
Her leggs were fowllen very bad :  
Some heavy humor downe did fall ;  
Her foote was narrow, short and small ;  
Her body sklender as a snigg,  
But sure her buttocks were full bigg :  
That came, I thincke, by sitting mitch, —  
And in her side she had a stitch,  
That made her oft short winded sure,  
But her complexion was full pure.  
She was well made from toppe to taile,  
Yea, all her lims withouten faile  
Were fine and feat ; she had a hand  
There was no fayrer in the land,  
Save that with toile it chaunged hue ;  
Her fingers small, her vaines full blue,  
Her naills a litle largely growen, —  
Her hear much like the sunne it shoen ;  
Her eyes as blacke as jet did seeme,  
She did herselfe ful well exsteeme ;  
Her lipps were red but somewhat chapt, —  
Her tongue was still and seldome clapt.  
She spake as she were in a cloude,  
Neither to soft, nor yet to loude,  
And tript apon the floer as trim,  
Ye would have thought that she did swim.  
As she did goe, such was her pace  
She minffed fine, like maistres Grace,

That at the Daggar dwelled oens,  
 Who made good pies of mari boens.  
 I dare depoes apon a booke,  
 Shee was as good a maiden cooke  
 As ever drest a peece of meate ;  
 And for a banket, small or great,  
 And rayfing pæft she passed still.  
 As foone as flowre came from the mill,  
 She made the goodlieft kaeks thereof,  
 And bækt as faire a houshold loef  
 As ear was feene, or fet on bord.  
 ✓ What needes more talke ? at one bare word,  
 The greateft lady in a sheer  
 She might have farved feven yeer.  
 This maide, as you do underftande,  
 With fwinging beefome in her hand,  
 About the windowes would she prie,  
 And where ſhe might a Spider ſpie,  
 Downe went his webb and all his worke.  
 The Spider had no place to lorke,  
 Nor made his ſkaffold, hie nor low,  
 But that this maiden ſtill would goe  
 Unto a forme, or els a ſtoel,  
 And with ſome kinde of reatching toel  
 She raught the ſilly Spiders neaſt.  
 The Spider found no other feaſt,  
 But evrye day foule ſerved was.  
 Somtime he builded neer the glas,  
 Somtime full oer his maiſters hed,  
 Somtime befoer the maydens bed,  
 Behind the ſkreen, or on the wawll ;



Somtime in parlor or in hawll,  
In privey or at portall doer,  
But still this mayde upon the floor  
Would fling him flat and clap her foet,  
(When that she sawe no other boet)  
Upon the Spyder, if she might :  
But though he lakt both fens and sight,  
His skrawling legs did help him oft ;  
Full soen ye should see him aloft,  
And thear he would a web begyn,  
But all in vayn the foell did spyn :  
For loek, what all the night he wrought,  
The maid at moern brought clean to nought.  
This torment still the Spyder had,  
Whan any flye had maed him glad,  
And fell into the Spyders trap,  
Then should thear faull a fearfull clap.  
A broem, or els a littell poell,  
Maed Spyder seek an other hoell ;  
He lost his fly, his house, and all.  
In wyndo cloes, nor open wall,  
He might not dwell ; he felt such wrong,  
The Spyder thought this yeer full long,  
And wisht that hit wear all ron out,  
That he might reason with the Gowt,  
To heer which of them boeth had felt,  
The better dayes whear they had dwelt.  
The Gowt had found as ill an oeft,  
The vereist drudg in all the coeft ;  
For if he might a penny wyn,  
He labred throw boeth thick and thyn :

And yet he was an honest man,  
 So held in all the parish than :  
 A good housholder and a just,  
 But suer he lived not by lust,  
 Nor sought his eas to lyg in bed.  
 To many a mouth yet gave he bred,  
 And yet, I ges nowe by my lyef,  
 Neither this man, nor yet his wyef,  
 Wear worth five pounds in reddy gold,  
 Though they an honest house did hold.  
 At plow and cart his goods he gaet,  
 He lay not long, nor watched lact,  
 Nor with ill ruell no surfet found ;  
 He eat and drank, and slept full found.  
 This grunting grobbe was short & thick,  
 His face was red as any brick ;  
 Whear in thear stoed a bottell noes.  
 A couple of corns upon his toes  
 He had, which maed him cut his shuc.  
 He never put on garment nue,  
 But whan that to the waeks he went,  
 He was dressed up like Jack a Lent ;  
 And coblar like, whan he did wortch,  
 But when this yoman went to chortch,  
 A sleveles jacket than he waer,  
 A velvet nightcap half threed baer ;  
 A chamled dobled stockt with fylk,  
 His short fayer weysht as whit as milk.  
 But herein must be understoed,  
 His wief was come of gentyll bloed,  
 Which would not have him clad in clouts,

But whan he moyld with other louts ;  
Then caerd she not what he put on.  
His house hit was not maed of stoen,  
The wauls with lyem wear whitted well,  
And thatcht oer hed, the troeth to tell.  
The smoek cam forth the thatch somtime,  
But who did on the rafters clyme  
Should finde fat bakon hanging thear ;  
The houle could not be kept full fear  
For hens and capons, dogs and cats :  
About his bed wear many gnats,  
That hommed still upon his face,  
And full of myce was evry place.  
Of children had he many a oen,  
But idell in the houle was noen,  
Except it wear an infant yong :  
The maydens to their wheel they song,  
The carddars myrry wear also,  
The hyends about the fields did go,  
The oxen champed in the stawll,  
The pygs lay grontting by the wawll,  
The capuls fed upon their hay,  
The hens full many an egge did lay ;  
The gees weare gagglyng on the green,  
And in good order, as I ween,  
Wear all things that this poore man had.  
The Gowt therof was very glad,  
And thought to trie him for a yeer,  
And so to taest cold countrey cheer ;  
And as the poore man foundly slept,  
In to his joynts the Gowt he crept :

Like theef that steals upon a wyght,  
 That ryeds aloen in wynters night.  
 So slept the Gowt unto this man,  
 And fought to vexe his body than ;  
 And hoept when poer man easd his grief,  
 That he should finde such great relief,  
 Such rest, such skoepe, and tak such hold  
 Of man to wander whear he wold.  
 Yea, fuer the Gowt had found a foyll,  
 He thought to bring to utter spoyll :  
 But loe ! as leyfy lobber laye  
 A bed, and groend in break of daye,  
 His wyef so fowll a bawling kept,  
 And fayd, fie, husband ! you have slept,  
 God knoes, awaye boeth wyt and thirst,  
 Be God, ye must maek better shift :  
 To pay our rent our landlord cries,  
 On plowe and cart our wealth must ries,  
 And not on stretching in the bed.  
 Ye kno your children must be fed,  
 Your servants kept and wakis payd :  
 In deed, good man, I am afrayd  
 That we shall forfeit leace and all,  
 And into shaem and beggry fall.  
 Ye kno your wyef doth go full baer,  
 And loeks so lean with cark and caer,  
 She changed hath her collor clean  
 Unto a peas, or partched bean,  
 And wydthers lyek a cock of hey ;  
 Yea, glad to feed on crudds and whey,  
 And pintch her belly for your sack :

And though I chees and butter maek,  
I fell the faem to maek us rytch,  
Yet, well ye wot, we have not mytch.  
My goown is lyk to go to gaeg,  
The landlord is in such a raeg,  
He will have money out of hand,  
He must redeem his morgaegd land,  
That youthfull frisks in hazard brought :  
Tushe, man ! your wief tacks all the thought,  
Not only howe to paye the rent,  
But also howe to live in Lent ;  
And get some herrings hoem, ye knoe  
Our stoer is gon full long agoe.  
When fleash and whytmeat waxeth deer,  
A herring cobbe will wake good cheer,  
Among our hynds and children toe.  
Let neighbours witnes what I doe  
To maintaine houshold in good staet :  
I washe, I wryng, I watch up laet,  
I fast, I spaer, I skrat, I skraep,  
( And after goods and gayn I gaep,  
Whyels husband tacks his pleasure still,  
And hoepts to have the world at will,  
By sleep and crying out of payn.  
Let ries a blyster or a blayn  
Upon your littell fingers end,  
Straight for a furgion must you send :  
Your father could taek salt and sut,  
And lyvly, lyek a lusty gut,  
A medfin maek for evry foer,  
And never would ly down therfor :

No, though in deed the shyn wear broek.  
Fy ! lie not smearing in the smoek,  
For folysh smarts, and stitchis viell.  
The husbandman began to smyell  
To heer the babbling of his daem,  
But, nill he would he, world did fraem  
So awkward wyth this sylly soull,  
That up he roes, and toek a powll  
In feble hand, to stay upon,  
But busnes sayd he must begon ;  
And haeld him out of doer in haeft,  
This goodly grubbe with fagot waeft,  
Bestoers his joynts about the feld,  
In things whear on pooer men aer skild,  
And feldome stayd in any place,  
Afhaemd in house to hyed his face ;  
Or under hedge or tree to rest.  
This trobled much his new come gest,  
The gowt I mean ; but caerles loe !  
Of gowt the poore man trodged thoe.  
Oer hedge and styell he skipt and flang,  
And, as the birds on boeshes sang,  
He whistled all the way he went,  
And hoemward for his brekfast sent.  
Whyels hee the oxen yooked fast ;  
And clyemd the trees to beat down mast,  
For swyen that must in haeft be fold ;  
And put the skattred sheep in fold.  
He did, for sheppard had he noen,  
For loe ! the greateft flock was goen,  
And needles servants aer not fyt.

This man had need pluck up his wyt  
To pleas his wyef, and pay his due.  
What shuld I longer talk to youe  
Of his affayrs? about he flees,  
As though his hed wear full of bees.  
He ran lyk hound that hunts the haer,  
(And of the gowt toek littell caer)  
About his work now heer, now thear :  
Somtime with brambuls would he tear  
His coet, his skin, and knock his knee  
Against a stubbe or croked tree ;  
And as he after horses ran,  
Somtime fell down this honest man.  
No soener up, but troedged about :  
Theas jobs lyckt not the tender gowt ;  
He lockt for pylloes soft and sweet,  
And oyntments for the swollen feet,  
And plaesters warm to humors cold,  
And in fayre clowts to be enrold,  
And not to find such froward faer.  
Well, what of that? good husbands aer  
A labring to make up their mowfe,  
(And wyn thear bred by sweat of browfe)  
As was this wyght wher on I wryt.  
Abroed in field was his delyt,  
In many a shuer and bitter blast,  
And every day till noen wold fast :  
For wantton will he would not eat,  
But honger fausyd still his meat,  
And seldom roes with belly full :  
His children from his mouth wold pull

*attitude*

}

The bred, the chees, and other cheer.  
 He kept no houghold for a yeer,  
 And waested all in littell space,  
 But for his lief time in oen cace  
 Ye should his order finde so well,  
 To much thear was not near a dell,  
 Nor yet to littell : as he throve,  
 The tyme and world away he drove,  
 And maid of peas and bakon fod,  
 In eeven houe a banket od,  
 A feast that fylde the empty paunch,  
 A joncket that will honger staunch,  
 A's foen as costly martchpaen fien,  
 And sydor in the steed of wien ;  
 And that was dronk at hy myd meall.  
 A stroek of roeft, of beef or veall,  
 On evry Sondag did he use ;  
 And all his hardnes did would he skues,  
 With marraeg of his daughter Kaet.  
 And still he sayd, twas better laet  
 To thryve, than never save a groet.  
 He could on fingers ends by roet,  
 Rehers the cours of all the yeer,  
 The chang of mooen, and could goe neer,  
 To tell whan evry starre should ries,  
 And talke of planets in the skies :  
 But that he lernd by sheppards ruell.  
 At Whytfontyed, at Paece, and Yuell,  
 He gave his hougholde leave to play ;  
 And than at stoelball all the day  
 Ye might have founde the mery gyrls,



Bedeckt with works and reefs of pyrles ;  
And fine froes pafte, yee startcht full tryme,  
As pretty pearls wear shining thear :  
They had no gymmols at the ear,  
For that nue trick cam out of Spayn ;  
Yet though their garments were but playn,  
They had as pivyshe paets, I knoe,  
As had in town the corftest shroe,  
That goes in fkarlet now and than :  
In houshold with this hoenly man  
Wear wentchis worth the looking on.  
Well yet the gowt would needes be gon :  
His oeft had near a lodging good  
To harbor fuch a hevy blood,  
And yet he must his yeer abyed,  
And throw the fier be better tryed.  
This man had maed a bargaine nowe,  
And shaept to fell boeth bull and cowe,  
The sheep and oxen in the stawll,  
To by a better farm withall ;  
And out of hand a jorney great,  
He had to goe, in cold and heat :  
And all a foet this must be don,  
With batten cap and clowtted shon ;  
With wallet full of bread and chees,  
And ragged ruffet coet of frees ;  
And on his back he boer a bryeb,  
And littell thought upon the kyeb  
That hard behind the heell he had.  
The bargayn maed, the foell fo glad,  
That out he went, as he wear wood,  
And feldom fure in quiet ftood,

I



Till clean dispatcht theas things had byn.  
The gowt, that lorked clos within,  
At hand beheld theas outward woes ;  
Than straight unto the spyder goes,  
And maeks a foer complaynt of this.  
The spyder that tormented is,  
A wors discours to him he told :  
Thear maisters after chang they wold.  
As they deviefd, and brought to pas,  
The gowt and spyder placed was  
At eas, as we may find full well.  
With hie degree the gowt did dwell,  
And propped up with koshons gaye,  
On bed or bentche at will he laye :  
If gowt his maister did diseas,  
Moeft glad he was was the gowt to pleas,  
With furs and clowts to keep hit warm,  
And to avoyd a further harm,  
The gowt was hapt and handled soft,  
And with swet earbes well bathed oft,  
And fed with dainty meats enowe.  
The knee nor joynt durst no man bowe :  
That gowt had governd this was true,  
Yea evry owr a pashon nue  
Hit brought and bred in maisters hart,  
And shronk the vains in evry part.  
But he that ons had lodged this gest,  
(And bent him self to geve him rest.)  
Must needs whyels lief doth last take pain,  
As loe ! this maister was full fain  
The gowt had found so fien a traed,

That as he would his reldens maed,  
From hand to foet, from knee to wryft,  
And ruelde his master as him lyft.  
With yoman will I dwell no moer,  
Qd. he, for fear of handling soer ;  
Nor part I tro from gentill bloed.  
The spyder in liek case he stoed ;  
He made his cobwebs whear he wold,  
And in his lodging was as bold,  
As any oen may be at hoem,  
And further ment he not to roem.  
He found no mayd his rest to let,  
They wear to other labour set.  
Thus gowt and spyder wear full glad  
That they their maisters changed had ;  
And so I leave them for this tyme,  
And heer knit up this croked ryme.  
This taell is written for your wealth,  
To sho wherin consists your health ;  
I do but heer example maek  
Of things I trust ye not mistaek,  
Therby declaring, as I can,  
That evry grief that coms to man,  
By idell lief doth gro and spring.  
The gowt is soner with a king  
Than with a weary labring wyght :  
Why is it rather with the might,  
Than with the mean. but for in deed,  
That honger maks the poer man feed ?  
So diverfly he fedeth not,  
As doth the rich man, well ye wot :

Note.

Note.

The rich haeth many a fyen device,  
 His mynd and diet is fo nice.  
 He knoes not what to eat is beft,  
 And maks full many a needles feaft  
 To ftore the luft, and pleas the mouth  
 With fondry fortes of things uncowth.  
 The belly is no foner full,  
 The bones muft reft, and down he wull  
 Upon a bed, or in a chayre,  
 Syts stretching, when, to taek the ayre,  
 He should go walk the fields abowt,  
 The want wherof doth breed the gowt :  
 I mean, of to much eas doth ryes  
 Great harm and grief in fondry wyes ;  
 And moft of thofe that fienly faer,  
 Without fome ficknes never aer,  
 For evry meat muft have his kynd.  
 In ftories old I read and fynd  
 That man by roots and erbs lyvd long,  
 And fo grue mighty, larg, and ftrong ;  
 Boeth hoell and found, and well difpoefd  
 Untill our knoledge had difclofd,  
 That fleafh was fweet, and fifh good meat ;  
 But when therof we gan to eat  
 A ranker bloed that foed did breed,  
 And caufd moer humors than did need ;  
 And aitrede fo our lyvely vayns,  
 With swellings ftrang, with botch and blayns,  
 That evry yeer diffefis nue  
 Within our bodies dayly grue :  
 And yet, as our new fedings change,

Diseases com, which aer so strange  
We can not naem them in their fraem,  
Nor seek remedy for the faem.  
Som dye that never semeth sick,  
Som live and would be buried quick :  
Their payns they are without redres,  
We can not evry greef expres,  
That riseth of our riots great,  
And furfets that we tæk of meat.  
The plowman haeth no fear of that,  
Though that the spyder and the gnat  
Within his house thear pleafuer tæk :  
The gowt doth feldom him awæk ;  
He lets the spyder kyll the flye,  
And from the gowt full faef doth lye,  
When that the gentill man is fayn  
The corffed gowt for to retayn.

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## A DOLLFULL DISCOURS

*Of two straungers, a Lady and a Knight.*

DRAWE neer, good mynds, that sadly marks  
the fway of worldly broylls,  
And heer what I at large can fay  
of troublous tomling toylls,  
Which did befall in forrayn land,  
tween two of noble race ;

Note.

To whose mishaps and haetfull fact  
     a world hit felf gives place.  
 Not long agoe the cace so stoed,  
     a knight of great estaet  
 (In native foyll by deastnies lot)  
     a ladies favour gaet :  
 With whom he joynd, a hazard great,  
     his lyking led him foe,  
 That neyther fear of frowning Gods,  
     nor dreed of earthly woe,  
 Could maek him stayn his plighted troeth,  
     such constant mynd he baer,  
 For which this second Phenix may,  
     with turttell true compaer.  
 But well away ! alas for woe !  
     his grief thearby began :  
 In prince displeasuer, throw this prank,  
     fell loe ! this faithfull man.  
 And Cesar frowning on the fact,  
     thear was no nother boet  
 But flye the realm, or prostraet fall  
     full flat at Cefars foet.  
 O staets ! by this com lern to stoup :  
     no stoutnes can prevayll,  
 When from the heavens storms do bloe,  
     and striketh down your fayll.  
 From thonder cracks boeth man and beaft,  
     yea, sun and moen doth flye ;  
 The earth and all that lives belowe  
     doe feare the ratling skye.  
 When Gods aer moved in louring clowds,  
     lyek dusky mantels black,

Note.

The troubled aire to mortall men  
doth threaten ruen and wrack.  
I turne my talke from such discourse,  
and treat of that tormoyll,  
Which long this knight and lady felt,  
at hoem in contrey foyll ;  
And somewhat of the caers a broed,  
that he perforce did taekt,  
I mean to wryte, so that as troeth  
my verses be embraekt ;  
For troeth and time, that tries out gold,  
hath tempred so my talk,  
That pen nor Mues no pleasuer taeks  
on doutfull ground to walk.  
Now, whan these staets with links of love  
wear tyde together fast,  
And many a fad and heavy thought  
between them boeth had past,  
Of princes grace and favour great,  
(to which regard they toek  
As chieftest thing and only cause)  
wheron they ought to loek,  
They wayd in ballance of their brefts,  
what fittest servd their tornes ;  
And lyek as wood taeks flaem of fire,  
and so to synders borns,  
So throw the heat of this mishap,  
they felt such sorrowe thoe,  
As though hard deaftnye swoer they should  
consumen them selves with woe.  
The lady lost her fredom streight,  
the Gods had so decreed ;

Her knight by fodain flight a broad,  
made vertue of a need.  
And living thear with lingring hoep  
in forrain contrey strange,  
Whear abfence might throw present toyes  
in some men worke a change,  
He stoed as ferm as marble stoen,  
and kept boeth troeth and tutch,  
To her who found few friends at hoem,  
and harts difeas was mutch.  
Yea, though this knight with offers great  
and treafuer tempted was,  
(As they full well can witnes bear,  
who fawe thofe matters pas)  
Yet fmall account of fortun nue  
he maed ; for ftill in brest  
Was fhryend the faynt that stoeny wals  
and pryfon had poffeft.  
No feer, nor frynd, nor fellow maet,  
this Troylus mind might move ;  
This fawcon scornd to pray abroad,  
at hoem he left his love.  
Full many a figh and hevy loek  
he fent a long the feas,  
And wysht him felf in fetters fast,  
to doe his lady eas.  
What grief of mynd and torment strang  
fhe fuffred all the whyell,  
Is known to thofe that bondaeg feels,  
whofe frynds aer in exiell.  
Could mifchief fawll on boeth the fyeds,  
moer harder than hit did ?



The oen from joye and worldly pomp  
in préfon cloesly hid,  
The other forst by fatall chance  
to seek his fortun out,  
And shonning danger found dispayre  
in wandring world about.  
But wayeng well a subjects staet,  
and what was dueties bounds,  
He yeelded streight to open harms,  
for fear of secret wounds ;  
And ventring lyef, yea, lands and goods,  
to keep his naem from blot,  
(And to requit with hazards hard  
the love that he had got)  
From Spayn with speed he did retorn,  
and setting foet on land,  
He put his cause in justice doem,  
and noble princis hand.  
Though in the yoek with fre consent,  
the humble hart did fall,  
The heavens stoed so out of tuen,  
he gaet no grace at all ;  
And clapped up full fast in hold,  
a pryfnars part he playes,  
Whear gryepping griefs and grevous groens  
confuemd his gladfom dayes.  
Whyels he a loef full long remaynd,  
and out of daunger crept,  
The dolfull dame in deepe dispayre  
his absence soore bewept.  
Yet great regard to promise paste  
thee had, as world well wift ;

And therefore often wrong her hands,  
when that her knight she miſt.  
But now beganne the boyſtrous blaſtes  
to blow in bloody breſt,  
And now the golfe of ſighes and fobbs  
burſte out with great unreſt,  
For loe! one houſe helde both theſe wights,  
yet both a fonder were,  
And both in like diſpleaſure ſtoode,  
yea, ech of both in feare  
Of princes wrath and worlds diſgrace,  
a heavy tale to tell,  
A plague paſt hope of heavens bliſſe,  
a torment and a hell,  
That is without redemption ſure ;  
but what ſhould more be ſaid :  
Thus under locke and barred doores  
theſe juelles ſafely laid,  
They muſt abide the happie houre  
that God appoints in ſkies,  
And drinke up water ſweete or ſowre,  
or what ſhall hap to ries.  
The priſon than did pleade their caſe ;  
the walles both deaſſe and dom,  
Did ſhowe by ſines of freedome goone,  
what ſorrowes wear to come.  
The ſhreeking owle in ſilent night  
at window clapt his winges,  
To threaten death, or badde ſucceſſe  
of fondrie doubtfull thinges.  
No joyfull ſounde was heard with eare,  
no newes of happie yeares ;

No pleasure to the pinched harte,  
in prison strong appeares.  
Admit the lute with touth of hande,  
a heaueie domp doth shoe,  
A coelling comforte musicke brings  
to wretches wrapt in woe.  
No myrth with mourning moen may match,  
for mischiefe meafure lacks ;  
And care confuems the minde of man,  
as fire melts virgin waxe.  
In filly fell, and fevrall place,  
these two eftates did sit,  
Whose comming out did farre furmount  
the compasse of their wit.  
As long they spent their tickle time,  
in teen and terror great :  
So oft, God wot, of matters hard  
in head did hammers beat.  
Now hoping that the clouds would calme,  
and storms would stand at stay ;  
Than looking whan the planets tornde  
their course another way.  
But shaken shipps in seas do sinke  
when furgis ries aloft,  
And under waves (for want of ayde)  
weake vessels welter oft :  
So that no hope of succour seemes  
to come when tempests rage,  
Except the Gods draw backe the plagues,  
and winde and weather swage.  
The present panges and parlous thoughts  
that pearceth troubled minds,

Note.

Note.

Is knowne to none but such, I fay,  
     that lacke of freedome finds.  
 A prifner beares a fimple port,  
     moft glad to pleas and plye,  
 As fubject to the keepers becke,  
     and jelloufe geillors eye :  
 Now trafing out a wearie walke,  
     now whifht and quiet ftands ;  
 Now downe on knees, now to the cloudes  
     looks up with ftretched hands :  
 Now liftning after happie newes,  
     now nipt with forrows old ;  
 Now fore abasht and broughte in mues,  
     now mirrie, ftout and bold :  
 Now riepe and reddie for to fpeake,  
     now dumme and dare not ftore ;  
 Now fearefull of ech fodaine founde,  
     and clap of evrye dore :  
 Now bent to beare and fuffer wrong,  
     now full repoeft on right ;  
 Now faine to fawne on feeble folke,  
     now fetting all thinges light.  
 Thefe pafhons ftill awakes their fpreets,  
     that careful captives are,  
 Such fmart they tafte, fuch breade they bite,  
     that feeds on loves of care.  
 Yea, fome are farvd with chaunge of meates,  
     yet touch they nere a difhe,  
 But fits like *Tantalus* in hell,  
     and wants what moft they wifhe.  
 Thefe twaine, I troe, were not fo ufde,  
     but yet, when beft they fped,

On heavy morffells mixt with mone,  
    their hongrie stomacks fed.  
No daye stooode free from Fortunes foile,  
    no houre but norrisht fear ;  
No seafon servde to folve the soers  
    of looking sorrow thear.  
No drinke could coole the furie hot  
    of thraldoms thirsty throte,  
No pleasaunt verse nor dittie fraemde  
    to dollors dollfull note.  
No booke nor storie might revive  
    their drowping dead delite,  
For from the thoughtes of thirled hartes  
    are pleasures banisht quight.  
To slowth, to sleepe and mirthlesse moods,  
    their dompishe dayes enclinde,  
As from the clue of worldly cares  
    should threed of life untwiende.  
Dispiefd the night, abhord the day,  
    and hated houre of birth,  
Thought skorne of foode and cleane forfoke  
    the pleasures of the earth.  
Would faine have lost both speach and breath,  
    and loekt when hartes would burst ;  
Beleevde they were in mothers wombe,  
    or els in cradell curst.  
Though droufie dreede did death desire,  
    and grieve sought quick dispatch,  
There was no parting from the place,  
    till daye dischargde the watch.  
Wee cannot paye our borrowde breath  
    before thappointed howre ;

The ende of strife nor staye of state  
standes not in peoples powre.  
The Gods that guides the heavens hie,  
in secrete doth beholde  
The fine and fleeting feeble course  
of earth and massie molde.  
The hart may heave, the breast may bloc,  
the body sighe and swelt,  
The face by open lines may show,  
of privie pashons felt,  
But all these stormes have litle force  
to ridde mans wretched dayes,  
As by these parties plaine I prove,  
throw torment sondrie wayes.  
Well those from whom the Gods restraine  
the skope and use of will,  
Must bende the backe, and bowe the joynts,  
to beare the burthen still :  
And yet no toile, nor grieve so great,  
but finds at length some eas ;  
There followes after swelling flouds  
a quiet calmie seas.  
By meane of suite and labours long,  
and gracious prince, in deede,  
A sweeter soile these prisnars found,  
that better bloud did breede ;  
But kept a part as Fortune thapt,  
and so in silent shade,  
(As place and time did licence graunt)  
a fresh complaint they made,  
Of croked chaunce and straung extremes,  
that sondred faithfull harts,

Whose sugred love was ever mixt  
    with baell and bitter smarts ;  
And never after like to meete,  
    nor fet ne eye nor vewe,  
The one apon the other Lord,  
    a matter mitch to rewe.  
Long in the broile of this conflict,  
    and battell of the minde,  
They paste their time with bare beliefe  
    of better hap behinde ;  
And wearing oute with waylings longe,  
    their weary life God wot,  
And finding haven choked up,  
    where passage should be got,  
At ancker under watch and warde,  
    in tossed barke they laye,  
From whens there was no quiet means,  
    nor hope to scape away.  
The lady now, for laste farewell,  
    betoke her selfe to teares,  
And of dispaire in perfed brest,  
    a double porshon beares.  
Her hollow cheeks and daefled eyes  
    declaerde her death was neere,  
And bade her keepers to prepare  
    both shrowding sheete and beere ;  
For nature did denie her life,  
    her hart was tainted foe,  
That cankred thought should come ful sone,  
    and make an ende of woe.  
Her coulour changde her cheerefull lookes,  
    and countnaunce wanted spreet ;

Note.

Note.

To fallow ashes turnde the hue  
     of beauties blossoms sweete.  
 And dreery dulnes had bespred  
     the wearishe body throw :  
 Ech vitall vaine did flat refuse  
     to do their dutie now ;  
 The bloud forsoke the wonted course,  
     and backward gan retyre,  
 And last the lims as cold and swarfe,  
     as coells that wafts with fyre.  
 The moisture taken from the tree,  
     the leaves drops downe apace ;  
 When sap dries up and faills the roote,  
     the branches loes their grace.  
 Some bowes you see do flourish sayre,  
     and groes a goodly height,  
 And some by frost and cold ayre nipt,  
     and so are blasted streight.  
 As evry fruite and floure in field  
     do yeid to sodaine claps,  
 So all that breathes with living soule  
     are subject to mishaps.  
 How should this dame desire to live,  
     that hourelly wore away ?  
 Who would not shedde some teares to see  
     this tender twig decay ?  
 What stony hart could suffer more,  
     and bere with eeven hand,  
 The weary weight of worldly woes,  
     and whiske of whipping wand ?  
 And when she saw her houre aproch,  
     and death his dutie crave,



And she, amid her chieftest prime,  
    must go to greedy grave,  
She toke of worlde a noble leave ;  
    and calling for a frende  
(Who liveth yet, and can report  
    how she did make her ende.)  
She saide with loude and comely voice,  
    O world ! I thee forsake ;  
I have bin here a pilgrime longe,  
    and now my leave I take  
Of all thy pompe and pleasures vaine,  
    that makes my fences blinde,  
Whose glorie doth beginne with paine,  
    and ends with grieve of minde.  
In dongon deepe of deinty thoughts  
    thou holdest evrye wight ;  
And feeds their foolish fancies still  
    with toyes and trifles light.  
Thy prisnar was I borne to be,  
    and *Adams* children all  
(Like captivs here condemde to die)  
    must suffer for his fall :  
But nowe the chains and lothsome lincks  
    that lay on shoulders weake,  
(And all the bands and cloggs of care)  
    in shevers small shall breake ;  
And I from cage shall mount to skies,  
    more swift than bird with winge,  
And flicker like a simple dove,  
    where shining angels singe.  
I bringe a badge and livrye both,  
    that my good maister CHRIST

Did leave for such as beares his crosse  
through foggs of worldly miest.  
Yea, shaking of[f] this sinfull soile,  
me thincke in cloudes I see,  
Amonge the perfite chosen lambs,  
a place preparde for mee.  
Here is no home nor harbring house,  
but cabbens built on sande,  
That evrye pirrie puffeth downe,  
or still on props doth stand.  
Our fathers spreetes posses in peace  
the countrie that wee crave :  
We are but strangers far from hoem,  
that nothing certayn have.  
These wear her words, and many moe,  
which follows as she spoek :  
I dyd (qd she) by bryttell lyfe,  
O Lord ! thy wrath provoke ;  
For which I now repent me soer,  
and trufing to receave  
Free pardon for my former fautes,  
ear fowll shall body leave.  
My faynt and feble vessayll frayll  
so fears thy justice great,  
That hyt appealls from curs of lawe  
unto thy mercy feat.  
I am but worms meat, wel I wot,  
all fleash is nought but gras ;  
To earth and ashes out of hand  
must all my pleasures pas.  
I want the force, thou haft the myght,  
to stryve with death and hell :

Thou art the rock, the corner stoen,  
the fountayne, and the well,  
From whom the springs of lyfe must ron,  
and unto whom again  
The thyrfty fouls and hongry harts  
for help do trodg a mayn.  
Who hath byn washed in thy blood,  
is whiter than the snoe :  
O! let the streams and flood of grace  
with favour on me floe.  
In booke of lyfe let wryt, good Lord,  
my name among the rest ;  
That ordaynd wear, ear world was made,  
to sleepe in *Abrams* brest.  
Blot out the bleamish of my brow,  
that at the latter day  
May strike the conshens with dispayre,  
and cloked crimes bewray.  
Gyve boldnes to the bashfull sprite  
that fears from hens to flitte ;  
Make hope and fayth now ferm to see  
great God in glory sitte.  
With closed hand than brest she knockt,  
so gave a fighe and stayd ;  
And then, conceivd some inward joy,  
with cherefull face she sayd.  
Do mourne no more, O trembling foule !  
that knowes not where to staye ;  
Come from the kaytiffe carryne corps,  
and cabben made of claye,  
And looke upon the Lamb of God,  
whose death thy randfome payd,

Note.

That blessed babe, the Virgins Sonne,  
     that borne was of a mayd.  
 Come, silly byrd, out of the den  
     where naught but darknesse is,  
 And looke on everlasting light,  
     and loving Lord of blis.  
 The lusts of flesh and worldly pomp,  
     I hope, are quentcht in me :  
 Throw faith a lone from sin and bond  
     I have escaped free.  
 And with that word, in fine of joye,  
     a falme full loud she fange :  
 The follemp noyes and sound therof  
     thorowout the chamber range ;  
 And ending that, to prayer streight  
     of her own mind she fell.  
 The standers by, whose teares burst out  
     at this her last farwell,  
 Began to give her comfort than  
     of life and welfare both.  
 Yea, live I shall, and do right wel,  
     qd. she, I know for truth,  
 But that is in a nother world ;  
     the hope of this is gon :  
 And reason is it should be so,  
     for here there liveth none,  
 But sees the vaines of our state,  
     and tastes such torments still,  
 That fondry tymes they with them selves  
     from hence with right goodwill.  
 Heare is but toyle, and sweate of browes,  
     and endles labour found,

And nothing reapt but wretched wrak,  
and broken sleepes unfound.  
Where I shall go I seace from payne,  
and so fuch joye posses,  
As heart skarce thinks, nor head conceives,  
nor tongue may well expres.  
Than hold your peace ; knit up your talke,  
and trouble not the spreet  
That drawes from hence, and hopes it is  
for better place more meet.  
A lady thoe, that vertue lykte,  
and there some credit had,  
Replyed and sayd, O noble dame !  
in deed you are to fad ;  
These panges shall passe, these fits shal fade,  
and all these pashons dye,  
As they have done, whan you full oft  
in fuch like sort did lye.  
O, madam ! speak no moer of that,  
my tyme draws on (qd shee) ;  
I shal not dye, but make exchange,  
of breath and lyfe, I see.  
The glas is run, the clock wyll stryke,  
Death doth aproch a pace ;  
My cours is don, the judge draws neer  
to fyt apon my cace :  
No longer heere I may abyde,  
the packing day is come ;  
Death byds me now unarm my selfe,  
and heere the mortal drom  
That calls me hence, as naked fuer  
as to the world I cam :

The cours of Nature shoes me to[o]  
     that earth and dust I am.  
 The harrold of long home is sent  
     to summon me in haft ;  
 Than stay me not, for in that poynt  
     boeth tears and words ye waft.  
 Yet ear I part, good friends, (qd shee)  
     behold what hoep I have,  
 And note what fayth and badge of Christ  
     I cary to my grave.  
 And marke how I confesse with mouth  
     that Christ hath shed his blood  
 For me, and those that earst in staet  
     of deepe damnation stood :  
 And by his pashon I am fav'd,  
     and not by my dezarts ;  
 But by the help of him that knowes  
     the thoughts of secret harts.  
 Now, staying heere, she loekt about,  
     and to a knight she spaek ;  
 And him desired with humble words  
     that he the paynes would take  
 To show the prynce what past her mouth.  
     O ! tell him, syr, quod she,  
 This is the fute and laft request  
     that must be made by me  
 Unto his highnes, whose estate  
     our blessed Lord maintaine ;  
 And pray him to forgeve me now,  
     for I confesse hit playne,  
*I made a fault and sore offence*  
     when I, against his will,

Estrang'd my self from his good grace,  
for any hope or skill.  
But from my byrth unto this day  
my hart and thought was cleer  
From breach of subiectes duetie sure ;  
and I protest it heer,  
I never ment nor purpoesd yet  
in worde, in deede, nor thoght,  
No harm (nor lodgd one yll consayt,  
nor spark of evell foght)  
To hym as God may witnes bear,  
to that which nowe I speak,  
Save nowe alas ! by oversight  
of feble fancies weak.  
I seell and fynde the pryce therof,  
and suffer for the saem  
An open check and privy plaeg,  
and pyntching publik blaem.  
I hoep his hyghnes haeth forgoet  
the fault I dyd commit,  
And as he is a noble prince,  
in regall throen to sit,  
And judge his subiects caufis all,  
so hoep I of his grace  
He wyll receyve my chyldren poer,  
and help thear heavy cace.  
O God forbyd ! for mothers fault,  
the chyldren shuld a bye :  
No grayn of grodg, nor ground of gyell,  
in gyltles baebs doth lye.  
I do bequeath them nowe, qd. she,  
unto the Princis hands,

Note.

In hoep the favour that they fynd  
shall eas the fathers bands.  
My nature shoes a moorning cheer  
to part from them, God knoes ;  
For chyldren fynd small comfort heer,  
whan hens the mother goes,  
If God move not the Princes mind,  
to pitie thear estate.  
Now as this lady dyd at large,  
about her baebs debate,  
Uppon her deer boght jewel than,  
she cast her only thoght,  
Yea, for whose sake and great good wyll,  
she was in troble broght ;  
And pawfing on this matter throwe,  
a hevy fyghe she gave,  
O ! good fir knight, fayd she to me,  
a thyng of you I crave.  
Commend me to my worthy frend,  
and byd hym comfort take,  
And hoep in God and princes grace,  
thogh I do world forsake.  
He may do wel, and fredom get,  
but me ye shall not meet,  
Tyll from the cave of pampred fleashe,  
departs his gronyng spreet.  
Whyles lyfe I had I honord him,  
and fafly kept my vowe ;  
As lyfe dyd bynd me his in all,  
so death doth lowfe me now  
From hym and all my worldly joyes.  
But thogh my frend I leave,



On hye, whear dwels a greater frend,  
    (if hoep not me disseave,)  
I trust to see his baebs and hym ;  
    and thogh much greef hit is,  
To leave them heer in bitter baell,  
    yet, noet, I goe to blis.  
Whear is no mind of combros caers,  
    nor caufe of forowes known :  
O ! tell hym that above I hoep  
    theas storns shalbe oer blown.  
And as a skrowll is lapped up,  
    yea so shall all thyngs heer  
(When fowll shalbe immortall maed)  
    unto our vewe a peer.  
No soener of the fowll she spoek,  
    but soddayn chang began,  
In loeks and lymys of deadly shoe,  
    with collor paell and wan.  
The eyes did staer, the body streatch,  
    the strength and force dyd fayll ;  
The teeth they chattered in the cheeks,  
    the hands dyd quack and quayll ;  
The mouth dyd foem, the head dyd shaek,  
    the fleashe hyt quivred fast ;  
The feet waxt cold, the face dyd sweat,  
    full swyft the polsis past.  
The hart dyd heave and beat in brest,  
    the breath lyk earth dyd sent ;  
At eares and noes the styeffled goeft,  
    and vittall lyfe soght vent :  
Thogh gasping breath broght passions on,  
    and gript her hart full hard ;

A right figure  
of death.

A pattern of  
death.

Yet showd she throw thoes sharp assaults,  
to frend a great regard ;  
And callyng for a boxe of ryngs,  
among them choes she won,  
In which was set, by conning aert,  
a ritch and preeshoes ston.  
Hold ! carry this, qd she, good syer,  
to my deer noble knight ;  
He can remember what that stoen  
presentes unto his sight.  
The other token that I send,  
hit is a weyghty ryng ;  
Best lykt and dereft boght, God wot,  
of any earthly thyng.  
And when ye shall gyve hym this gyft  
desyer hym well to mynd  
The lyttell imps, the pretty soules,  
the baebs I leave behynd :  
And byd hym bryng them up in fear  
of God and prince, I saye :  
Loe ! that is al I do requier,  
of hym my dyeing daye.  
I have no gold to send my baebs,  
but blessing I them gyve,  
Which God confyrm with grace good stoer,  
as long as they shall lyve.  
O ! yet thear is another ryng,  
which loe ! my love must se,  
Whear is my picture : death I mean ;  
and tell my friend from me,  
That I as cold, and sensles toe,  
shalbe in littell space,

As is that shadoe, dom and deaff,  
and spreetles shaep of face.  
This don, she tornd her hed a fyed,  
and baed them all faerwell.  
Twear good, quod she, in syen of death,  
I hard the passyng bell,  
For futch as lyve may pray the whiel  
and knoe, when bell doth towll,  
Into the bowells of the earth,  
the boddy parts from fowll.  
Yet meet they shall, when trumpet sownds,  
and that the dead aryes,  
And boeth together shall ascend,  
I hoep, to starry skyes.  
Wyth this began the battayl feers  
betwen her lyef and death :  
Lyk goest she lay, whyells hard dyd groen,  
and mouth gaept wyed for breath.  
Than sayd she, Lord ! in to thy hands  
I do commend my spreet ;  
And so her self cloes'd up her eyes,  
and hyd her head in sheet,  
And went away, lyk enfantt yong,  
clean voyd of storm or raeg ;  
Or lyk a boddy fawlls a sleep,  
that can not speak for aeg.  
Thus breathles laye this lady nowe,  
lyk weyghty lomp of claye,  
(That earst had lyef and feelyng force)  
and past lyk flowre a way.  
But whan the nues of this was broght,  
unto her playffeers cares,

With roering voyce and blobbred eyes,  
thear goeshed owt futch teares  
That wytnest well with owtward fyens  
what woe he felt within,  
And truely told when she dyd end,  
his dollor dyd begin.  
Bereft of sleep, and robbd of rest,  
he roemed up and down,  
And cast of[f] weeds of worldly pomp,  
and clapt on moornyng gown.  
No eas nor pleasures could posses,  
nor feell the taest of meat,  
Resolvd to pyen and starve him self,  
his greefs they wear so great.  
No counsell could him comfort long,  
and styll aloen he drue,  
To morn and moen, to howll and crye,  
and make complaynt a nue :  
And worn away with wofull fyghes,  
when sorrow helped not,  
At leyngth the lyef must be sustaynd,  
with som releef, ye wot.  
But howe he takes this mischeef yet,  
and howe the matter goeth,  
Hyt passeth farre my reatch and wyt  
to judg, I tell you troeth.  
His lady gon, as you have hard,  
when dayes and yeeres wear spent  
In thraldom long, yet after that  
was better fortun sent ;  
For into princes grace again  
he cam by bleffyd chance,

And so he lyvs in open world,  
    whear vertue may aduance  
Both him and many thousands moer,  
    that noble lyves doo lead,  
And wyefly walk with upright myndes,  
    and stepps of honour tread.  
Loe! heer, you daems of hy renown,  
    a ladyes death set owt ;  
Whose lyef for fayth full seaw shall fynd  
    that seeks wyed world abowt.  
To God and prince repentant suer,  
    to world a myrrour bright :  
Whearfoer with tong and true report  
    refownd her prays a ryght.

*FINIS.*

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*The Roed made by Syr William Druery, Knight, into Skotland, from the East Seas to the West (with sundry Gentlemen of good calling) for the reformation of such causes as the Queens Majestie and her Councel thoght convenient. In the xiii year of the raign of our soveraigne Lady Queene Elizabeth.*

THE NAMES OF THE CAPTAINES AND GENTLEMEN IN  
HIS COMPANY.

Syr Thomas Manners.	M. Michell Carye.
Syr George Cary.	Captaine Carye.
Syr Robert Constable.	Captaine Carvill.
Syr Jerome Bowes.	Captaine Aufstell.
M. William Knowls.	Captaine Edington.
M. Henry Cary.	M. Edmond Varney.
M. Robert Knowlls.	

My Lord of  
Suffex journeyes  
I set out in my  
second book.

MY Lord of *Suffex*, now lord chamberlayne, having finished two famous and notable roeds into *Skotlande*, which I have written of (as chargeable as paynfull, and of no smal credit and pollicy) rested a season at *Barwyck*, by reason of a sicknesse taken, by overmuch travell of body and minde, in the service rehearsed ; and reposing him self in that towne for the benefite of health, thought necessary (in the present exploits and service expected) to intitute another Generall for the execution of such matters as he him self would gladly have taken in hande, if sicknesse had permitted : and

because eche gentleman souldiour and severall bandes should duetifully obey (in all points and warlike order) the nue Generall chosen for this purpose, my Lord of *Sussex* made an oration, in such forme and manner as throughly explayned the whole substance of the service, the unfuretie of the season, the difficult dealing of divers adversaries, and uttered the excellencye of an oratour. At whoes elloquence the heerars rather stod astonyed than unsatysfied in any poynt or parsell, wherein he opened the bowells of rebellyon, the practies of enemies, and suborning of traytors; and earnestly perswaded every honest mynd to be myndfull of his prince and countrey, in the lybertie wherof boeth lyfe and lyving is alwayes to be offered: after which oracion, as custome is (for service past, and things to come) he made these knights that heere are mentioned, *Syr William Drury*, *Syr Thomas Manners*, *Syr George Care*, and *Syr Robert Constable*; and placing the Generall in full authoritie he committed them to God, and the good conduct of their chieftaine: then presently, with professed obedience, each man desired to do a dayes service, to venter his lyfe, to shed his bloud, or shew his dutie. Whereupon, and as great and weighty cause moved, my Lord of *Sussex* commanded them to march forward; and so they did, and made that night a greater march than was looked for, and yet no lesse speede than was needeful: by which forwardnesse, sodain exercises of armes (and a brute blowen abrode of a more sooner departure) the enemies wer discouraged and hindred of their hoep, and our men made masters of the fiede, and posselt in a maner their wish and desired hap: at the least, taking advauntage of the time, they prevented the pushe of a perillous and present pollicie, and avoyded the

danger of a troublous time to come. For the enemy, regarding our readineffe and desire of encounter with them, retyred so fast backward, that all their labour was lost which they tooke in hand before. And now wer they somewhat abashed that before used overmuch boldnesse; yet in doubtfull ballance stood the weight of this journey, considering what followed by the fyennes or falshod of double meaning friends (beside the dangers insident to the hazards of Fortune). Our people, being thought at the first to be great in number, wear suffred to march wher they pleased; but the enemy advertised of our small power, not only lyke chafed boares began to pluck up the bryffells, but also bruted abroad we were taken in a pitfall and had neede of a treble company to accomplish the exploit taken in hand. And after our power had passed Edenbrogh towards the force of the adversaries, the secret practisers of mischief in the town set sodainly on our lackeys; and such of the traine as could not conveniently follow the camp with expedition, were in daunger to fall in the fury of those bloodsuckers that delighted in slaughter, who fought by fittletie to bring poore weaklings to the mercy of the sword. But this boldnes and audacious dealings hindred no whit the hope of our Generall, nor brake no peece of our purposed matter; for our campe, though it was but little, tooke great regard of their safetie and honour, and knew that the enemies espials slept no more than their sleights; nor nothing was kept more awaken than their common consent for our destruction, which made us so vigilant and careful, that every man was bent to beare of the brunt of this busines to the uttermost, with the pollecie of hed, perrell of body, or hazard of life, and kept them

Note.

Note.



selves so fast linked together, that it seemed a thing impossible to break their order or daunt their courage, being resolved to trye, by sword and service, the worst or best that fortune could doo; and so marched onward as boldly and with as great a show as nothing could have bin a let and impediment to their purposed enterprises. At the view wherof the enemies were not only amazed, but likewise stricken in such feare they wist not what was best to be don; and finding their devices disciffered and over taken, (and their force and people but weakly guided) they invented to cast another compass, and so to frame by falsehood and treason a readier way for the execution of their wyles and wicked wils; as hereafter you shall perceive whan I come to touch the particulars. Our camp neither spared paynes, nor no exercises of armes all this season, and so approaching many places on the sodaine, they made the enemy retyre and raysed the siege of sundry townes, as *Glaske* and others, which were to long to reherse, yet alwayes as mildly and quietly as was possible in their passage outward they behaved themselves; defferring the punishing of false brethren and deceivable enemies, til the returne of the camp homeward agayn, if God so shuld suffer. And being masters of the field and emboldned to march forwardes by the happy successe of their labours, they made as great speede as they might to be at *Dombrittain*, there to finishe, by fight or favorable fortune, the greatest hazard and toyle of this dangerous journey. And now was it come to that utter extremitie, that eyther the enemy must deeply dissemble and worke some treasonable train, or openly stand at defence and point of the sword. Wherupon they made a show and signe of great amitie; and cloking pretended mallice under

The Duke  
Chatilleroi  
was at this  
siege, and  
went away  
discoraged.

a parle and communicacion of peace, they seemd to mislyke no matter that was ministred. As though they agreed to have an unitie and reformation for civell wars and disorder crept in the commen wealth, by caveling and quarrellous people, and offring, in a maner, all securitie and trust for the faffe meeting of the lord *Flemming* and Syr *William Drury*, who should thorowly talke and debate of thinges than most necessary and convenient (to be amended, or at the least wise spoken off). So our generall condescended to see what fruit this flourishing frendship wold yeld, and geving occasion of good liking and no suspicious handling of this buisnes, Syr *William Drury* prepared him self to go a part from his power, offring to be armed or unarmed; alwayes providing if any of the enemies had isshued out of the towne (for a trayne and false practies) he had a sufficient band ready to resist al mischeeves that might follow. So, as the marshall manner is of meetings for such purpose, the Lord *Fleming* and our generall preased in place, as al kinde of doubtles and dangers stood voyd and clere of suspicion, and free from all feare. But the lord *Fleming*, contrary to our hope and against the law of armes, by cautel and futtle sort, had closly layd abayte to betray syr *William Drury*, or caused twain of his soldiars, at the very instant of meeting, to shoote of their peeeces; and thinking by the death of the general, a general disorder would follow to further the good fortune of the faithles flock and disceitful dealars. And, in deed for truth, our generall was no sooner in daunger upon trust, but this treason was put in prooffe and present practise, for two severall shot wear sodainly discharged ful in the face of syr *William Drury*, and the enemies missed but a little the only mark they shot at. Notwithstanding, Syr

*William Drury* (as one resolved to revenge injury and falsehood) stoed so stoutly to his owne businesse, that he shot of both his dagges, to the discourage and infamy of this unlordly enterpryse, and with a lowd voice made a vow, that this leawd fact should not long escape unrevengid. The Lord *Flemming*, like a fox to the hoel, withdrew him to his hold, and our General came orderly, and without harm, from this hatefull hazard and unacustomed entertaynement of wars. And being retired in safety, and the matter wel digested, a marvelous mormour and furious talke arose in our campe among the whole multitude, and every honest heart hated this haerbrayne and hasty disorder, harbored and hatched in the bowels of a crokadyll. And surely this powder made such a smodder and smoeck, that fundry stowt stomacks were sturred to anger, and set on a very flame, by the heat therof; and one of the cheefe (and best credit next the General) stept out and declared, that it was a dishonour to suffer a Generall to so worthy a band (and in the service of so mighty a prince) so used and deryded, and for that no such filthy fact should sleep in silence, nor passe unpunished, he would leave to the posteritie an example therof for ever. Wheron he earnestly defyred the Generalls lycence, that he might send an harrold of armes to the Lord *Flemming*, to know the cause of this unwarlyke demenour; and further (qd. he), it becommeth better myne estate (bicause I am now under this Generall) than the Generall himselfe, to try out this quarrell by combat and defaunce of feyght. And more noble it was, that a gentilman soldiour should stand in those questions, than a Generall, considering his calling and office. To the which offer and good perswasion the Generall gave this answere: I have, my deere frynd Syr

Note.

*Georg Care*, great thanks to geve you in this behalfe ; albeit, for the greatnes of your minde my thankes is to small a recompence, but it standes me uppon to seartch owt theas matters to the uttermoest, and so I wold, wear not my commission and charge, as ye know, otherwayes to be employed : yet, sents your sует is so reazonable (and the hoel company and law of armes allows hit), I grant you your request, and thearin doo as best shall seem to your birth and estimation. *Syr George Cary* (desirous of honour, and to see tretchery rebuked) straightwayes devised a letter, to be sent owt of hande whyles thinges wear freshe in memory, and wrote sutch matter as he mynded to stand unto what ever shold happen : the effect of whoes letter folows, word by word as the writtar him selfe drue it owt, and delivered hyt to the harrauld in the presens of a nomber.

¶ *The letter of Syr George Cary.*

Lord Fleming, if eyther your byrth or bringing up had wrought in you a noble mynd, or estimation of credite, hardly would you have so much forgotten and stayned your honour, as in a parley of late with our Generall you dyd. At whom vildly and unhonorably shoeting, you falsced that assurance of warre, which foldiers submit themselves unto ; and trayned him to your treason under trust, a thing heretofore not accustomed, nor presently to be allowed of. He, assuredly pretending your owne and your freends good, commoditie to your countrey, and quietnes to the state, twyse abased and submitted hym selfe, commyng to confer with you thereof ; but your pryd, joyned with a harmful meanyng to those that you professe best unto, and selfe-wilful vaine glory, without cause why, refused that whiche

reason and honour commaunded you to have done. Therefore, because his calling is presently with his charge better then yours, and myne not inferior, I sommon you reasonably to excuse that fault supposed to bee yours, or els to mayntayne that trayterous acte with your person against myne in fyght, when, where, or how you dare. Otherwyse I wyll baffull your good name, sounge wyth the trumpet your dishonour, and paint your pictor with the heeles upward, and beate it in despite of your selfe. In the meane time I attend your answere. From Glasco, the xxii of May, 1570.

Subscribed, GEORGE CAREY.

¶ *The copie of the Lord Flemings answer.*

*George Cary.* I have received your brainlesse letter, making mention of my false and treasonable dealing against your General in shoeting under trust, so vildly against my honor and trueth, trayterously trayned him under my trust; which is altogether false and untrew. And, howbeit, your Generall came by the howse of *Dunglas*, by my appointment, which I suffered, and I appointed one place of meeting, fixe men of eyther partie; which he refused, and he departed, and certen of his companie came bragging up the river syde towards the howse, vewing the same, and the ground thereabouts, shoeting your hargabous against the same, I coulde doo no les but present you with such as I had. Whereas you write of your Generals calling to be presently better then myne, and yours not inferiour, when your General challengeth me therof, I shall geve answer: and as for you, I will not be inferiour to a better then you, or any soldiour under your Generals charge. Whereas you sommon me,

as you call it, reasonably to excuse that fault supposed to be myne owne, or els to mayntayne that trayterous acte with my perfon against yours, you shall wit, I have, gentlemen of honor, fervant soldier to me as ye are to your Generall, which may be your fellowes, shall defend the same against you and your false and untrew invented writing; and were not the charge I present, or how sone I can be releved of the same, I shuld lowly my perfon to mete you six English myles fro any other perfon. How be it, ye be but one soldier, assure your self from this day forth, I will not receive no such vain invented message, for I have littell to do with English men: ye may rayle upon my honorable name as ye please. You shall have as honorable gentlemen as your selfe against you feighting. Take this for aunswere.

JOHN L. FLEMING.

Lord Fleming. Often the Flemings after noon answers smelleth more of wine then wit. But as to that common cryme, the custom of their country yeldeth them part of pardon, so your common acquaintance with the same condition known to be very great, shal to me somewhat excuse your witles writing, wherein first you disalow my right recital of your trayterous dealing, by terming it false and untrew. For answer know this: the truth my pen hath written, by the witnes of a number; and my hand, I vow, shall maintaine the same before the world at all times: but you, in denying it, have both falseli and unjustli lied in your throt, and dare neither defend nor disprove that in dedes, which in words you have don. Whereas you writ that our General passed Dunglas, by your appointment, which you suffered, therin you do manifestli say, unhonorabli, and untruly, for

that you had no knowledge of our first coming, but saluted us with your shot, and we likewise scirmished with your men, even at their own strength, until we viewed the ground about at our pleasure. And, touching the appointment of fix of eyther part, easly that may be known to be a plaine lye, seing we had neyther parle nor conference with you before, to appoint place or meeting. But wheras you say you could do no lesse but present us with such as you had, therin you confesse and acknowledge the dishonor and treason that I charged you withal, taking upon your self that fault which I supposed to have ben of your servants; for our Generall retired his company far from him. And his trumpet being with you, approched him self alone to have parled, when, under trust, you discharged two hargubusses against him, an acte rather seemely for a cowardly traytour, then one that professeth to be a souldier. Finally, whereas you let me wit that you have gentlemen of honor, servant souldiers to you, that may be my felowes, which should defende the chalenge that toucheth so nere your selfe, as with honor you should not have refused it. First, I thinke skorne to be any wayes inferior to you, though but a souldier, to[o] honorable a name for your beyng better in birth, and unstayned with reproche, as you have ben. Secondly, I have more and as good gentlemen under my conducte, as you have under your charge, whiche shall aunfwere as many as you can bryng, yf with number ye meane to combat, and wyll put them to that which you dare not do your selfe. But assure you, my quarrel shal remayne everlasting, except the prooffe of your owne person agaynst myne may ende it; and, when you shall dare come out of your crowfe nest, I wyl be redy to ryde an hundredth

Skottish miles, to meete with you in any indifferent place : and untill that tyme I shal account you devoyde of honestie, and honor, unworthy to marche upon ground, or to keepe companie with men. From Hamelton, the 29 of May, 1570.

Subscribed, GEORGE CAREY.

Thogh many wayes were wrought, by message and threatnings, to move the Lord *Flemming* to defend with battayl the faute and folly committed, yet he put on such a vizard of rebuke and shameles countenance, that he faced out the matter, and shifted of the combat by such silly sleights and fitteltie, that all the audience might wonder at the weakness of his corage ; and the enemies, clapping them selves in savelgard, gave an occasion to our men to loose no further tyme about remedial matters. For ther could nothing grow on this busines at that season but cold and bare skirmishes, neyther honorable nor worthy the carrying for, as by tryall fell out afterwards. These things ended, and order taken for our return from *Donbryttaine*, the camp marched homewards ; and coming to *Glasgow*, wher our power refreshed them selves a while, and either then or soon after they besieged *Hammilton* Castell and tooke hit : wher in there was the bishop of Saynt *Andros* son, Lord *Davi*, son to the Duke of *Shattilleroy*, and sundry gentlemen of *Scotland* ; and this castell subdued, and blown up, was a terror to the rest, that as yet our camp had not visited : and, for the more siew of victory, the generall brought from this castell a dozen good bras peeces which now remain in England. Each thing randered, and put under the commandement and pleasure of our generall at *Hammilton*, from thence the camp marched to many places

Battred and  
randered.



of importance, and overthruw housis and pallacis that belonged to any notorios enemie, or falsifyer of promes and fidelitie. Among the rest was the Dueks house bornt, a staetly and delicaet palace, and three or foure myles about the saem was ranfackt and spoyled with flaem and fier. A pyell called *Netherrey*, the Lord *Seafons* house, was by the enimies fortified; and yet the lady of the castell was glad to make humble peticion on her knees for the Generals favor, and, after her fuet and submissiō, she kissed the keyes of the aforesayd feat, and delivred them from her: by which humility she found favor at the Generals hand, condicionally that a baron shuld be bound with her, that this castel shuld ever heerafter be at the devotion of the Queenes Maiestie, our mestres, and so the band was maed and order taken. Another place, called *Commernawd*, the Lord *Flemmings* Chery. cheef house, was yelded upon great fuet maed to the Generall, who took the lyk bande and order thearfore as was taken of *Netherrey*. The Lady *Liddington*, great with child, mistrusting her self (or her husbands double dealings towards our country), in great fear began to flee; but *Syr William Drury*, heering therof, sent her word he came not to make warres with women, but rather to sho pitie to the weake and comfortles; and thereupon she stayd and had no further harm. I have kept this in stoer, as a thing to be throwly consithered, wich is the comming to *Litchoe*, and the usaeg therof don only for a speciall poynt of severitie, and to terrefie the stobborn stomacks and inconstantnes of proud people. The Generall, havng entred the towne, called for the Provost, and commanded him to prepare with all expedicion to receive a just plaege and correction, thorowe the whole towne, for treason, and unpardonable offensis

Provision was  
made for the  
preservation of  
sicke persons,  
men, women,  
and children.

committed. And deeclearing that the inhabitantes thereof had suckored and supported traytors to our contrey, contrary to the leags and quietnes of the realms of England and Skotland, and for that cawse he was fully resolved to overthrow that town and receptakul of traytors, and so commaunded eatch captayn and soldiour, what so ever they were, under his charge to se due execution on that which he purposed; and takyng good regarde that the goods thereof shold not be possesst by Englishe souldiours, nor lost or cast away by vehemencie of fyre, he wyllde the Provost to ap-  
 poynt a place convenient to bring the sayd goods unto, whiche might be employed to the Skottes mens use and commoditie. And the Generall grauntid, uppon his owne corttezy, evry noble mans lodging and captayns howse to be free from bornyng. The enemies all this feason beholding a far of the suckes of theas matters; thus, as the day and owre approtched for this determined execution, caem the Earl *Morton*, as intercessor, to entreat and sue for pardon, yf favour might be porchased: and the Earll *Morton* brought before the Generall a multitude of wayling people, whoes mourning and pittious cryes was perssing and importunaet. The Generall, heering thear requestes, answered, For many cawses the town oght to be destroyed, consythering howe divers enemies (whoes prowde practises wear not to be suffred) had allwayes thear a common refort and conference; and further, quod he, the corttezy that is shewed to such placis of repaire hath emboldned the rest of *Skotlande* to use oepen violence, and secrete villanies, to the prejudice of Gods glory, hinderance of the weall publik, and breach of good lawes and pollecies. Wherefore, sayd he, to the warnyng of thowlands, and example of many, hit was fytt and moeft meet

(in that cace of exxtremitie) to race out futch monumentes of mischiefes, and harbor of wicked conspiracies, and especially that towne, havng crakked credit in a bloddy action before, deserved now doble affliction. Well, yet notwithstanding, for all theas earnest and threatnyng wordes of *Syr William Drury*, the people of all sortes so preafed about hym, and maed futch pytefull cryes and noyes (with children lyeng on the ground fukking of theyr mothers breastes,) that he was inwardly moved to rue on thear wretched estaet; and albeit in fundry servefis before, divers Skots men had naghtelly discharged fertayne shott at him (paradventure by the practies of som thear in presence), yet was he content, uppon futch condicions as he thoght good, to receive the towne of *Lithco* to mercie. And ordayned, by fuer bande and promes, that the Provoeft and cheefest of goverment thear shuld followe the camp, and att all tymes apeer when they wear called for at *Barwyk*, and thear to submit them selves, their towne, and goodes to the clemencie of the Queenes Highnes, or futch order as my Lord of *Sussex*, by her consent, thoght necessary: to which bands and condicions they of *Lithco* agreed, and for that thear regent was slayn, and noen than instituted (to whom they had geven fayth of alleagance) they confessed that noen might commaund them any way without licence of him that bound them in this servitude, to whom boeth thear promes and obligation was passed; and at this day, as by their apparancies haeth ben proved, they are not discharged of this homage and duety. To knit up theas matters (and revenge som injuries the Duke *Chattilleroy* had offred) a howse, of the Dukes in *Lytcho*, was blowen in the ayre with powlder. *Lithco* broght in obedience, as you have hard, unto some other parts of

Homage.  
A noet of  
journey to  
kenell.

importance they martched, and casting the worst of mischeefes that might fortune (consythering their small number, and the great practises were gon about to supplant their doynge) they thoght not good to enter *Edenbroeghe* without standing so sure on their garde that they needed not to doubt any double or crooked measure : which sure handlyng of the matter dyd not onely shew the devisers thereof to have good conduyt and experience, but in deede also eschewed an inconvenience, as yll as a mischeef. For the enemies had fynely, by frawd and conning, wrought sutch a feat (thorowe the device of a fray to be maed in the suburbes) that a great murther had burst out sodaynly, and no small blodshed had ben set a brotch by the faem, yf God and good gyding of the people had not avoyded these harms, and eminent danger. And, to be playne, som inward moshon moved the Generall so suspiciously, that he sent to the gaets at their first arrivall, and there prevented the porposed conspiracie, and no soenner entryng the towne, but our whole power kept them selves in order to cleer the streetes, and commaund the inhabitantes the better : so consuming the nyght, they stood on their garde as the cace required. And when the morning was come, *Syr William Drury*, (smellyng out a pad in the straw, and a fowl flaem covertly hidden,) demaunded justice and strayt ponishment for sutch thyngs as he would truely lay to the chargis of some of the townes men ; and told them, yf remedy were not soen provided, and satisfaction maed for the follies and owtraeg committed, he would be quickly revenged, to the displeasure and shaem of all the mainteyners of this mad and mischeevous presumption : after which words, and whan things wear wayed to the weyght of the cawse, the towne delivered the Generall fertayne

Sir Thomas  
Manners, and  
two nombers  
under oen  
acfcnt, of  
footmen was  
sent before to  
stay the gates.

malefactours to be executed and ordred by his discrecion : he, seing their submission, mercyfully and frankly sent them away to their captaynes ; and so these broylls were pacified, and broght to a better fraem and uniformitie. Now heer is somwhat to be spoken of in the happy suckses of this littell bande, if therein the disdainfull misconstrued not my meanyng, and wresting troeth to flattery (by confayt of envious glorious myndes) myght mormur at the vertue and valor of thoes who this matter toucheth. Wherefore I commit the judgement of thys journey to futch as haeth ben, or would be, in the lyke hazarde and service ; yet mynde I not to leave owt any poynt, or peece, that may redownd to these soul-diours renowme and estimacion, becawse I would have their prayeses equally distributed among the favourers of vertue and deservers of good fortun. I have a littel seen, and somewhat red, but seldome hard and known a companie so united and knit together, so obedient to discipline of warre, and so peasable in all respectes and porposes : yea, suerly hit is to bee proved that some of good byrth and calling refused no servisable labour and toyll, yf the Generall but onely maed a baer syen or showe of hys determinaet mind ; and throw owt the camp, with a mutual love and inclinacion, they seemd to bear a general burthen, as everye member thear had ben a naturall framed instrument to the use of one body. And to foster and norishe this crue of men in the marshall arte and rules of warre, was thear prescribed good and quiet orders, and a proclamacion made that no man should take any thing by violence, nor without pleasfing the people for the fame : and further, if any found himself greeved, he was commaunded to repayre for redres to the General, and his officers ; whose care and studdy was

Two faulters  
openly  
ponished.

always redy to minifter iustice, as thear whole doinges declared, and namely at *Lythcoe* and *Glaske*, whear two English souldiours were severaly ponyshed. The one in deed, by intercession of the lordes and gentilmen, was saved from hanging, and the other was whynned, as the merites of the man dyd require.

Nowe, having sheawed you the manner and order of this campe, and touched lightly in breefe the substance of such matter as I think woorthy the penning, I wil shew you of their martching homwards. When they had rested a whyle in *Edenborough*, they went towards *Scatton*, the Lorde *Scattons* cheefe house, where the lady of that soyle in lyke sorte (as before is mencioned) presented the keyes of that place to the Generall; who made not onely a redelyverie thereof, but also gave the lady the howse, and all that belonged thereunto, to her great contentation and his no little good report. A jorney after this was taken in hande to *Anderwecke*, with intent to overthrowe the same also; yet on the suet and bondes of divers gentilmien, the place was spared from spoyle and ponishment, and the offenders receyved to remission. And than as occasions fought to fynishe their travayle, they drue neere the borders of Englande, spending about these things but xxiiii dayes at the uttermost, a jorney to be noted, and worthy to be registred in perpetuall memorie. Here may you beholde what a wyllynge and valiant companie may do in little tyme, and what overthrowes and plagues are sent by Gods provison, to such as breaketh the boundes of blessed orders, and forgettes the duetie to common wealthes and christianitie. Thus in simple proes I have drawn out this service, not mynding therewith to elevate, or poesse up

with overweenyng, the myndes of any one perfon that this  
geveth commendation unto, nor meaning to disgrace no  
enimie, for that feafon agaynft whom this jorney was made.  
But this is written only to fet foorth, truely and playnely,  
the actes and affayres of our tyme, that fuch as lift to  
argue and reafon thereof fhall be the better in-  
ftructed of every doubt or certaintie be-  
longing to fuch a difputation.  
So fare you well.

FINIS.

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*SYR SYMON BURLEIS TRAGEDIE,*

Who lived in the xi. yeer of King Richard the  
fecond. Loke Frozard, the laft  
part, fo. 108.

AM I of blud, or yet of byrth, fo bafe,  
O *Baldwin* ! now that thou forgetft my name ?  
Or doth thy pen want cunning for that cafe,  
Or is thy skill or fenfis fawllen lame ?  
Or doft thou feare to blafe abrode my fame ?  
O ! fhew fume caufe wherfore I fit in fhade,  
And why is thus my Tragedy unmade,  
Who thinkes great fkorne in filence ftill to sleepe,  
And one whole fall a world may waile and weepe.

Did *Bocace* live, or *Lidgate* wright again,  
Sume hope were left my lantern fhuld have light :

If any one, that had a poettes vayne,  
 Knew halfe my life, or had my cace in fight,  
 In collors fyne I should be painted ryght.  
 But gaping grave, and gnawing wormes below,  
 Snapt *Bocace* up, and *Lidgate* long ago ;  
 And poettes sleepe within *Parnassus* mount,  
 Wher lo! of me they make but small accounte.

O, *Bawldwin* ! yet, what blot was in my brow,  
 That made the[e] blush, or feare to writ my fall ?  
 With what offence can world cum charge me now,  
 That I may not for *Baldwins* favour call ?  
 Yea, durst I claime the helpe of poettes all,  
 I dought their skill could skarcely show, in deede,  
 In this behalfe the cunning that doth nede.  
 Well, *Baldwin*, well, if hedeles men might chide,  
 I know what check and blame shuld *Baldwin* bide.

How couldst thou reade in storyes any while,  
 And fo skip oer my life, and destney straunge ?  
 Thou knowst how hap one me full long did smile,  
 And that my state stood free from dout of chaunge :  
 I spronge not forth, of such a simple graunge,  
 That I should dwell in dust from mynde of men,  
 Whilst others are fet out by arte of pen.  
 Thou dost me wrong : wherfore the wound to heele  
 (That sloth hath made,) to Churchyard I appeele.

Syr Simon  
 Burley com-  
 plaines to him  
 that knows  
 what forow  
 meanes.

Let him be judge of all my doinges throw,  
 Let him unfould my fortune, sweete or fower ;  
 Yea, unto him I tell my sorowes now,



Whose reſteles hande is writing every hower,  
And ſo I leave the[e.] Baldwin, in thy bower  
Of lawrell leaves, where thou maiſt ſit and fee,  
At open vew, what Churchyard writes of mee.  
But erre he takes in hand this worke of myne,  
I tell my tale with weping blubbring eyen.

Geve eare, good frind, and here what I ſhall ſay,  
And for the while ſet all affaires aſide ;  
But ſuer, I feare, to[o] ſhort I finde the day  
To ſhow my greſe, that hardely can I hide,  
Yet throw I go, and hope with happy tide ;  
Though haples wind hath blowen my barke about,  
And daungers deepe did drive my dayes in dout,  
Since calme is cum, and quiet eaſe I have,  
Heare his complaint that late crept out of grave.

Noct.

How ſhould I ſpeake, that houlds my head in hand,  
(Which, ſenceles ſkalpe, both life and ſpeech hath loſt) ?  
Yet out of breſt, though hedles here I ſtand,  
I may blaſe forth the greves of groning goſte :  
As from the ſeas, that is with torments toſte,  
Coms roring noyes, when calmes ful quiet are,  
So breath I out from breſt my broyling care.  
Though head be of, a ſmoking fume procedes  
From quaking neck, and guſhing vaines that bleds.

Though dead  
men ſpeak not,  
there is a  
meane to utter  
griefes by  
degrees.

Heare him, I ſay, whoſe bowels ſpeakes alone,  
And wants in dede both uſe of tunge and wit ;  
Heare him that muſt by arte cum make his mone,  
And lackes therefore the members meete and fit ;

Heare him that grones, and howles, from hollow pit ;  
 Here him whose voice doth give a hollow fownd ;  
 Heare him that long lay rotten in the ground ;  
 Here him whose plainte may pearfe the lofty skyes,  
 And for thy ayde, and English verfis cries.

As naked, fuer, as he was lapte in shete,  
 With deadly lookes and grifely staring hare ;  
 Not like a man, but like a monstros sprete,  
 Sent from the pit, to whisper in thyne eare,  
 And make the muse of world an other where :  
 For here, as tyme doth softly steale away,  
 So life and lande and all thinges doth decay :  
 No birth, nor blud, nor stocks of frends prewayles,  
 When sturdy storms strikes down our statly fails.

No freindes  
 nor birth can  
 here of mis-  
 chaunce.

The ship must fway aside, or finck in seas,  
 That shaken is with shocking surges still :  
 The greneft gras that grows in goodliest leas  
 To partching heat must yeld by reafons skil :  
 What stone can stay, that rowlith down the hil ;  
 What fote can stand that fortune dayly trips ;  
 What living wight can skape her skorging whips ?  
 No foner out of shell, or mothers lap,  
 But subject straight to forow and mishap.

A man dayly  
 assaulted with  
 sorows, yeldes  
 of force to  
 destruction.

The life that fume most sweetly do embrace,  
 To trobled teares doth turn ; or we be ware  
 We are in love with fond *Narciffus* face,  
 And dround our felves in that wheron we stare,  
 And fede the flesh so long with daintie fare,

That belly swelles, or stomach belchith up  
The liquor sweet, that came from spiced cup.  
One daies disgrace doth brede an endles fore,  
And payfe us home for all thinges past before.

One plague  
overthrows  
many plea-  
fures.

Yet climing up the tree of tickell trust,  
We streache the arme as far as reach may go :  
Disguisd with pompe, and pampred up with lust,  
We gafe aloft, and never lokes belo,  
Till hatchet cumes, and gives the fawling blo ;  
Then crack it cryes, and all in shivers flies  
That many a day was mounting to the skyes.  
One stroke throws downe a thousand bowes withall,  
And such as clyme are crusht by fodayne fall.

Till the falling  
blow begeben,  
the tree on  
triumph stand-  
eth.

Was I not one that in toppe galland stode,  
And bare great sway with him that ruld the roste ?  
Was not my houle sprong out of gentel blud,  
And was not I long time in favor most ?  
Yes, sure I was, and therof make I bofte.  
At skole broght up with Prince of pereles race,  
A playfeere long with him in every place :  
My childhode wan such loue and liking great,  
That in mine age I fat in Senate feate.

Syr Simon  
brought up at  
skole with the  
Prince of  
Wales and  
Acquitaine.

Was not my fier about a king estemde,  
And highly plaft (wherbi he purchaft praise)  
And nere the king in favour, as it semde ?  
Yea, mutch made of, full long before my daies  
Was not I sent embaster fundry wayes ;  
And did not I my dewtie every hower,

Into Galatia  
to conduct  
Don Petro,  
king of Castill:  
Syr Simon was  
sent as one of  
cheefeest for  
that purpose.

With paine and purce, as far as stretcht my power?  
The world wel knows what service I have done,  
And by the fame what honor I have wonne.

He appeased  
an uprore in  
the citie of  
London.

My manhode made mine enemyes fly like shepe,  
(Before the wolfe that watcheth for his pray.)  
My wisdom did in peace the commons kepe,  
When *John* of Gaunt they wold have made away.  
My prefence oft could quiet many a fray:  
My counsell coeld the rage of retchles heades,  
My stoutnes sarvd the state in sundry steades;  
My noble mynd could never take no rest,  
For publike wealth I had such burning brest.

He wan vic-  
tory in a vali-  
ant fight, and  
yet comming  
home was  
taken pri-  
soner.

In *Poiteou* long against the *French* I was,  
Where frontier warre I hild, and did full well;  
And as I did throw many a perell passe,  
At comming home in enemyes hands I fell:  
And when, in dede, my prince therof hard tell,  
He fory was, and spake of me much good;  
But as these thinges in weight and ballaunce stood,  
Our souldiers toke a Duches of great fame,  
Who, at that tyme, of *Burbon* bare the name.

The Duches  
of *Burbon* pri-  
soner, and did  
raunfom fyr  
*Symon Burley*.

The souldiers swore, that she shuld neare be free,  
(Nor see her sune, nor synde a sparke of grace,  
Nor loke for hope,) till she had raundfomd mee,  
And set me safe in good and quiet cace.  
Lo! what regard they had, in every place  
Of me those dayes, lo! how I was on height,  
Lo! how I was employd in thinges of weight:

At home embraft, abrode wel likt with all,  
Yea, lou'd and feard among both great and small.

When forraene frinds did fend for succor here,  
King *Richard* baed me aunswer make therin :  
In prefence then there stode a greater peere,  
But I was he that did the favor win  
To speake, and thus me creadit did begin,  
And still increace as one whose lampe, in deede,  
Cowl'd want no oyle the blafe and flame to feede ;  
My candell blasde so cleere as star by night,  
And where I came the torche gave littel light.

And when the king, for causes good and great,  
Devisd to match with one beyond the seas,  
Twas I was thoght most fit to worke that feat ;  
And in this case the king I did so please,  
Of marriage ther the knot was knit with ease :  
And so from thence a duke was sent with me,  
For this behalf the state of thinges to see.  
Thus stil I was emploid in great affaires,  
As hap her self had hald me up her staires.

An office here I had of great renowne,  
A place nere prince, and stil in court to be ;  
That might commaund the people up and down,  
And thrust them out, or cal them in to me :  
Bad I them run, on flocks then wold they fle ;  
Bad I them stand, in dede they durst not sit :  
I swayd them all, as horse is ruld by bit.  
I bare in hand the stafe that kept the sturr,  
And knokt their pates that prest to neer the dur.

One Paskall  
was sent from  
the king of  
Navar hether  
for succor; and  
king Richard  
made Syr  
Simon answere  
the embasdor,  
therle of Sa-  
lisbury and  
other in pre-  
fence.

King Richard  
sent him to  
conclude a  
marriage, and  
the Duke of  
Tasson was  
sent hether  
with Syr  
Simon from  
the king of  
Bearn and  
Almaine about  
this matter.

He was lord  
chamberlayne.

Wher fortune  
smiles, the  
world fawnes.

Lord Warden, loe ! of the Sinck Ports I was,  
And captaine both of Dover Castel tho ;  
Throw lordly rouses and places I did passe,  
As easely, fure, as man can wish to go.  
I knew no ebbe, my tide did dayly flo ;  
I kept the trayne, I had the lively trope,  
I held up head, I never thought to drope :  
I went no where but I was wayted on,  
And shone in pompe like perle or precious stone.

Favour gives  
more prefer-  
ments than  
men can  
honestlye  
crave.

Amonge the chiefe, yea chiefest, was I helde,  
My prince preferde me so for vertues sake ;  
And what he sawe I able was to welde  
I had, for which I seldome fute did make.  
I stoode beneath, whilst he did appulls shake  
Into my lap, when lest I lokt therefore :  
As somewhat came, so daily followed more  
By heapes, as though great mounts of massie gould  
In my most neede should aunswere what I would.

Wealthe glads  
the greedie  
minde.

The flodds of wealth that doth refresh the minde  
With gladsome thoughts of threefold sweete delight,  
Came gushsing in against both tide and winde,  
On which faire baits eche fishe desires to bite.  
A careless eye, I cast of worlds dispight,  
That spurnes at such that fortune listes alofte.  
A wicked worme, that waites on worship ofte,  
A swarme of wasps, that useth nought but sting  
On those that ries and rules about a kinge.

Spitefull  
people are  
hateful flies.

O hateful flies ! ye hatcht of wretched brode,  
On evrye disse in haste ye blow and humme ;

O cankred men ! of vile and noughtie mode,  
You do infect all places where you cumme ;  
You make small shoe, yet founde as shrill as drumme  
In peoples eares ; and still your poison restes  
On noble mindes, and tender harmeles brestes :  
Ye mallice much the hie and mightie fort,  
To kill good name by brute of false report.

If poore men rise in favour any way,  
The ritche repines to see how they are plaest ;  
As hounds do barke that houlds the bucke at bay,  
The people prate, and spende much speache in waest.  
Looke, faith the lewde, on newe start up in haest :  
Looke who rules now ; loke what this man hath founde ;  
Looke how in lappe doth Fortunes ball rebounde.  
They looke not how to clime for vertues sake,  
But how of world they may a wonder make.

The world  
rather doth  
wonder at the  
wel doings of  
many, that  
devise to get  
glory by  
vertue.

So loftie minds, with lothsome lowring lookes,  
Saluts the good that growes in princes grace,  
And watcheth close, in corners and in nookes,  
How they by wiles the worthy may deface.  
No marveile, sure ; it is a common case,  
To heare them snarre, whose natures are not like.  
What greiund can rest by currish countrie tike ?  
What hawke can sit in peace for carraine crow ?  
What tongue can scape the skolding of a throw ?

Poore and  
riche have  
loftie minds,  
and poute and  
swel at other  
mens good  
fortunes.

The dolt disdaines the deepe wise man, ye wot,  
The blunt abhors the quicke sharpe witte, in deede ;  
The coward hates the hande that conquest got ;

Disdaine  
among all  
sorts of people  
and creatures.

The jade will wince to stande by storing steede ;  
 The glotten gronts to see the hongrie feede.  
 Thus thinges from kinde so farre can neare agree,  
 No more then can the catte and dogge, you see :  
 As choise is greate of wealth and worldly goods,  
 Men differ much in maners and in moods.

Strife there is  
 in mettalls,  
 stones, flowers,  
 and planets.

One jewell staines an other very farre,  
 And strife there is in mettalls grosse and fine ;  
 And sondrye luckes belongs to every starre ;  
 And planets, to[o], they saye that can devine  
 One race and bloud do seldome draw one line.  
 A graine of grudge is fowne so deeply heare,  
 That nothing scarce can scape from mallice cleare :  
 Thus mallice makes a murmure where it goes,  
 And strikes out right, yet gives but secret blowes.

Disdainfull  
 heads are mis-  
 chevous moths  
 that eate up  
 good clothes.

The greedie gnat, and privie eating mothe,  
 A monfter small that skarce is felt or seene,  
 Lies lurking still in plaits of finest clothe ;  
 And little wormes, whilst nutts are freshe and greene,  
 Crepes in and eates the kinnell, as I weene.  
 So unto them compare these pevishe pates,  
 That, on small cause, do envie great estates ;  
 Yea, envie oft is coutcht and clokt as cleane  
 In mightie folke, as found amonge the meane.

Mightye mens  
 mallice com-  
 parde to flash-  
 ing flames.

The flasching flames that from great fornayes flyes,  
 Castes forth such heate as fewe men can abide,  
 The rage wherof doth dimme the daintie eyes,  
 And breedes great grieve before the harme be spide.



Much mischief coms by pranks of powting pride,  
Which puffes and blowes as it would mountaines move,  
And growes at first on nought but lacke of love,  
Whose spitefull sparks doth spare no speach nor time,  
(Nor practize leude) to plucke them downe that clime.

This envie is a mightie monster greate,  
That swims like whale amonge the litle frie,  
Whose gaping mouth would soone confume and eate  
The gogions small that in small corners lye ;  
His thirstie throte would drincke all places drye,  
And sucks up all, and so of all leaves nought  
Which should serve all, if all did bere one thought.  
O hungrie flye ! that would be all in all,  
And maggots brings, when men for feeding call.

Envie is a  
monster  
among men.

As greatest flouds most gravell do retaine,  
And strongest tides runnes oer the weakest walles,  
So hieft states do nourrishe most disdaine,  
And at rebounde striks out the tennis balles ;  
Yea, they who thinckes them furthest of from falles  
Are watching still, in court, in field or towne,  
Like stombling stockes, to trip their fellowes downe ;  
And none do strive and struggle for the gooles,  
But such as have their harts most full of hooles.

With droffe  
and gravell  
greate flouds  
be choked up.

Yea, heapes of them are harbred here and theare  
In golden haules, that shines like *Phebus* bright,  
Where flattrers flocke, who tattles in the eare  
A thousand lyes that never coms to light :  
They worke the waxe with fire both day and night,

Dissemblers,  
the devils dere  
darlings, the  
onely workers  
of wickednes.

They spin the webbe that takes the solishe flie,  
 They baite the hoke that bleres the simple eye ;  
 They shove them out that should be called in,  
 They make the match that doth the wager win.

Strife onelye is  
 sowed by  
 foyfing fel-  
 lowes, that  
 followes for-  
 tune and  
 playes on  
 advauntage.

And they breede strife where all in quiet stode,  
 They packe the cards and playe most filthy pranckes,  
 They sharpe the sworde that shedes the giltles bloud,  
 They leest deserve and alwayes gets most thankes ;  
 They feede the streame that breakes the mightie bankes,  
 They are the sheares that marrs the garment quite,  
 They have the tongues that spares no speech nor spite,  
 They are the babes still dandled on the knee,  
 And those are they that rottes the foundest tree.

The givinge  
 countenance to  
 fawners en-  
 fects with their  
 dissimulation  
 the harts of  
 noblemen.

If fawners fled the house of mightie men,  
 And mightie folke folke would frowne on fawning currs,  
 Deceit should shonne the noble houses then,  
 And velvet weedes should shake of cleaving burrs ;  
 But storing stedes are prickt that needs no spurrs :  
 Thus palfrey flings and flounceth out of frame,  
 That els of kinde were curteous, meeke and tame.  
 A jomblinge jobb doth strike the bowle awrye,  
 Which of himselfe would close on bias lye.

Noblences  
 abused with  
 busy bablers.

For noble bloud must needs have noble minde,  
 And flie the gate of fawcon gentle, milde ;  
 And sure it is against their noble kinde  
 To play the kite and cruell coistrel wilde ;  
 Til tatlers come, with tongues full finely filde,  
 And chaunge their modes and marre their maners cleane,

They skarce do know what cancred hate doth meane,  
But when from best to worst the good are wrought  
By busy braines, all fortes of sleightes are fought.

Noblenes is  
noble of it  
felfe.

Then burnes the breste as hot as *Eathna* hill,  
And rage beres rule where reason dwelt before ;  
The haftie heade is swift to slay and kill,  
The hautie hart hurds up much hate in store ;  
The altred minde doth make the mischiefe more,  
The kindled coles doth crepe in straw so farre  
That quarrels rise, and peace is turnde to warre :  
One haleth backe, an other drawes aside,  
And weakeft bones must needes the brunt abide.

Hatred hales  
men to unhap-  
pie dealings.

As I aspiend by vertue and defarte,  
And was by prince cald unto credite still,  
So some by sleight did seeke to fucke my harte,  
And of my bloud did thrift to drincke their fill :  
They fought to stoppe the water from the mill,  
And turne the wheele and all the joynts awrye.  
Lo! heare how close the swelling serpents lye,  
Loe! how they caste their venom as they maye,  
And marke what hate they gaine that beareth sway.

Not one maye  
be advanced,  
but either rich  
or power  
envieth.

For that I grew full great with *Robert Vear*,  
A noble man full wife and mightie both,  
And had the guide of good Prince *Edwards* hear,  
To show therein my dutie, faith and trothe,  
Great mallice rose ; as grudginge daily grothe  
Twene many men that cannot rule their rage.  
A mightie duke there was, well stept in age,

Therle of  
Oxforde, call-  
ed duke of  
Ireland, fa-  
vored much  
fir Simon.

That fought to reape the corne that I had fowne,  
And could not rest till I was quite oerthrowne.

His office and  
dignitie made  
mightie men  
dispise him.

My roulmes and rule, and things that I had goet,  
My gaine, my wealth, and glory as it grue,  
Was in his eye so bigge a mightie moet,  
That loe! this duke my plague did still pursue :  
With open mouth he so the bellowes blue  
That sparkes of fier as thicke flew in my face,  
As in the funne the gnatts do flie at chace ;  
Or as the balle rebounds at every stroke,  
So loe! his words did smore me up in smoke.

The band that  
the duke made  
against the  
king, the duke  
of Yorke,  
thearle of Sa-  
lisburye, thearle  
of Arundell,  
thearle of Nor-  
thumberland,  
thearle of No-  
tingham, and  
tharchbishop  
of Canter-  
burye.

A noble of  
everie fier in  
England was  
the taxe that  
the noughtie  
duke said the  
kinge did  
demaunde.

This dreadfull duke did drive a wondrous drift  
To worke his will with flipper sleight of hande,  
And fought to give King *Richards* frends a lift,  
For whom he did prepare a secrete bande,  
Whose bolde attempts did trouble all this lande ;  
But few could finde the darnell in the corne,  
Or judge aright the roes from pricking thorne :  
So clofe in clowde was clokte their cunning arte,  
That none could know who plaide the foxes parte.

This duke did raife a bruite the king would have  
A taxe most straunge of all the realme throwe out,  
And to the lords and commons counsell gave  
Against the king to stand both stiffe and stout.  
This practise proude was patcht with many a clout :  
Here did the wolfe leade silly lammes amis,  
(And suckt their bloud) as wolvishe maner is ;  
Here traytrous tricks, and trebell trothles traynes  
In subjects brestes began to sprede theyr vaines.

The Duke of Yorke and divers noble peers  
 Forfoke the king, and held with this uprore ;  
 By which great strife was sowne in sondry sheres,  
 And corsies rose that made a running fore ;  
 Bigge biles brust out where fleshe was founde before,  
 And though some time the surgeon salve did finde  
 To heale the wound (the skarre remaind behinde) :  
 A common plague doth creepe alonge the realme,  
 As skulls of fishe swimmes up and downe the streame.

The greatest townes and cities of most name,  
 As London, Yorke, and many mo beside,  
 These dukes did draw with folly out of frame,  
 And made some strive against both streame and tide.  
 Where bankes be brooke the water cannot bide,  
 Where flouds flee out the fishe do follow fast,  
 And than to late to call againe is past :  
 The swallow flies no swifter under winge,  
 Then mens device that do forsake a kinge.

The duke  
 caused all the  
 greates townes  
 of England to  
 exclaime on  
 the king and  
 his counsell.

For faith once staine seelkes straight for starting holes,  
 As prisners doe that hath their promise broke ;  
 The seames once ript, of shue farewell the soles ;  
 The oxe set free, will seeke to shonne the yoke ;  
 The chimney bruste, the house is full of smoke ;  
 The sleuce drawen uppe, downe drives the dregs and all ;  
 The strongest tript, the weakest needs must fall :  
 There is no stay to hold meane people in,  
 When might with maine the mischief doth begin.

Where faith is  
 broken all  
 abuses enters  
 and falles to  
 fonde at-  
 temptes.

A lordly rebel-  
lion, and a  
rebels pre-  
sumption to  
their prince.

The lords alledgd, the king was governd still  
By such as came from bafe and poore estate,  
And sayd he should no longer have his will ;  
By which bould speache there grew so great debate,  
The lande was bent on murther, ruyne and hate.  
Now severall wayes from hives flew out the bees,  
Now tempests came, and tare up mightie trees ;  
Now traitours flockt, and fell to sackfhions straunge,  
Whose fickle myndes still gaped for a chaunge.

A rebuke for  
rebels.

O vipars brode, and bloody bofome snakes !  
O butchers cures, that would your maister byte !  
O helhoundes rude of Plutos lothefum lakes !  
O curfed crew, more crewell then the kyte !  
O kankred hartes, so fraught with froward spite !  
O tigers wilde ! O monstros men most vyle !  
Where was your love and dewtie all this whyle ?  
How durft you speake so stoutly to his face,  
To whom of right the stoutest ought give place.

Among beafts  
the lion is  
obeyed.  
Among birdes  
the egie.  
Among fishe  
the dolphyn.  
And among  
the fmaleft  
bees a great  
bee is their  
king.

Among brute bestes that savage ar and wilde,  
The lion raignes and rules with regall pompe ;  
And so great birdes stoupes downe like littill childe  
(To fathers beck) if eagle doth but lowre :  
Than, to a king dare people loke so sowre  
That they will force their suffraine paste their reatche ?  
No scoller ought his learned tewtor teache,  
No member dare prefume to rule the hed ;  
None raignes and rules but kynges when all is fed.

Note how they shrinke that shapcs to give a shockc  
 Against a king, and marke how traitors spede ;  
 Note how their hedes do tumble of the block  
 That with vaine hope do peoples humors fede ;  
 And note from whence doth princes powre procede ;  
 And note withall how farre doth stretchc his fame,  
 And faulters quake that do but heere his name,  
 For at the brunte saye, here a king doth cumme !  
 Home runne poore knaves, and down they fling the  
 [drumme.

Marke what  
 mischief they  
 come unto  
 that strive  
 against the  
 streame.

Harke howe this duke, whereof I spake before,  
 By three estates unto a coumpt did call  
 Their king and lorde, whose minde they troubled fore,  
 And vexte thereby his frendes and favrers all :  
 They fill in lashe, they felt the bluddy brall,  
 They losfe their goodes, they got a great disgrace,  
 They fled the courte, they were purfewd in chace,  
 They were full saine, for none offence or cawes,  
 At open barre to plede their cace by lawes.

The Londin-  
 ers, being then  
 evil disposed to  
 their king, de-  
 fired Thomas  
 of Wodstock  
 to take the  
 charge of the  
 citie upon him.

Suche are the happes of those that hould with right,  
 Such cureles woundes they have that fores wold heale,  
 Suche hate they heape in hucksters handes that light,  
 Suche harmes they finde that standes with common weale;  
 And such know not to whom they should appeale.  
 When wrong will rule and revell faules to spoyle,  
 The faithfull flocke are forste to feele the foyle,  
 Drede drives defartes that daylie well hath dunne,  
 To flie from foes, or els throw fier to runne.

Those that  
 stode with  
 right received  
 most wrong,  
 and traytors  
 tormented the  
 trewe men  
 that leste  
 offended.

The Duke of  
Glocester and  
Duke of  
Yorke, with  
others, ma-  
ligned those  
the king  
favored.  
Note.

Rebels always  
beres the  
blowes.

Because theſe lordes, who loekte to lede the daunce,  
Saw other ſtep one ſtage ere they could ryfe,  
By playne fine force they would them ſelves advaunce,  
And for that feate this diſte they did deviſe.  
Deſier of fame doth ſo abuſe the wiſe,  
They ende like fooles that erſte began full well,  
And ſoneſt ſmarte that ringes the larom bell;  
For wheles and all faules downe about their eares  
From rotten frames, who firſt ſtode voide of ſeares.

King Richards  
beſt frindes  
were by tray-  
tors frowardly  
handled.

But we, who were beſigd by fortune ſo,  
Betraied I meane, if trothe may tell the tale,  
Were ſkorgd and plagd, and ſaine to ſawne on ſoe,  
And ſew to ſuch as ſet our lives to ſale;  
We were ſhut up, they had the bounſing gale  
That blew their barke beyonde our compaſſe cleane,  
With failes aſlaunte, and had had no mery meane:  
They clapt on all, and wente throw ſtreme and flud,  
When trew mens fete ſtode faſte in mier and mud.

I was the man that moſte of miſchief had:  
I was accuſde and cald to counte in haſte,  
I founde moſte cauſe to ſighe and ſit full ſad,  
I was laide up, and thereby clene diſgraſte.  
Myn enmies ſaid, I did the treaſure waſte,  
And held in hand the ſouldiours money to;  
I was ſo nipt, I knew not what to do.  
My frinds wext faint, or ſerd the like miſchaunce,  
But I was he muſt leade the dolefull daunce.



A mitred head, a bishop bolde and brave,  
 Said, I conveide away *Saint Thomas* shryne,  
 And that I mente the king of *Beame* should have  
 The fame from me : by privy practife fyne  
 To hoifte me up he laid boeth hooke and lyne,  
 And so by frindes he framd so flat a feate  
 That I was cald to strait accounte in heate ;  
 For this, and more, a libell long and large  
 (Of forgid faultes) that he laide to my charge.

The Bishop of  
 Canterbury  
 accusde him of  
 sacrilege, and  
 conveying  
 money over  
 the sea by  
 night to the  
 king of Beame.

No clarke might come to make my reckning right,  
 No tale could serve to shew my matter throw,  
 No depe discourse could bring the trothe to light,  
 No man of law could canves cafes now ;  
 Strong hande did all, I must both bende and bow.  
 The king knewe not of halfe the wrongs I felte,  
 Nor none could finde how finely cardes were delte :  
 A pack was made, and one had got the ace,  
 And trimly robd the trumps before my face.

Note.

No boote to bid the players deale agayne,  
 The game was won, and I had lost the stake :  
 These foisters fyen could nick both by and maine,  
 Aud kog out right when they the dice did shake,  
 And of swete spoyle a bitter banquet make.  
 They cald me in, and I the only geste  
 Was bidden then unto this bluddy feeste :  
 I was compeld to taest what dishe they wolde,  
 And in great heete to drinke up poison colde.

I meane, my fate and fortune was so harde  
I could not scape their handes that fought my life,  
Who wreackt their wrath on me without regarde ;  
Yet long in sheath they kept the murdering knife,  
For on my hap at first rose all this strife,  
And on the frinds that I by hap had wonne :  
This end I had, and mischief was begonne.  
For taking parte with such as likt me well,  
To ground full flat from top of tree I fell.

When in the Tower my foes had clapt me faste,  
Few frendes I founde, the world began to winke,  
And so at length in rerage was I caste,  
And poste alone was lefte to swym or sinke ;  
And judgement was as I was forste to thinke  
That I should paie twoo hundrith thousand frankes.  
For all my toile, lo ! here is all my thanks  
I did posses : my charges and my losse  
And paines abrode came home by weping crosse.

And wanting wealth to paie this heavy summe,  
With billes and glaives from prifon was I led ;  
And so unto the Towre hill did I cumme  
To suffer death, where sone I losste my hed.  
The king knew naught of this til I was ded.  
Loo ! people here how things about were brought,  
And what disdaine and mightie mallice wrought.  
Lo ! here his ende and fodaine sliding downe,  
That was both true to God and to the crowne.

As littill twiggess oer toppes of houfes grow,  
Whose braunches big sprede out a mightie tree ;  
Or as smale brokes with seas do swell and flowe,  
Yet hath no powre to passe their boundes you see ;  
Or as faire flowers that in gay gardins bee  
Sprouts out awhile, and when they are at height  
They fade and fall, and then declineth streight,  
So man doth mounte a while on stages hie,  
And at the beste shottes downe like starre from skie.

When thinges are growen as farre as course is set,  
And have attained the fulnes of their state,  
They backward come, and can no further get ;  
For cleane expierd, ye see, is then their date.  
The life we beare of force must yeld to fate,  
The steppes we trede weares out by track of tyme ;  
When ladder brekes we can no higher clyme ;  
Where Fortune sittes so faste doth grynde the mill,  
The whele turns rounde, and never standeth still.

Long is the toile or man to triumph cummes,  
Large is the plot where we our pagantes play,  
Swete is the sap, and sower are all the plummes  
That paine pluckes of[f] the pleafant planted spray ;  
Shorte is the tyme of all our glorie gaye,  
Vaine is the hope of hazardes here in earth,  
Great are the greves of life from day of bearth :  
No surty growes of all is here possesse,  
All comes to naught when people feareth lesse.

Loo ! what it is to stande on tickell staves,  
 Where hatred heaves the housholde out of square ;  
 And when it faules the joyntes fle severall wayes,  
 And joyfull weights are cled with wo and care.  
 The fervauntes howle, the wyfe and childe is bare,  
 The frends wring hands, the foes do laugh and flyer ;  
 Suche chaunges chaunce to thofe that do alpyre :  
 The grounde but gaps who first shall faule therein,  
 And who fokes most at length the lefte may wyn.

Loo ! *Churchyarde*, now my mirthles tale is tould.  
 A mourning verse prepare thou straight for me,  
 And in thy ryme some stately order hould,  
 For that I sprong not out of bafe degree :  
 Let every lyne a lively sentence bee  
 To wake the wittes of fuch as world would knoe,  
 And lifte to marke how worldly matters goe ;  
 And when thou comfte to touch the gauled back,  
 Leape oer the horfe, or use a ryders knack.

Bear even hande, and holde the bridell right,  
 Yet whiske the wande sometimes for pleasures fake ;  
 Yea, spice thy speache and tearmes with trifels light,  
 That lokers on may not thy minde mistake :  
 When store is gone, yet do thy budget shake  
 Among the best, and feede their fanfies still,  
 No matter though a moufe crepe out of hill :  
 Smale toyes may brede great sporte in great estates,  
 And in great groundes men walke throw littill gates.

Do wifely warne, and warely use thy pen ;  
Speake Englishe plaine, and rove about the but,  
And shote at will, and slante by wicked men :  
Shale out the shell, and bid them crack the nut ;  
Showe some delight, and so the sentence shut,  
And bid the world behold me in a glas,  
That did to rewen from pompe and pleasure passe.  
Now I am gone, I wyshe the rest behinde  
(As they desier) may better fortune finde.

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A TRAGICALL DISCOURSE  
of the unhappy mans life.

COM, courtiars all, draw neer my morning hers ;  
Com, heer my knell ear corps to church shall go ;  
Or at the leaft, come read this wofull vers  
And last farewell the haples penneth so ;  
And such as doth his lief and manners kno,  
Come, shed some teares, and se him painted out,  
That restless heer did wander world about.

O pilgrims poer ! preace neer my pagent nowe,  
And note full well the part that I have playd,  
And wyessly waye my thriftles fortune throwe,  
And print in brest eache worde that heer is said :  
Shrinke not, my frindes, step forth, stand not afraid :  
Though monstrous hap I daily heer posselt,  
Some sweater chaunce may bring your hartes to rest.

For though the wretch in cold and hunger lies,  
The happy wyght in pompe and pleasure sits ;  
The weake fals down whear mighty folk aries,  
The found feels not the feble ague fits :  
So world, you wot, doth serve the finest wittes.  
Though dullards doe in darknes daily run,  
The wyes at will can walke whear shyens the funne.

And hap fals not to evry man a like :  
Some sleeps full found, that hath the world at call ;  
Some leaps the hedge, some lights a mid the dyke ;  
Some fockes the sweet, and some the bitter gawll ;  
The use of things blynd deaftnie gives us all :  
So, though you see ten thousand fouls in hell,  
Yet may you hoep in heavens blys to dwell.

Let my mishap a worldly wonder be,  
For few can finde the fruit that I did taest ;  
Ne leavs nor bowes I founde upon the tree,  
And whear I plowd the ground lay ever waest :  
A man would think the child was borne in haest,  
Or out of time, that had such lucke as I,  
For loe ! I looke for larkes when fauls the skye.

No foyll, nor feat, nor seafon serves my torn,  
Each plot is fowen with sorrow whear I goe ;  
On mountayn top, they say, wher torch shuld born,  
I find but smoek and loethsom smothering woe :  
Neer fountayn hed, whear springs do daily floe,  
Cold ife I get, that melts with warmth of hand,  
So that I starve whear cock and condits stand.

I quench smal thirst wher thousands drink and byb,  
An empty cup I carry clean away ;  
And though as lean as raek is evry ryb,  
And hollow cheeks doth hidden grief bewray,  
The ritche eates all, the poore may fast and pray ;  
No butter cleaves upon my bred at need,  
When hongry mawe thinks throet is cut in deed.

The shallow broeks whear littell penks ar found  
I fhon, and seek the seas to swymme thear on,  
Yet vessayll sinks, or bark is layd a ground,  
Whear leaking ships in saesty still have gon ;  
They harber finde when haven have I non :  
Hap cauls them in when I am lodgd at large,  
Thus plaines creeps in cold Cock Lorels barge.

Full thirty yeers both court and warres I tryed,  
And still I fought acquaintaunce with the best,  
And servd the staet, and did such hap abyed  
As might befall, and Fortune sent the rest :  
When drom did found, a souldiour was I preft,  
To sea or lande as princes quarrell stoed,  
And for the faem full oft I lost my blod.

In Scotland long I lingred out my yeers  
When *Wylford* lyved, a worthy wight in deed,  
And thear at length I fell so farre in breers,  
I taken was, as deastny had decreed :  
Well, yet with woords I did my foes so feed,  
That thear I lyvd in pleasuer many a daye,  
And skaept so free, and did no randfom paye.

First at Wark  
with George  
Lawfon.  
Taken under  
the Lorde  
Admirall at  
Saynt My-  
nins.

Some fayd I found in Scotland favour then.  
 I graunt my pomp was more than reafon wold,  
 Yet on my band I fent hoem fondry men  
 That els had pyend in pryfon, pyncht with cold.  
 To French and Scots fo fayr a taell I tolde  
 That they beleevd whyt chalk and chees was oen,  
 And it was pearll that proved but pybull ftoen.

Under Sir  
 Hue Wyl-  
 lowbe.

Mounfoer de  
 Terms befieg-  
 ed this fort.

In *Lawther* fort I clapt my felf by fleyght;  
 So fled from foes, and hoem to frynds I pafte :  
 The French in haefte befieged that fortres ftreight ;  
 Then was I like to light in fetters faft,  
 But loe ! a peace broek up the feeg at laft,  
 When weery wars and wicked blodfhed great  
 Maed both the fydes to feek a quiet feat.

Sir Anthony  
 Sentlyger,  
 deputie of  
 Irelande.

From thens I cam to Englande as I might ;  
 And after that to Irlande did I fayll,  
 Where *Sellenger*, a wyes and noble knight,  
 Gave me fuch place as was to myen advayll.  
 Than teafters walkt as thick as doth the haill  
 About the world : for loe ! from thence I boer,  
 For fervice doen, of money right good ftoer.

Meatts in  
 Lorain, won by  
 treafon.  
 In Fraunce  
 ferved under  
 Captayne  
 Crayer.

Hoem cam I thoe, and fo to Fraunce did faer,  
 When that their kyng wan *Meatts* throw fatchis fien :  
 So on the ftock I fpent, all voyd of caer,  
 And what I gaet by fpoyll I held it myen ;  
 Than down I pafte the pleafant floed of *Ryen*,  
 And fo I farvd in Flaunders, note the faem,  
 Whear loe ! at firft my hap fell out of fraem.



For I was clapt in pryson without cawfe,  
And straightly held for comming out of Fraunce ;  
But God did worke, through justice of the lawfe  
And help of frindes, to me a better chaunce :  
And still I hoept the warres wold me advaunce,  
So trayld the piek, and world began a nue,  
And loekt like hawk that laetly cam from mue.

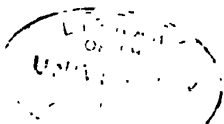
In Charles the  
fifths time,  
under Captain  
Matfon.  
Got out of  
prison by helpe  
of the noble  
Madame Sell  
de embry.

Three year, at least, I sawe the Emprours warres,  
Than hoemward drue, as was my wonted traed ;  
Whear funne and moen, and all the seven starres  
Stoed on my syed, and me great welcom maed ;  
But wether fayre and flowrs full soen will faed :  
So peoples love is like nue befoms oft,  
That sweeps all clean, whyels broem is green and soft.

Well, oens again to warrs I drue me fast,  
And with *Lord Grey* at *Giens* I did remayn,  
Where he or his in any serves past  
I followed on, among the warlyk trayn ;  
And sometime felt my part of woe and payn,  
As others did that cannon well could like,  
And pleafuer took in trayling of the pike.

Eight yeres  
under my  
Lorde Grey.

At length the French did *Giens* besiege, ye wot,  
And littell help or succour found we tho ;  
By whiche fowll want it was my heavy lot  
To *Parris* streight with good *Lord Grey* to goe,  
As prifners boeth : the world to well doth knoe  
By tract of tyme, and wonders charge indeed,  
He hoemward went, and took his leve with speed.



But poest aloen I stoed, alack the whyell!  
 And contrey clean forgot me : this is true,  
 And I might live in forrowe and exyell,  
 And pien away for any thing I knue :  
 As I had baekt in deed so might I brue.  
 Not one at hoem did seek my greef to heall :  
 Thus was I clean cut of from common weall.

Oens agayne  
 eskaped out of  
 pryson.

Yet loe! a shift to scaep away I founde.  
 When to my fayth my taker gave no trust,  
 I did devies in wryting to be bounde  
 To come again : the time was set full just,  
 But to retorn forsoeth I had no lust :  
 Sens faith could get no credit at his hand,  
 I sent him word to come and sue my band.

He came him selfe to court, as I did heer,  
 And told his taell as fienly as he might :  
 At *Ragland* than was I in *Monmouth* sheer,  
 Yet whan in court this matter cam to light.  
 My friendes did fay that I had don him right,  
 A soldiour ought upon his faith to go,  
 Which I had kept, if he had sent me so.

Served under  
 my Lord Grey  
 at Leeth.

Well, yet my minde could never rest at hoem,  
 My shues wear maed of running leather fuer,  
 And boern I was about the world to roem,  
 To see the warres, and keep my hand in ure.  
 The Frenche, ye knoe, did Englishmen procuer  
 To come to *Leeth*, at sledge wherof I was,  
 Till Frenche did seeke in ships away to pas.

A littell breath I toek than after this,  
And shaept my self about the court to be,  
And evry daye, as right and reason is,  
To serve the prince in court I fettled me.  
Some frends I found, as frends do go, you se,  
That gave me wordes as sweet as hony still,  
Yet let me lyve by hed and conning skill.

I croetcht, I kneeld, and many a cap could vayll,  
And watched laet, and early roes at moern,  
And with the throng I follouwd hard at tayll,  
As brave as bull, or sheep but nuely thorn,  
The gladdest man that ever yet was boern,  
To wayt and staer among the staets full hye,  
Who feeds the poer with many frendly eye.

But who can live with goodly lookes aloen,  
Or mirry wordes that founds like tabrers pyep?  
Say what they will, they love to keep their own,  
And part with nought that commeth in their griep.  
You shall have nuts, they say, when ploms are riep:  
Thus all with shalls or shaels ye shall be fed,  
And gaep for gold, and want both gold and led.

The proef therof maed me to seke far hens:  
To *Anwerp* than I trudged on the spleen,  
And all in haest to get some spending pens,  
To serve my torn in service of the Queen.  
But God he knoes my gayn was small, I weent,  
For though I did my credit still encrease,  
I got no welth by warres, ne yet by peace.

A captaine  
of great charge  
under the  
Prince of  
Orange.

Yet harke and noet, I praye you, if you pleas,  
In *Anwarp* town what fortune me befell.  
My chaunce was such, whan I had past the seas,  
(And taken land, and theron rested well)  
The people jard, and rang a larom bell,  
So that in aermes the town was evry whear,  
And fewe or noen of lief stoed certain thear.

A noble prince I fawe amid that broyll,  
To whom I went, and fwaer his part to taek.  
The commons caem, all set on raeg and spoyll,  
And gave me charge to keep my wyts a waek :  
The prince, for love of king and countreis sake,  
Bad me do well, and shed no gyltles bloed,  
And save from spoyll poer people and there good.

He saved reli-  
gious houfes  
and most of  
the towne  
from burning.

I gave my fayth and hand to do the faem,  
And wrought the best that I could worke therefoer,  
And brought at length the commons in such fraem  
That some wear bent to blo the coell no moer ;  
Yet some to rage and robbry ran full foer,  
Whom I reformd : so that no harm did fall  
To any wyght among the commons all.

The streets we kept, and braek ne houle nor doer,  
And for three dayes made no mans finger bleed :  
I daer avouch that neither ryche nor poer  
Could say they lost the valeur of a threed.  
Well, what of that ? you kno, an honest deed  
Is foen forgoet of such as thanckles be,  
For in the end it fared so by me.

The town I kept from cruell sword and fier  
Did feek my lief, when peace and all was maed ;  
And such they wear that did my blud defier  
As I had savde from bloes and bluddy blaed.  
I crept away, and hid me in the shaed,  
But as the daye and sun began to shien,  
They followd fast with force and practies fien.

Note.

In priests atyer, but not with shaven crown,  
I fkaept their hands that fought to have my hed ;  
A forckid cap, and pleytted corttall gowne,  
Far from the church stoed me in right good sted.  
In all this whyell ne maffe for quick nor ded  
I durst not sing : a poesting priest I was,  
That did in haest from post to pyller pas.

Escaped by  
Gods helpe  
out of great  
daunger.

In *Brigges* than the parsons breetch did quake,  
For there a clarke came tinging of a bell  
(That in the towne did such a rombling make)  
I could not walke in vickars garments well :  
So there I wisht my felfe in cockell shell,  
Or sea mans slopps that smeld of pitch and tarre,  
Which roebis I found ear I had traveld farre.

Followde by  
the Marhall  
8. dayes.

A marshall came and searcht our woole fleet than :  
In boat I leapt, and so throw Sealand went ;  
And many a day a silly weary man  
I traveilde there, and stoode with toile content,  
Till God by grace a better fortune sent,  
And brought mee home, in safety, as you knowe :  
Great thancks to him I give that savde me foe.

At the Slues  
the Marhall  
and he were  
both in one  
ship together.

A drift of the  
Duke of Alva  
to dispatch  
me.

In court where I at rest and peace remainde,  
I thought upon the part that Flemings plaide,  
And for good will, since I was so retainde,  
I thought to make those roisters once afraide ;  
So hoiste up faile when I had anckar waide,  
And into Fraunce I slipte with much a do,  
Where lo ! a net was making for mee to.

The Lord  
Embassador,  
now Lord  
Norris, did  
helpe mee  
away.

Yet paste I throwe to *Paris*, without stoppe,  
When civill broils were likely to begin ;  
And standing there, within a merchaunts shoppe,  
I heard one saye, the prince was comming in  
To Flaunders fast, with whom I laet had bin  
Before you wotte : thus having mirrie nues  
I stoole away, and so did Fraunce refues.

But, by your leave, I fell in daungers deepe,  
Before I could in freedome go or ride ;  
Devouring wolves had like to flaine the sheepe,  
And wiept their mouthes upon the muttons hide.  
Nought goes amisse where God wilbe the gide ;  
So throw the place, where parrel most did seeme,  
I past at will when daunger was exstreeme.

The prince I found from *Collen* at his house,  
And there I saw of riotters good store,  
Who welcomde mee with many a mad caroufe ;  
Such is their gies, and hath bin ever more.  
To *Flaunders* thus we marcht, and God before,  
And neare the *Rine* our camp a seafon laye,  
Till money came, and had a genrall paye.

In *Flaunders* longe our campe remayned still,  
And, sweete with sowre, we tasted sondry wayes.  
Who goes to warrs must feele both good and ill ;  
Some likes it not, and some that life can prayes  
Where nights are cold, and many hongrie dayes :  
Some will not be, yet such as loves the drom  
Takes in good parte the chaunces as they com.

Perhaps my share was not the sweetest thear,  
I make no boeft, nor finde no fault therein :  
I fought my selfe the burthen for to bear  
Amonge the rest that had oer charged bin.  
If smart I felt, it was a plague for sin ;  
If joy I founde, I knew it would not last ;  
If wealth I had, lo ! waest came on as fast.

When Prince did passe to Fraunce, and *Flaunders* last,  
I licence fought to see my native foile :  
He told me than, the French, by some fine craft,  
On me, at length, would make a pray and spoile :  
I toke my leave, not fearing any foile,  
But ere the day the skie had cleane forfoek  
I fell in snare, as fishe on baited hoek.

A pefaunt  
betrade me,  
and yet was  
God my  
deliverer.

A wofull tale it is to tell, in deede :  
Yet heare it out, and how God wrought for mee.  
The case was such that I a gide did neede,  
So in the field, full nere a willow tree,  
I founde a carle, that needs my gide must bee.  
His hand I had, his hart did halte the while,  
And treason did, throwe trust, the true begile.

Note.

The captaine  
of Pyrroen  
handled me  
hardly.

That hazard paste, I found more mischieves still,  
But none so great, nor none so much to fear.  
With toile and paine, with sleighte of head and skill,  
From Fraunce I came (and laft al mischief thear) :  
Nowe here what fruite my native soile doth bear ;  
See what I reap, and marke what I have sowne,  
And let my lucke throwe all this land be knowne.

Under captain  
Leighton after  
all these toiles.

Firft, let me tell how Fortune did me call  
To *Garnesey* thoe, to staye my troubled miend,  
Whear wel I was, although my wealth was smal,  
And long had dwelt if destnie had assend :  
But as the shippe is subiect to the winde,  
So we must chaenge as checking chaunces falls ;  
Who toffeth men about like tennis balls.

This chaunce is she, some fay, that leads men out,  
And brings them home when leaft they looke therefore :  
A dalling dame, that breeds both hope and dout,  
And makes great woundes, yet feldom salves the soer ;  
Not fuer on sea, nor certaine on the shoer,  
A worldly witch that dealls with wanton charms :  
For one good turne she doth ten thousand harms.

A figge for chaunce, this Fortune bears no shaep,  
The people fonde a name to Fortune give,  
Which fencelesse soules do after shadowes gaep.  
Great GOD doth rule, and sure as God doth live,  
He griends the corne, and sifts the meale threw sieve,  
And leaves the bran, as reffues of the flowre,  
To worke his will, and shoe his mightie powre.



Promoshon coms ne from the east nor west,  
Ne south nor north, it faulls from heaven hie ;  
For God himselfe sets up who he thincks best,  
And casts them downe whose harts would clime the skie.  
Thus earthly happs in worldlings doth not lie :  
We trudge, we runne, we ried and breake our braine,  
And backwarde come the selfe same stepps againe.

Note.

Till time aproche, that God will man prefarre  
With labours long, in vaine we beat the ayre ;  
Our destnies dwell in neither moone nor starre,  
Nor comfort coms from people foule nor fayre :  
Small hoep in those that sits in golden chayre,  
Their moods, their minds, and all we go about,  
Takes light from him that putts our candel out.

This argues, now, all goodnes freely groes  
From him that first made man of earthly mold,  
And floods of wealth into their bosome floes,  
That cleerly can his blessed will behold :  
As sheppards do, keepe fake their sheepe in fold,  
And gardnar knoes how flowrs shold watred be,  
So God gives ayde ear man the want can se.

Note.

Helps coms not, sure, by hap or heads device,  
Though wits of men are means to worke the waxe,  
And cunning hands do often cast the dice :  
All these are toyes, trust up in tinkars packs ;  
No flame wil ryes, till fier be thrust to flaxe ;  
No brantch may bud till he that made the plant,  
With dew of grace, in deede, supplies the want.

Can earth yeild fruite til springtime sap do shoe ?  
 Can ayer be cleer till foggs and miefts are fled ?  
 Can seas and floods at every season floe ?  
 Can men give life to shapes and bodies dead ?  
 Such secrets pas the reatche of mans vaine head  
 So, loke to reap no corne for all our toile  
 Till haruest come, and God hath blest the foile.

The pottar knoes what vessail serves his turne,  
 And therein still he powreth liquor sweete :  
 The cooke well notes what wood is best to burne,  
 And what conceites is for the banket meete ;  
 The captaine marks what fouldiour hath most sprete,  
 And calls that man to charge and office great,  
 When he thincks good, and farvice is in heat.

Dare any wight presume to take the place  
 Of worthy charge, till he therto be cald ?  
 Dare subject brag before the Princes face,  
 Or strive with staets that are in honour stauld ?  
 Dare village boest with cittie stronglye wauld ?  
 Dare children clime till they good footing find ?  
 No ; all thing yelds to him that leads the minde.

Note.

He lifts aloft, he flingeth downe as faste,  
 He gives men fame, and plucks renowne awaye.  
 Hap doth not so, for chaunce is but a blaste,  
 An idle word wherewith weake people playe :  
 Hap hangs and holds on hazarde evry waye,  
 And hazard leanes on doubt and danger deepe,  
 That glads but few, and maketh millions weepe.

I use this terme of hap in all I write,  
As well to make the matter large and long,  
As any cause or dram of great delite  
I take therein: but here I do ye wrong,  
To leade your eares with such a senceles song,  
From hearing that I promesde have to ende,  
The bare discourse the haplesse man hath pende.

So, comming home, and crept from toills abroed,  
(With charged brest and hevy heaving hart)  
I thought in courte my burthen to unload,  
And cast away the cares of former smart;  
But there, alas! my chaunce is so oerthwart,  
I sit and sighe, and fold mine armes with all,  
And in olde griefes a freshe begin to fall.

Yea, thear, where most my hope and haunt hath bin,  
Where yeares and dayes I spent apon the stocke,  
And divers doe good hap and frendship win,  
(And duetie makes a world of people flocke)  
And thoufands, loe! drawes water from the cocke,  
I skarce may moist my mouth when thirst is great,  
And hart is cleane consuemde with skalding heat.

A spring of kinde doth floe above the brim;  
You cannot stoppe a fountaine if you would,  
For throw harde rockes it runneth cleare and trim,  
And in some grounde it casts up graynes of gould:  
It burfts the earth, and deeply diggs the mould,  
It gusheth out, and goes in sondry vayns  
From mountaines topp, and spredeth all the plains.

The spring creeps up the highest hill that is,  
 And many wells thear on are easlye found ;  
 And this, I wott, where you do water mis  
 Small fruite doth groe, it is but barraine grounde :  
 The soile is sweete where pleafunt springs abounde,  
 The cowflop sproutes where springs and fountaines bee,  
 And floods begin from fountaine heads, you see.

The labring man thearat doth coell his heat,  
 The byrds do baeth their brefts full bravely thear ;  
 The bruteft beafts there in finds pleafure great,  
 And likes not halfe so well another whear :  
 What cause in mee, what dout, what fault, or feare,  
 That I maye not, in this so weak a plite,  
 Go drinck my fyll whear eatch thing haeth delite.

Note.

The moer we draw the waetter from the well,  
 The better farre we bring the spring in fraem ;  
 The seas themselves of natuer ries and swell,  
 The moer the winde and weather works the faem :  
 The fier borns best when bellows bloes the flaem.  
 Let things stande still, and stoer them not in time,  
 They shall decaye by meane of droffe and slime.

I see some streams with sticks are choked up,  
 And rivers large are marde with beds of sand ;  
 I see some bring from doells an empty cup,  
 Yet craves an almes and shoes a needye hand :  
 I see baer boyes before the banket stand,  
 And no man sayth, Loe ! poer man, if thou wutt,  
 Take heer a difhe to fill thy hungry gutt.

Of cormrant kinde some crammed capons aer,  
The moer they eat, the moer they may confuem :  
Some men, likewise, the better that they faer  
The worfe they be, and sicker of the ruem ;  
And some so chaef, so frowne, so fret, and fuem,  
When others feede, they cannot, God he knoes,  
Spaer any time the dropping of thear noes.

The bords are fpred, and feasts are made thereon,  
And futch fit downe that haeth their bellies full,  
Whose greedy mouthes from dogg would snatch the boen,  
Which snodges swell, and loke like greisie wull :  
They puffe, they bloe, yea, like a baited bull,  
And shove them backe that on small croems would feede,  
Whose pafhent harts maks vertue of a neede.

The glotten thincks his belly is to[o] small,  
When in his eye a deintie morfell is ;  
He grins and gaeps, as though no crom shold fall  
From him, and locks as al the world wear his :  
Thus, futch as want aer fuer the poeft to kis,  
For powltting pried doth preace so fast in place,  
That poer plain Tom daer skarce come sho his face.

Eatch one doth feeke for to aspier and ries,  
Yet haet we thofe that doth by vertue clime ;  
The foole hee skorns the worship of the wies,  
Yet dolts prefuem beyond the wyes sometime :  
And all this strief is but for dros and flime  
That out of earth wee digg with daungers deepe,  
Full hard to winne, and much more wors to keepe.

This makes me mues : when some have heaps in hord,  
They will not help the neereft freinde they have,  
And yet with smiles and many a frendly word  
They graunt to give before a man doth crave.  
Such barbers fine can finely poul and shave,  
And washe full cleane, till all away they washe,  
Than good sir Griem, like lobb, they leave in lashe.

What should men loes, when they enoughe have had,  
If they did part with things that might be sparde ?  
A little peece out of a golden gad  
For service long might be a great rewarde.  
No, no, as steele and flinte is stiffe and hard,  
So world is waxt ; and no good turne is founde  
But whear in deede do doble giftes rebounde.

Wee make a legge, and kisse the hand with all  
(A French device, nay sure a Spanishe tricke)  
And speake in print, and say loe ! at your call  
I will remaine your owne, both dead and quicke.  
A courtier foe can give a lobbe a licke,  
And dresse a dolt in motley for a while,  
And so in sleeve at fillye wodcocke smile.

If meaning went with painted words and shoes,  
It mighte suffice such corteis cheer to taest ;  
But with the same disdaine and envye goes,  
And trompry great with words and winde in waest ;  
Than, arme in arme coms flattery, full of haest,  
And leads away the fences out of frame,  
That upright witts are thereby stricken lame

This lowtting lowe, and bowing downe the knee,  
But groeps mens minds to creepe in credits lapp ;  
Like malte horfe than he holds up head you see,  
That late before could vaile both knee and capp :  
The nurfe, awhile, can feede the child with papp,  
And after beate him on the breech full baer.  
A swarme, God wot, of thefe fine natuers aer.

There be that biets, yet gronts and whines withall ;  
There be that winnes, yet fweare and fay they loes ;  
There be that stops and stealls away the ball ;  
There be that plantes a weede and plucks a roes ;  
There be pleads wante, to whome the fountaine floes :  
Such hieds there haps, to make the worlde to thincke,  
At fayre well head they neede not for to drincke.

The whales, you fee, eates up the little fifhe ;  
The prettie penk with fammon may not fwim ;  
The greateft heads are fedde with fineft difhe ;  
To fouleft pits fayre water runneth trim.  
Hee gets the gaine that standeth nere the brim ;  
He bloes the cole that hath cold fingers ftill ;  
He ftarves for bread that hath no corne at mill.

A world to fee the courfe and ftate of things !  
Some would get up that knoes not where to light ;  
Some foer the fkies that never had no wings ;  
Some wrastle well by cunning, not by might ;  
Some feems to judge fayre coulours without fight ;  
And evry one, with fome odde shift or grace,  
In world at will runs out a goodly race.

But to be plaine, I lagg and come behinde,  
As I wear lame and had a broken legg ;  
Or els I cannot lye within the winde ;  
And harken still what I might easlie begg :  
I neede not say, in mouth I have a gegg,  
For I have spoke, and fped in matters small,  
By helpe of him that hath my verses all.

But farre, God wot, I am from that I seeke,  
And misse the marke that many men do hit ;  
Wherfore salt teares do trickle downe the cheeke,  
And hart doth feele full many a wofull fit ;  
And so aside in follem sorrow fit,  
As one, in deede, that is forsaken cleane,  
Wher most he doth deserve, and best doth meane.

No matter now, though ech man march and tread  
On him that hates the life he beares about ;  
Yet such as shall these heavy verses read  
Shall finde I blame my fortune, out of dout,  
But fens on hope no better hap will sprout,  
I yeild to death, and upward lift the minde  
Where lothsome life shall present comfort finde.

Sens hope can have no hony from the hive,  
And paines can plucke no pleasure for his toile,  
It is but vaine for weery life to strive,  
And stretch out time with torment and tormoile,  
Get what we can death triumphes oer the spoile ;  
Than, note this well, though we win neer so mitch,  
When death tacks al we leave a mizer ritch.



To live and lacke is doble death, in deede :  
A prefente death exceeds a lingring woe ;  
Sens no good hap in youth did helpe my neede,  
In age why should I strive for fortune foe ?  
Old years are come and haefts me hens to goe ;  
The time draws on, I hate the life I haue :  
When hart shall breake my grieve shall ende in grave.

Should I seek life, that finds no place of rest,  
Ne foile, nor seate, to shroude me from the ayre ?  
When cramping colde beclipps my carefull brest,  
And dollor drives my hart in deepe dispayre ?  
For fuch foule dayes darke death is wondrous fayre :  
As good to make the skrawling worms a feast,  
As pleas the world, wher mischiefe maks her neaft.

Hie time it is to haeft my carkas hens,  
Youth stoole awaye, and felt no kinde of joye ;  
And age he laft in travell ever fens ;  
The wanton dayes, that made me nice and coye,  
Wear but a dreame, a shadoe, and a toye :  
Sith slavrye heer I finde, and nothing els,  
My hoem is thear, wher foule in freedome dwels.

In warrs and woe my yeers aer waefsted clean.  
What should I see if lordly lief I led ?  
I loek in glas, and finde my cheeks so lean,  
That evry owre I do but wishe mee ded :  
Now back bends downe, and forwards faulls the hed,  
And hollow eyes in wrinckled brow doth shrowd,  
As though two stars wear creping under clowd.

The lipps waxe cold, and loeks both pael and thin ;  
The teeth sawlls out, as nutts forfoek the shaell ;  
The baer bald head but shoes whear hear hath bin ;  
The lively joynts waxe weery, stiffe, and staell ;  
The reddy tongue now folters in his taell ;  
The wearishe face, and tawny collour, shoes  
The corraeg quails as strength decayes and goes.

The sweete delites are dround in dulled minde,  
The gladfome sports to groning sighes are bent ;  
The frikking lims so farre from frame I finde,  
That I forthincke the time that youth hath spent :  
But when I way that all thefe things wear lent,  
And I must pay the earth her dutie throw,  
I shrinke no whit to yeld these pleasures now.

Had I posselt the giftes of fortune heer,  
A house, a wyfe, and children withall ;  
And had in store (to make my frendes good cheer)  
Sutch common things as neighbours have at call,  
In such dispayre perchaunce I would not fall ;  
But want of this, and other lackes a skore,  
Bids me seeke death and wish to live no more.

Yet, for to beare a peece of all my woes,  
(And to impart the privie pangs I felt)  
From countrie soile a sober wife I choes,  
In mine owne house with whom I seldom dwelt :  
When thousandes slepte, I waekt, I swet, I swelt  
To compas that I never could attaine,  
And still from hoem abroed I braek my braine.

The thatcher hath a cottage poore, you see ;  
The sheppard knoes where he shal sleepe at night ;  
The daily drudge from cares can quiet bee :  
Thus fortune sends some rest to evrye wight ;  
So borne I was to house and lande by right,  
But in a bagg to court I brought the same,  
From Shrewsbrye towne, a seate of auncient fame.

What thinkes my frindes that thear behind I laft ?  
What fault finds she that gave me lief and suck ?  
O courting fien ! thou art to[o] cold a craft :  
The carter haeth at hoem much better luck.  
Well, well, I saye, a due all worldly muck,  
Ne house, nor land, we bear away I knoe ;  
I naked cam, and naked hence must goe.

The greatest kyng must pas the self saem way :  
Our daye of byrth and buriall are alike ;  
Their joye, their pompe, their wealth and rich araye,  
Shall soen consuem, like snow that lies in dieck ;  
No bucklar serves when sodayn death doth striek,  
As soen may coem a poer mans soule to blys  
As may the rich, or greatest Lord that is.

Well, ear my breath my body doe forsaek,  
My spreet I doe bequeath to God above ;  
My bookes, my skrowls, and songs that I did mack,  
I leave with frindes that freely did me love :  
To flying foes, whoes mallice did me move,  
I wyshe in haest amendment of their wayes,  
And to the court and courtiars happy dayes.

My fortune strange to strangers doe I leave,  
That strangely can retain such strange mishap ;  
To such as still in world did me disave,  
I wishe they may beware of such lyke trap ;  
To scoundrel tongues, that kild me with their clap,  
I wishe more rest than they have given me,  
And bless those streams that cold and crabbed be.

To such as yet did never please man  
I give those rymes that nips the gawled back ;  
To such as would do good, and if they can,  
I wishe good luck, long life, and void of lack ;  
To curysh karls, a whip and collyars sack ;  
And to the proud, that stands upon their brags,  
A waynescot face, and twenty crabtree staves.

To surly fyers, that scorns the meaner sort,  
A nightcap, hood with foyes, I them bequeath ;  
To such as skowll at others good report  
(And sets much store by their own painted sheath)  
In lieu of luck I give a willow wreath ;  
To such as are unlearned and merits much,  
The store I leave that tries the gold by touch.

To gentle race, with good conditions joynd,  
I wishe more joy than man imagine maye ;  
And since for poorer I have no money coynd,  
God graunt them all a merry marriage daye !  
To such as doth delyte in honest playe,  
I wishe the gold that I have lost thereby,  
And all the wealth I want before I dye.

Now, frends, shaek hands : I must be gon, my boyes,  
Our myrth taeks end, our triumph all is done ;  
Our tykling talk, our sports and mirry toyes,  
Do flyed away lyke shadow of the son.  
Another coms, when I my race have ron,  
Shall passe the tyme with you in better plyt,  
And finde good caufe of greater things to wryt.

*FINIS.*

---

## A DISCOURSE HOW

Vertue seames to sleape, and

*Justice is ever awaken.*

WHEN vertue layd her down to slepe,  
and would no longer wake ;  
And wicked world did wanton waxe,  
as vice would triumphe make,

I sat and mused all the while  
on thinges of wonders weight,  
As though our latter judgement daye  
at hand were comming streight.

For loe ! eache land and kingdom large,  
in compas of my vewe,  
Stode all bespred with wailing wightes,  
and fodaine forowes newe.

Some ran to rayse dame vertue up,  
but none durst stirre her thoe :  
Difordred lief kept people back,  
and said, let vertue goe.

Dead sleape hath caught her for a space,  
to plague proud haguhtie heads,  
That wallowes in their wayward willes,  
on pleasures wanton beddes.

The feble folke that lives in feare,  
and feade in cottage colde,  
Were halfe amafd to here the tale  
that lawles life had tolde.

Is vertue flombring nowe, alas !  
qd. one that felt much wrong ;  
Than shall the poore with penyfyve mynde  
complayn of grief to long.

This was no sooner said, but loe !  
in fieldes and forestes thick,  
I harde a heape of wounded hartes  
that pincht were nere the quicke,

Crye out so loude they perft the cloudes,  
and in their roaring tewne,  
They did pronounce that wretched folke  
full sone should come to rewne.

If sacred Gods, that guydes the starres  
and rules both sun and moone,

Brought not a boxe of precious balme  
to falue the mischief soone.

In this discourfe and dolefull brutes,  
came revell roughly clad,  
And made wilde havocke found the dromme,  
as all the world were mad.

And so was haerbraine broyles abroche,  
and men embrued in blode,  
Began to strive with stout attempts  
for rule and worldly good.

The horfe did see where lay his strength,  
and would not rayned bee ;  
The oxe forfooke the wonted plowe,  
the asse would neades go free,

And flang the burthen on the floore :  
thus savage grewe they all,  
That had ben tame and meke as lambe,  
and long at maisters call.

The common forte, beholding this,  
laft labour, care and toyle,  
And fought, throw sleights and snatching shifts,  
to thrive and live by spoyle.

Nowe dullardes were so quicke of fence,  
they gan dispute the case,  
And sifted finely flowre from branne ;  
and had so trym a grace,

They could beguyle the mylnar smoth,  
and make the baker smyle.  
It was a world to see the worlde,  
and worldlings all the whye!

When folly wrought by slipper meanes  
to reache beyonde the wyfe,  
As though blynde Bayards boulnes rude  
could blere cleer *Argos* eyes.

Yet diuelyshe braynes and depe deceite  
did drive such combrous drieftes,  
That plainenes, in a pilgrims wede,  
was put unto her shiefstes.

True dealing was but cauld a doulte,  
or els Gods foole, in deade ;  
Dame flattery claymed frindships place,  
yet faild her frinde at neade.

And robbry was good purchase helde,  
and lust was follace sweete ;  
And they were calld the lively laddes,  
that had the quickeft sprete.

Som faid lords hestes were held for lawes,  
but those were *Chawfers* woordes ;  
And faith did faile in old priestes sawes :  
tushe! all this was but boordes.

Yet in flat earnest this was trewe :  
the greddy groppt for gaine,



And hungry guts might gnaw their gommies,  
and still in grief complayne.

And private profitte prowle for pence,  
her purse laye open wyde :  
Thus publike state with rufull noyse  
unto the heavens cryed

For helpe and succour to the harmes,  
that fell on curfed earth ;  
That never yet was pure and free  
from plagues since *Abels* birth.

O wytyles wightes ! the Goddes said thoe,  
that sittes above the skies ;  
O people vayne ! why do you pewle,  
and make such wretched cries ?

Thinke you, we have forgotten cleane  
the feble force of man ?  
Sawe we not what should come to passe  
ere first the world began ?

Yees, fuer, and ordeind goodly lawes  
to stay your strougling states ;  
And alwayes helde up justice still,  
to ende your sharpe debates.

Are you so childishe to beleave,  
though vertue feame to dreame,

That we will suffre staetly vice  
to strive against the streame ?

No, no ; our lawes shall linke you faste  
in leages of love full long ;  
And learne eche man to know his owne,  
and what is right and wrong.

The pyllars that holdes up the house,  
and props unto the fame,  
Are knowen among good workemen all,  
of such as buildings frame.

What comforts kinges and comon weales,  
and keepes the lande in awe,  
But noble rule and threatning sworde,  
and worthy upright lawe ?

Though vertue doe not shine so bright  
as she was wonte of olde,  
In iustice seate, if you lifte searche,  
her beames you may beholde.

At times and termes as temperance tunes  
the stringes that are amisse,  
So lawe reformes the wilfull worlde  
when out of square it is.

And iustice fuer shall never die,  
whyle *Solons* name is knowen ;  
And whiles that wytte and reason learns  
each man to know his owen.

These wordes thus spoke of fearful Gods,  
the world shranke back for feare,  
And I belevd myne adell hed  
these thinges had dreamed theare.

*FINIS.*

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CHURCHYARDES DREAM,

Written to Master William Harbert, Esquier,  
*dwellinge at Saint Gillians by Carlion  
in Walles.*

SOM men affyrm dreams are untrue,  
But what the judgment is of you  
I know not yet ; but well I thinke  
They may proceed of meat or drinke  
Receyvd before the sleep we take :  
Complexcions often fancies make ;  
And talke of thyngs oer night befoer,  
Breedes dreams in fom mens heds great stoer.  
But this you know, the powrs above  
Our earthly vessels heer doth move  
By cowers as they are of thear kinde,  
And sets the mofhons in our minde ;  
As oen might fay, we nothyng do  
But planets pricks us thearunto.

Loek how the heavens order is,  
 The earth muft follow: grant me this,  
 Than we that of the earth are maed  
 Muft needs obay the heavens traed.  
 Fowre ellements of eatch ye kno,  
 Ar all we feell; the ruell is fo:  
 Som won moer mixt thearwith we fe,  
 And fubject moer than others be  
 To them among us heer remayn.  
 But what of that? to break my brayn  
 About difputing of futch thing,  
 Or yet my wits in erors bring,  
 I need not feartch fo deep a cace;  
 I fhuld but ron beyond my race.  
 Yet of fom dreams that aer devien,  
 Let me a lytell heer defien;  
 For privey warnings God doth give  
 By fleeps to thoes that heer do live.  
 Was not the dreams of kings fought owt  
 By Danniell, who maed cleer eatch dowl,  
 That by the faem might ries or fpring?  
 Takes God no caer but for a king?  
 Is not the poer to him as deer,  
 The meaneft as the greateft peer,  
 Thoght on of him? yeas; than, befuer  
 By dreams fomtims he doth procuer  
 A man to think on things to com:  
 A dream may fpeak that feemeth dom;  
 A dream haeth lief, though fleeps full ded  
 Breed fancies in an idell hed.  
 Som when they waek do foen forget

Noet.

What sweauons in the night they met,  
And drives the day to end with all,  
And at the length unwaeres doth fall  
In that great floed, or in that stream,  
That they aer warnd of by thear dream.  
But I, that for to shon is glad,  
The danger of a dream I had,  
Do tell the faem : loe ! this hit was.  
Me thought from hoem as I did pas  
Unto your howse, you said that tied  
You had a jorney for to ried :  
A hors you lent me for the faem,  
So forth we roed and had good gaem :  
We lawght and chukled all the way,  
But, as you kno, that after playe  
Coms caer and forow, so it fell,  
When I belevd that all was well.  
You frownd, and flang from me far of [f],  
And as I used was to skoef,  
I gested still and followed fast ;  
But you oer roed me at the laft,  
And for I would not tier my nag,  
I shapt my self behind to lag.  
A loen I prickt, and palfray spord,  
And mutch I thought, yet spaek no word,  
Save that I said, with voyce full loe,  
Whate ! will my frind forsaek me foe ?  
What new told taell doth torn him thus ?  
No taell, a toy hit is, ywus,  
No toy, he is to wies therfore.  
Som thing hit is, yea les or more,

The dream  
begyns.

But what hit is I need not fear,  
 For feartch my confience evry whear,  
 And cleer it standeth in eatch traed,  
 To him since he my freende I maed.  
 Thus mufing on mi giltles cace,  
 I then began to meand my pace,  
 And as the devell wold hit foe,  
 That I ill hap (huld not forgo,  
 (When mifcheevs com they fawl on heap)  
 My hors did ftart and gan to leap :  
 The jaed, I think, had feen a fpriet.  
 He maed the fier ries from his feet  
 Out of the ftuens whear he did tramp.  
 Lord ! than howe I did ftajer and ftamp,  
 And thruft the fporrs in to his fied,  
 But girth and faddell baed abied :  
 They fell from hors full all to broek,  
 And in the myer, flat like an oek  
 I lay a long ; but what of that ?  
 Ear I roes up, and found my hat,  
 Which laye faft by an elders roet,  
 My hors was gon, and I on foet.  
 My face with dirt was fo araid,  
 Hit maed the hors thear of afraid ;  
 For as I ran the jaed to get,  
 The poer plain people that I met  
 Thoght fuer I had bin clean beftraught .  
 Oen gave me way, a nother laught ;  
 The third faid, Sir, go washe your face.  
 But ftill I had my beaft in chace,  
 And ran, not fwearing, half a myel,

But toek the jaed agaynst a stiell :  
By that was curtals bryedell loft,  
And I might ryed (but not in post)  
On gawldid back and carrayn boens.  
The harneys, faddell, all at oens,  
Was broek, as sayd afoer I have :  
Than could I call no oestlar knave,  
Nor face him down ; my gear was gon,  
And pickt away by hangers on  
That follow geasts to evry in,  
By shift fom payre of boets to win :  
Sutch filtchars have so great a lack,  
They steall the faddell from the back ;  
But I that brought a faddell out  
Might ried now like a gentil lout.  
Thear was no theef to shrowd my shaem,  
But plaen poer Tom to bear the blaem.  
What needs moer words of this to speake ?  
Get up I did on hors full weake :  
My girdell was the bridell than, .  
Thus rode I like a clean yong man.  
A greater fier was in the straw,  
As in the dream me thought I saw  
A further mischeef after this.  
I founde and felt, loe ! this it is.  
As I my jorney thought to take,  
The horffis backe a two it brake ;  
Out stept his bones, in fell my cors  
Amid the belly of the hors.  
I looked still whan he would fall :  
He seemd to have no harm at all,

Noet.

Note.

And kept the way, and boer it out.  
 With that I would have tornd about,  
 To see if all belongd him to  
 Would farve as they wear wont to do :  
 His lims, I mean, which wear so foer  
 That he had mind to turn no moer,  
 But hoenward held, as fast a mayn  
 As any jenet could of Spayn,  
 Or Irysh hobby fayre and fat.  
 I would not have beleeved that,  
 If one had tolde it for no lie,  
 But sure I saw it with mine eye,  
 As well as in a dream I might ;  
 I lay no hed on things by night,  
 As in the day I had them seen :  
 This was of troeth, and this I ween  
 Hath diffrence far ; for troeth is found,  
 And weenyng dwels on doubtfull ground.  
 But fens I com unto this claufe,  
 Now will I talke, and sho som cause  
 Of dreams, and let the matter rest,  
 Of my deformed broke backt beast.  
 Yet shall my pen heer after playn  
 Unto my porpos turn agayn.  
 Thear was a man, my self might be,  
 That in a dream did think to fe,  
 A fargant com with maece in hand,  
 Who sayd, Good sir, I pray you stand :  
 I you areft for det, you knowe  
 To whom the money you do owe ;  
 And if you have forgot the som

Note.



Unto the counter you must com,  
And to your accyon answer make.  
What, knave ! qd. he, thou doest mistaek  
The man, I think, that thou doest feek ;  
I owe not all the world a leek :  
Whearfoer I list not the obaye.  
He drue his sword and maed a fray.  
Clobbs ! cried the fargant, all in fear :  
Out cam the touns men every whear,  
And from the wind mill this dreemd he,  
Whear hackney horsis hyred be :  
This man was driven by plain strength,  
And ran in to a church, at length,  
That at Saint Larance laen end stands,  
Yet cowlde not skaep the fargants hands.  
Forth was he broght, and mannaest foer,  
But frinds he fownd (to falue the foer)  
Among the fangantts, all on heap,  
So that unto the goet in Cheap,  
He broght was than, and thear to send  
For frinds to make of this an end ;  
Which was fownd owt, and had discharg,  
And whear he wold he went at larg.  
Loe ! thearwith did this man awaek,  
Yet of his dream discours did maek  
Unto oen *Feeld*, with whom he lay :  
Who baed him not go forth that day,  
For by a figuer fownd he had,  
If he went forth he shuld be lad  
Unto the countter, or skaep hard.  
This man did littell that regard.

Jhon Feeld by  
Wakfeeld.

Noet.

Think you (q. he) the planets may  
 Cause me to find ill luck this day,  
 As though they had the ruell of man ?  
 Do what youe will, said to him than  
 His bed fellowe, who straightway roes,  
 And out of doer full fast he goes.  
 The dreamaer followd as he might,  
 When cloes wear on and day was light ;  
 But he no foenner in the street  
 But, loe ! a fargant did he meet,  
 And, as before you told I have,  
 Hit came to pas, so God me save.  
 This is no fable, maed for mirth ;  
 For by that lord that maed the earth,  
 The heavens too, and all thear in,  
 Beleeve me nowe this thing haeth bin  
 Laet in the raing of Mary, queen,  
 And then the proef of this was seen.  
 All men have not a gift a like :  
 Som god doth warn befoer he strick,  
 Som have groffwitts, som heds devien ;  
 For divers gracis god doth sien  
 To man, as pleaseth him to shoe :  
 Whear for let us confes and knoe  
 He maed not man so viell a thing,  
 And fet him heer, as lord and king  
 Of all the works he did creat,  
 But he taeks caer for mans estaet,  
 And reasons with man every owre,  
 And in his vessails still doth powre  
 What lickor he thynks meet therfore.

Noet.

The pot can never boill no moer,  
Than coek doth list to put thear in,  
For coek maks broth, boeth thick and thin.  
The pottar, likwies, hath in choyce  
In which pot he will moeft rejoyce ;  
Which veffaill is for honour maed,  
And which must sarve a fervyell traed.  
The pottar knoes and fashons all,  
Ells blind and weak we might him call :  
If pot, or any vesseill cleer,  
To other porpos sarved heer,  
Than he befoer haeth ordaynd plain,  
To whom the use of potts pertain.  
As I might fay, a gardnar good,  
Yet never throwly under stood  
What weeds and flowrs wear meet to gro  
With in his gardain ; even foe  
Is that as true that God doth want  
Foerfyght of any earthly plant,  
That in his vienyard beareth graepps.  
You grant that God doth give men shaepps,  
And doth he gyve but form aloen,  
A picktuer wrought of fleash and boen.  
And lets man think what thought he will,  
Doth not he give him wit and skyll,  
And sets futch thoughts a mid mans hart,  
As can not com by kind, nor aert.  
If God have geven lief and breath,  
And in his hand have lyef and death,  
How should not he, nowe would I lern,  
The minds of men befoer defern,

Eaer they or thought what they shalbe,  
 If God the caufe therof do fe ?  
 Than must they needs from him proceed,  
 As ground and roet of eatch good deed.  
 For what weer fleash, that no lief had,  
 And lief from feelyng wear as bad,  
 And feelyng coms, by reasons loer :  
 Than, reafon have we not before ?  
 We do receive of God that gift,  
 Why than there is no other shift ;  
 But he that putteth in the same,  
 Must needs be master of the game.  
 If nought be put into the pot  
 It cannot feeth full well, ye wot :  
 Who boyls the pot and maks the fier,  
 Puts things therin at his desier.  
 A broken pot ye call that still,  
 That neither sarvs to good nor ill :  
 An needlesse pot God doth not make,  
 That will no kynd of licour take.  
 What pitchard will for water go,  
 Be it not born ? than, way this so.  
 No man may thinke a thought, say I,  
 But it is ordaynd from an hie,  
 And powred in us by his mean,  
 That seith evry thyng full clean ;  
 And knoweth well to what entent  
 Eatch vessayl at the first was ment ;  
 And to futch use as they were wrought,  
 He letteth them be drawn and brought.  
 And boldly now if I durst speake,

Note.

I thynke the makars wit weare weake  
To form a thyng, and doth not know  
To what entent he made it fo.  
Than this must follow : if he knue  
Of all his works what shuld ensue,  
Thear cowers was set in his foer sight,  
Ear that he maed the daie and night.  
So needs they must befall likwies :  
Than shuld we not no cause dispies  
That lerns us howe to kno his power,  
Which worketh in us everi owre,  
A wack, a sleep, at meat, at rest,  
We must find lodging for that geast :  
He will com in and maek a stoer,  
And knock hard at thy conscience doer,  
And threaten skorgis for thy sin,  
And speak and talk to the with in,  
And tell the things that aer amis,  
And say, Thow foell ! bewaer of this  
Thow usest oft ; thy God I am,  
That for to warn the[e] hether cam  
To shon the plaegs for the prepaerd.  
But if this warning be not hard,  
And men in sin still sleep and snort,  
And of futch visions maks a sport,  
Than shall they feel no dream hit was,  
When proof of this doth com to pas.  
He that will not be warnd by sleep,  
Whan he awaeks may chance to weep.  
In Skriptuer have I red som time  
Howe Jhon sawe fowlls to heaven clyme,

And Jacob dreamd he sawe the rams  
 Leaping this to the choefen lams.  
 God doth a peer, yea, evry whear,  
 And sleping rownds men in the ear,  
 As Job doth say : and I cowld tell,  
 Howe divers awfttors shoes full well,  
 That dreams do signifie to som  
 Great caers and trobulls for to com,  
 And unto other shoes likwies  
 Whan mirth and joy thear shall aries.  
 I writ not this as for a creed :  
 Let men trust dreams as they shall need.  
 Som dreams spryng fro a feble brain,  
 And fom of sicknes and of pain,  
 And other subjects mani a on,  
 Of which I will devies apon.  
 In dreams aer dowts and doble freaks :  
 Som sleeps yet in his dream he speaks,  
 And riseth up yet not a waek,  
 And in the howse mutch noys doth maek :  
 He torns the lock and goes his way  
 Owt of the doer as at noen day,  
 And doth futch thinges as fawlls in hed  
 By dream, and after coms to bed.  
 He barrs all fast whear he hath byn,  
 And never faulls nor breaks his shin,  
 Yet seems to sleep yea all the whyell ;  
 But he that seeth the saem may smyell,  
 And wonder at that idell brayn,  
 That in the bed is layd a gain,  
 Who laet in sleep a broed he sawe,

Note.

A nother fort will seartch the strawe,  
And thrust a knief throwe bed and all.  
What may we nowe this dreamyng call?  
Of our complexhons coms this gear,  
No, fuer, of som mad freak, I fear,  
They ries, they breed, and norrishtt be,  
And groes in men by som degre,  
That costom maks to folowe kynd,  
Or els they spyryng on trobled mind,  
For charged conshens borthend soer  
Of som shrewd fact fowl don before,  
Which pricks the inward parts of man,  
That hed nor fancie rests not than,  
Though boddy, as his costom is,  
Must sleep or natuer holds with this.  
Yet whear the conshens is not clean,  
Thear seeks the devell for to lean,  
And leavs no way that may be sought  
To plant ther in dispaired thought;  
And maks the dreamar lowd to crie,  
He coms! I se him with mine eie;  
And sweats for fear: this known I have,  
And hard howe som do use to rave,  
And start upright as they wear woed.  
Some saye hit cometh of a blood;  
A blood, I fear, as doctores faith,  
That springeth of defaut of fayth.  
Som aer of such a weak beleef,  
They thinke each mouse should be a theef,  
And every rat that runs about  
Should be a devell out of dout.

Sutch folke as well daer lye aloen,  
 As I dare eat a loed of stoen.  
 God never thought was on that day  
 At night ; than how should any way  
 Sutch helhoundes sleep ? of devlysh deeds,  
 Nothyng but fearfull dreams profeeds :  
 Their minds on mischeef runs so fast,  
 That feare of God or world is past,  
 As long as they can finde a maet  
 To chat with all, to lie or praet,  
 In fuertie than ; yea all on hoef  
 They think they stand amid their roef ;  
 But whan aloen they hap to goe,  
 Thear consheens doth accues them soe,  
 They may not fyt, ne sleep, nor rest,  
 But gnawing worms are in theyr brest,  
 And trembling thoghts doth them confound.  
 Theas men must needs now sleep unsound,  
 Of whoes mad dreams, so God mee speed.  
 I thinke wise folke ought take good heed,  
 And give them counsell in this cace,  
 And learn them for to seell the grace  
 That God doth promes to us all,  
 With faithfull hart that to him call.  
 Good prayer suer may salve this greef ;  
 This is a part of my beleef,  
 And for to prove that saieng true,  
 I will rehers a thing to youe  
 Which hath bin trid and trid againe :  
 Whearfore give ear, I list not fayn.  
 I knue my selfe, and of laet dayes,

Noet.



A father, that was much to prayes  
In bringing up his babes eatch on ;  
He myght be calde a parragon  
In teaching youth and using age.  
Would God eatch man would wear his bage,  
And seek his lyvrey for to have,  
Than in thear harts they should engrave  
The feare of God, his armor coet,  
And all the worship that he goet,  
His aarms, his collors and his creft,  
His hoep, his curatts for his brest,  
His sheld, his sword, his enmies rod ;  
And to be short, the fear of God  
Was all or moest of his delite.  
In fleashly tabuls God did write  
His law, his fear, and blessed will,  
Far past the compasse of our skill ;  
I mean within the humble mind  
(Of this goodman well bent of kind)  
With parfit stamp was printed fast  
The law and fear I spake of last :  
As all his childern taught he well,  
To oen apart this did he tell,  
(Moer oftnar than unto the rest ;  
Perhaps that boy he loved best)  
How if he would his bleffying win,  
Than with this ruell he must begin :  
First, evry mornyng whan he roes,  
Before he had put on his cloes,  
He should a follem praier say  
To God to keep him all the day,

Noet.

That he did purpose well to spend ;  
 And whan the day was brought to end,  
 (And should repayre unto his bed)  
 Another praier should be fed  
 Before he slept : if this he did  
 In evry point, as he was bid,  
 The father sayd, that God on hie  
 Would bleffe the place whear he did lie,  
 And give an angell charge, he fed,  
 To keep good watch about the bed,  
 That neither feend nor fearfull sight  
 Should vex the filly soul that night.  
 His son that leffon kept full well,  
 And never from that order fell,  
 But most devoutly that he ufd  
 Till wanton life had him abuefd,  
 And made him minde futch follies heer,  
 As retchleffe youth doth bye full deer.  
 Whose pleasuers whan the son had caught,  
 The goodly ruell his father taught  
 In very deed forgotten was,  
 And littell did this yong man pas  
 How he the day or night had spent.  
 But heer what plaegs was after sent,  
 What restles sleeps and dreams he had ;  
 For som tims, as he had bin mad,  
 (When in the bed he down was laid)  
 He did futch things as wold have fraid  
 The stowttest man that treds in shue :  
 And farther moer, I may tell youe,  
 He was aferd him self ful oft,

Note.

For nothing stoerd by him so soft  
 (Wythin the chaember that he sleept)  
 But thearwith under cloes he crept,  
 And durft not speak of any thing,  
 To be of all the world a king.  
 Theas fancies did not chang him fo,  
 But he had torments many moe,  
 Of other secret fears with in,  
 When for to sleep he did begin ;  
 Which altred him on futch a fort,  
 I cannot make thearof report.  
 Sutch frights and startyng in the bed,  
 And of his mowth : I have hard fed,  
 He thought he saw, and markt hit wel,  
 A thowfand devells owt of hel  
 Com ronning on him all at oens :  
 Som toer his fleash, som broek his boens,  
 Some flang him down, as than he thought,  
 And was thearwith in flomber broght,  
 But stil his fancies did him fraem  
 To crie alowd on *Jhesus* naem.  
 Yea, futch as slept with him have hard  
 That he the blessed naem prefard  
 Of *Jhesus* fuerly first of all ;  
 And whan thear on this man did call,  
 His raeg of storms began to slaek,  
 And streight from sleep he did awaek.  
 Than would he loek unto the Lord,  
 And so the fathers ruell record :  
 No foener was a prayer said,  
 But sownd as baeb in cradell laid

Noet.

He slept, and hath don oftten fence.  
 This provs that under Gods defence  
 Man waeks and sleeps, and dreams fomwhiels ;  
 And as he at our folly smiels,  
 A genttill warning doth he give,  
 Because he would have finners live,  
 And so convert, for causis knoen,  
 To him that sitts in sacred throen.  
 He gieds and governs evry whear,  
 And brings the hawty harts in fear,  
 To mak men knoe from whence we have  
 The quiet sleeps and rest we crave.  
 I could of dreams mutch moer resit,  
 But this suffiseth that I writ  
 To shew that dreams of many men  
 Aer true ; or mofhons, now and then,  
 To mak us way, in ballance right,  
 That God with wonders works his might ;  
 And doth in sleep a messaeg send  
 (Unto fom purpose and fom end)  
 To man, whoes thoughts and doings boeth  
 He seeth, and marks what path he goeth.  
 Nowe, to retorn (I think hit best),  
 Whear I did leave, and sho the rest ;  
 How that my hors, that jomling jaed,  
 To be at home sutch labour maed.  
 Yet must I needs now wonder how  
 This monstrosus thyng could bear me throw ;  
 But things in dreams, ye kno, may seem,  
 That out of dreams no man will deem ;  
 As did this to, for who would think

(Or in his hed could let it sinke)  
That in the bowels of a beaft  
Thus I could ried ; or, at the leaft,  
How hors away fo faft did trot :  
The dream would have it fo, ye wot.  
Now when to ftable doer we cam,  
The royll ftod ftill as any lam :  
Then did I light and went my wey ;  
Thear at the hors began to ney ;  
He maed fo lowd and shrill a fownd,  
As though in funder shaekt the grownd :  
I never faw in futch a heat  
(Whan on the earth his feet he beat)  
Ne beaft, nor man, nor lyvyng thyng ;  
And as the bruit therof did ryng  
Within your earrs, you cam to fe  
What ruell and revell this might be.  
Wherwith the hors, agaynft his kind,  
In reafon did declaer his mind,  
And fpake in order like a man.  
But when to talk the horfe began,  
You mued, and all your howfe eatch oen  
That ftill ftood wondryng thear apon :  
But loe ! he told his taell fo well,  
And fo reherfid every dell,  
How I within his belly roed,  
That you than, without moer aboed,  
In his behalf fayd unto me :  
Is this an honeft pranke of the,  
Firft, to offende me as thou knoeft,  
Than further in thy folly goeft,

And breaks the back of my poer hors,  
And after rideft in his cors :  
And not content with that fowl part,  
But here agayn returned art,  
To fet my hart on anger moer :  
Perchance thou maift repent it foer.  
This fayd, the hors fell down, stark ded,  
And to another world you fled ;  
And left your wife, your childe, and all,  
To that which after might befall.  
My freend thus gon (q. I), alas !  
Mans life is brittell as the glas ;  
And with the greef that I did take,  
Out of my dream I did awake.  
And when at full I had it skand  
I tooke my pen and ynk in hand ;  
Yea, ear I had put on my cloes,  
Or out of bed that day I roes,  
This did I write, this did I pen,  
In futch a plyght my bed was then.  
And, by my troeth, with no more time  
I wrate to you this barrayn rime :  
Wherfore afhamd I am to fend  
A matter now, fo bafely pend,  
To any freend or learned man,  
That judgment hath ; as well ye can  
Bothe judge and mend the fautes here in ;  
Or, when the like is to begin,  
A better make ; yet take in worth  
Sutch fruit as my baer tree brings forth.  
If sweeter appuls cowlde it yeeld,

Than with sowre wieldings of the feeld,  
And futch dry crabs, new faln from tree,  
You shuld not thus presentyd bee.  
But whear thear groes no goodly figs,  
And springs hard breers and robbishe twigs,  
Out of futch brambuls seek you not,  
No moer than of hedg weeds are got.  
Howe shuld I hit in *Chaufers* vayn,  
Or toutche the typ of *Surries* brayn,  
Or dip my pen in *Patrarkes* stiell,  
Sens conning lak I all the whiell?  
And baefly have I byn brought up:  
I never sipt on knoledg cup,  
Nor could com neer, the troeth to tell,  
To drink a draught of that fwete well,  
That springeth from *Pernafoes* hil.  
Wear I oens there to drink my fil,  
Or that fair fowntaine might I keep  
Among the poets thear to sleep,  
I wold so make my belly swell  
With bibbing of thys worthy well,  
That evry word out of my brest  
Shuld be a sentence at the leaft;  
And evry sentence from my hed  
Shuld way in weight a pownd of led;  
And evry lyen with pen I wraet,  
Shuld wear garland lawreaet:  
I mean, my stiell shuld be so hie,  
That it shuld sho I sucked drie  
*Pernafoes* spring, and mak men think  
If ever poets pen and ynke,

Or well cowntcht liens did praies attayn,  
My vers shuld evry tong constrain  
To give me lawd : but all a mis,  
And out of frame the matter is.  
I never knue what Muefis ment ;  
No gift of pen the gods me fent,  
But sutch as in wied world I fownd,  
And digged up in stoony grownd,  
Whear I do tomble up but stoens ;  
And if I hap a mong the boens,  
Whear any poet hath bin layd,  
Lord God ! than well am I a payd,  
And as good reliks I them hold,  
That is but dros to speak of gold.  
Thogh they alyve wear at my call,  
And I could not attain at all  
No part of their deep secret skill,  
I shuld be but a hobblar still.  
Yet hobbull forth I must needs nowe,  
For if I should let goe the plowe,  
And bakward loke how I have don,  
Than all wear mard I had begon :  
For as the fawts to mend I foght,  
I might in sutch dispair be broght,  
That I shuld fling the pen asyed.  
Shuld every one that shoetteth wied  
Give oer the pastime ? God defend !  
An artchars hand may daily mend,  
A writars skill may riepper be :  
He stombleth now that wel may se,  
And fawll no whit a nother daie.



Alas, poer foell ! what do I say  
To help my self, as thoghe thear might  
Com unto me a cleerer light ?  
No, no, the mift is great, I fe,  
That is betwen the son and me ;  
The black cloudes of unconnyng darke  
Do cover clean the whitor mark  
I seeke to hit ; I rove far of,  
And biet a peece, but on that loef  
Whear other cuts a cantell great :  
At knowledge doer I do but beat,  
And knock, whan thoufands steppeth in.  
God knoes, I cannot finde the gin,  
Nor may fet hand upon the latch ;  
Yet take they as great payn that watch  
To enter thear, as those, I say,  
Whom lernyng shoes the reddy way.  
But they deserve the prayfes moeft  
That knowledge wins in any coeft ;  
And for my luck was never futch  
Taquaynt my self with knoledge mutch,  
I seeke no prayfe ; but thank I crave  
For my goodwill : and for I have  
In verse fet forth this dream at full,  
In deed I did no fethers pull  
From other byrds, to patch this pluem ;  
But as in hed I had a ruem,  
Or fancie better might be naemd,  
So all this dream here have I fraemd,  
Accordyng as in thought hit fell,  
Whearfore, I pray you, take it well.

*FINIS.*

Now noet, you redars of this dream,  
 And of the garment rip the seam,  
 And se what lies in folds of cloeth ;  
 I mean, marke how this matter goeth,  
 And how my dream, against my mynde,  
 Tooke force and vertue as I finde.  
 I dreamd I loft a freend in deed,  
 Yea, futch a freend who now should need  
 Will say that I a jewell loft.  
 But now to speake that sarveth most  
 Unto my dream, and purpose here.  
 The same self day, the owre and yere,  
 That I did dream my freend was gon  
 (And he at layser lookt thear on)  
 The self same week, he bad faerwell  
 To all the worlde ; when passing bell  
 A witnesse was to that a due.  
 For xx yeeres the man I knue,  
 But if to me (good God would give)  
 The grace that I ten skore should live,  
 I wear right fuer, in all these daies,  
 To meet with noen so worthy prayse.  
 O *Harbert* ! thou dost harber now,  
 Whear I, if I could compas how,  
 Would have a harbour for my barke :  
 But thow in light, and I in darke,  
 Are sevred farre, the moer my doell,  
 And fuerrer harbred is thy soell.  
 In wicked world no harbor is,  
 The end of labor is owr blis,

Whear *Harbert* hugs in Abrahams brest,  
And whear the choesen lambs shall rest.

*FINIS.*

---

A TAEI OF A FREER,  
and a Shoemakers Wyef.

IN Waels thear is a borrow town,  
    *Carmarden* hight the same,  
Whear dwelt somtimes a lusty freer ;  
    I neede not sho his name.  
This freer was fat and full of fleash,  
    a jolly myrry knave,  
Who with the goffips of the town,  
    him self could well behave.  
Thoes welthy wives and thrifty daems  
    could never mak good cheer,  
Nor well dispuet of Peeters keis,  
    if absent wear this freer.  
He said his mattens in thear eares,  
    and gospell at thear bed,  
And spaerd no farves for the quick,  
    nor caerred for the dead.  
With abbotts eas and faering wel,  
    this freer so wantton was,

That neither maid, nor married wief,  
his dorttour doer might pas  
Without some stop : futch staells he laid  
to make them stomble in,  
That by his lyef men gest he thought  
that letchry was no fyn.  
A loving freer, good fellow like,  
in thoes daies was he held ;  
In evry corner of the town,  
good compneie owt he smeld ;  
And as ye kno, in hauntyng longe  
all fortes of people thear,  
He must finde out som baytyng place,  
a mistres fowl or fear,  
A deyntie morfell for his toeth :  
these freers lovd well to faer,  
Though som were pleasd with cheefis stil,  
som fownd a better shaer,  
As did this honest brother in Christ,  
by gosseping about ;  
Who, whan he wold a hakney ried,  
had fownd a palfray out :  
A nag mutch of a womans height,  
that used for to bear  
Moer sacks perchance unto the myl,  
than corn was griended thear.  
I not declaer what trim confaits  
he gave her all the whiell,  
Ear he obtaind the thing he sought,  
howe he his tong could fiell,  
To talk and mince the matter well,  
the better to disgeast ;

And how full oft at morrow masse,  
his mystres could he feast,  
And after noen to gardens walk,  
and gatherd poesies gaie,  
And woer them cloefly in his cowl,  
as he did sarvis saie :  
Nor can not shoe you half the feats  
he wroght to please his trull ;  
But those moest fit for you to read,  
heer put in riem I wull.  
A shuemakar, that held a shop  
farre from his dwelling place,  
A faire wife had, a good brown weantch,  
and com of no il race.  
Som sai of waggtails, pretti foells,  
a kindred great and good,  
That knoes what shears wil sarve the torn,  
when shroes will shaep a whood.  
The cheef of this great lynnage leads  
thear lives like holly nons,  
That for releef in gadding time  
a bowt the cloister rons ;  
A catter wawlling oens a week,  
in breath to keep them well,  
Least virgins shuld fom surffet taek,  
when they lead aeps in hell.  
This woman went not out of kind,  
and, fuer, for Simons fake  
She ufd great deeds of charitie,  
and mutch a do did make.  
Saint Simon was a godly man,  
the freer might so be cald ;

Note.

I towte no further leaft he kick,  
for, fuer, his backe is gald.  
A live the man was many yeers,  
fens abbaies wear suprest,  
And dwelt not farre from Cardief town,  
when written was this jest.  
But to my taell let me retorn :  
this woman feldom faild,  
The morowe masse at fowre aclok,  
to see how Christ was naild  
Unto the croff: to whom she kneeld,  
with boek and beads in fist ;  
And for devoshion many times  
this gentill freer she kift.  
At evry Pater nofter whiell,  
which was a preshoes thyng,  
And Jefus ! how hit did her good  
to heer her lubbor sing.  
And whan he tornd about his face,  
and looked throwe the queer,  
She skrat her hed, she sat on pricks,  
and crept the awter neer.  
This costom kept she many daies,  
the freer thear of full glad ;  
Yet still refard his other sport,  
till better time wear had.  
You must conceyve, this mirry man  
in jeasts and lyght confaits  
His hed was fet, and for the faem  
full oft he laid his baits.  
To lawghe and pas the time away,  
such toyes he would devife,

That few men, for the mirth therof,  
the matter could dispife.  
Upon a day apoynted was,  
this wife, as was her use,  
Should early come to morrow masse ;  
there might be made no skuefe.  
She kept her owre, and hard she kneeld  
without the dorttour doer :  
The freer cam forth and haelde her in,  
and flang her on the floor.  
Fie, fie, fir freer ! she cried a pace,  
but what should more be fed ?  
She was content to take her ease,  
and leap into the bed.  
And, as myne auctor doth declare,  
the fownder for to sleepe,  
She had no more apon her thoe,  
than hath a shoren sheep.  
Syr *Simkin* had no poynts to lowse,  
in, cowll and all, he skips :  
God fend my freer well forth agayne !  
the moen was in the clips.  
How long he lay, or what he did,  
in soeth, I cannot tell ;  
But at the leyngth the sexton went,  
and range the serves bell.  
The freer wisht rope about his neck ;  
the mattens was begun  
That he that moern would sing or say,  
and all the leffons dun.  
Yet up he must for fear of check,  
his course was com to ries :

Note.

B B

The night before he tooke his rest,  
to heale his bleared eyes.  
A law there was within that howse,  
who slept the farvis out,  
In fraettry should be hoyft full hie,  
and whipt like breetchleffe lout :  
Whearfore to tinder boxe he stept,  
and light a fies in haest ;  
And as he gyrded knotted kord  
full hard about his waest,  
Lye still, sayd he unto his geaft,  
I must go take some payn,  
And singe a psalme within the queer ;  
but I will come agayne.  
Out goes he then : that likte her not,  
she durst not lie aloen  
For feare of buggs. Thus leave I now  
a bed this good wife Joen,  
And tell you howe in queer full lowd  
this shaven kock he kroes,  
And drownd his fellows evry choen,  
he fange so in the noes :  
But as he tornd the plain song book,  
full smoethly cowlde he smiell,  
Yet noen of all the covent could  
perceyve him all the whiell.  
To mend his mirth and make him lawghe,  
a fancie fell in thought :  
He sawe the owner of the beast  
that he had ryd for nought,  
The housband of the wife, in deed,  
that he in bed had laft,



Who walkt with in the churche beneath,  
all carelesse of this craft.  
Be God, thought he, I wyll goe prove  
this man if he do knoe  
His wife by meafuring her foet,  
or mark a pon her toe ;  
For if I fo difceave the foell,  
and make the wife a ferd,  
He nor his wyef is near the wors,  
a hear not of his berd,  
And I fhall mutch the better be,  
and laughing have at will :  
Thus evry way, and be my luck,  
I fhall have sport my fill.  
Down went this good religeous man  
whear hornsby housband walkt,  
And cortchy made, and dowkt full loe ;  
and as he with him talkt,  
Ia have (qd he) known thee right longe,  
and ftill, the troeth to fay,  
I have thee fownde a faithfull frend  
in every kynde of way.  
A customar thou haft of me ;  
my money I beftowe  
On thee, before all other men  
that dwels within thy rowe.  
And to be playn, I love thee well,  
and playner now I am ;  
Than, give good eare, I fhall declaer  
whearfore to thee I cam.  
But wife and waerly ufe my words,  
and keep my counsell boeth :

Note.

Thy promis is sufficient band ;  
I will no further oeth.  
This man full well he knue his good,  
who cortched to the grownd :  
Sweet fyr (qd he) tell on your mind,  
I am your beadman bownd.  
Thou knoeft, my neybor, men must live,  
and have a wentch fomtime,  
And we, poer freers, must keep it cloes,  
for fear of open crime.  
It wear a spot unto our house,  
a sklandor to our name,  
When we have sport, if all the world  
shuld understand the fame :  
For God himself doth give us leave,  
as thou hast hard ear nowe,  
Althoughe the world we do disseave  
in keping of our vowe.  
I am to long in preaching thus,  
and time I do abues :  
I have a wentch for whom thou must  
go make a pair of shues :  
Let them be good ; when I thee pay,  
a penny more to boet  
I shal the[e] give. I lake (qd he)  
the meafuer of her foet.  
Than boldly spake this bare foet freer :  
by God, that shalt thou have,  
If thou keep close and follow me,  
els call the freer a knave.  
The streight playn path to dortter, than,  
they tooke the way full right,

The freer before ; but you muft note,  
it was not full day light,  
Wherefore the man cam farre behind,  
the freer went in a pace,  
And cauld his wentch, the others wife,  
right cloes to hide her face.  
When entred was this honeft man,  
put forth thy foet (qd he)  
The freer, I mean, which at that time  
the bolder man might be.  
She thruft her leg out of the bed,  
but hed faft under cloes  
She kept ; and curft the faufie freer  
a hundreth times, God knoes.  
The workeman tooke his meafure well,  
and had no further caer ;  
The freer well laught within his fleeve,  
thus pleafed both they aer.  
But how the wife contentid was,  
let wyves be judge here in,  
That from their housbands bed fomtim  
in futch like cace hath bin.  
Yet let me fhoe how fhe did quake  
and tremble all the whiell,  
And wifht the roeprip hangd full hie,  
that did her thus begiell ;  
And how for feare her body was  
on water every part,  
Here after fhall you kno likewise  
what hate was in her hart,  
Which for the time fhe covered wel,  
and near a word fhe fpake.

Her husband haefted to his shop,  
and fo his leave did take.  
I have a payre of fhues (qd he)  
(which I fhall bryng a non)  
All reddy made ; for my wives foet  
and hers I think both oen.  
Ye fay the troeth, good moen, thought she,  
the freer hath playd the knave ;  
Make for your wife what shues ye lift,  
the meafure twife you have.  
The freer rons forth, the man went hoem,  
the woman lay a fpace,  
As she had bin in fwadlyng clowts,  
and durft not sho her face.  
When she had found her felf aloen,  
she roes, and fpeed did make  
To be at home ear her goodman  
his breakefaft cam to take.  
As in her houle she did arive,  
she bard the doer full faft,  
And burft a weepyng like a babe,  
and this she fayd at laft.  
O, he shameles knave ! not pleafd to fpoill  
me of my wively fame,  
But at my fautes thy frantik hed  
muft make therof a game.  
Could not my breatch of wedlockes band  
content thee, but in fpyt  
Thou muft devife fo leawd a faft,  
my fayth with frawd to quyt ?  
Howe dydft thou knoe, I durft not ftoer,  
that towtdhed was fo neer ?

I might have skapt my housbands wrath,  
but thou hadst bought it deer.  
If I had spoek, as oens I thoght  
to do, my fear was futch,  
Thy folly had bin tentimes moer,  
though mien were very mutch :  
He might have toke his wife again,  
and knockt full well thy paet,  
And shavd thy crowne a nother fort  
than fawls for thien estaet ;  
Or els he might have shaemd us boeth,  
and so refuesd his wief :  
I could have livd, but whear woldst thou  
have led a frears lief ?  
O beastly wretch ! that of thy self  
haft had so small regard :  
As for the knavery shewed to me,  
I will it well reward ;  
Not for the mallice due therfore,  
but that I minde to leave  
Example to thy fellows all  
how they their frinds disceave.  
Did I procuer thee to this deed ?  
did not thy gospels sweet,  
And momblyng oft, make me beleve  
a devill was no spreet ?  
Didst not thou seeke me every owre,  
to sho me thy good will ?  
And brought me grapes and goodly fructs  
among my gossips stil ?  
Thou caerst not if ten couple of hounds  
did follow me full fast,

And I a fox wear in the field,  
fins now thy geer is paft.  
Did not thy flyryng face full oft  
frame me thus to thy fift ?  
Than waft thou hot, now art thou cold,  
or warms the whear thou lift.  
A warmyng place within the towne,  
here after mayft thou lacke,  
And mis perchance fo meet a feat  
to drinke a cup of facke.  
Thou keepft not futch a diet ftill,  
nor art not fo prefies,  
But as the thirft doth com agayn,  
thy appetite will ries.  
I pray to God it be my lot  
to fee thee at that ftay !  
So thus the woman held her peace,  
and out she went her way  
Unto the market, for to feeke  
futch thinges as hozwives doe :  
You know, that have more skill than I,  
what doth belong theartoe.  
The poer man brought the freer his shues,  
and thought no harm thearin,  
And to his labour did return,  
his living for to win.  
His wief and he, as they wear wont,  
full quiet dayes did lead :  
He near perceyved by her shue,  
whear she awry did tread.  
She went as upright in the ftreet,  
and with as good a grace,

And fet apon her follies past,  
    in deed as bold a face,  
As she that never maed offence ;  
    for custum breeds a law,  
And makis them keep their countenance trim  
    that ones have broek a straw.  
Well, all the winter passed forth  
    this couple at theyr will,  
The wief her counsell kept full cloes,  
    the poer man ment noen ill ;  
But as the spryng cam on a pace,  
    the freer waxt wanton toe,  
And fayn would nag ; but credit lost,  
    he knue not whear to wooe,  
And so bethought him of the prank  
    he playd in way of sport,  
And fought to salve the soer agayn,  
    with words and medfons short.  
So he devised amends to make,  
    and turn hit to a geft,  
And thought to laugh the matter out,  
    as it was meet and best.  
And as by chance he met this wief,  
    God speed, sweet hart, (qd. he)  
I marvell why these many dayes  
    you are so strange to me.  
The fowlers myrry whistell now  
    must needs betray the byrd ;  
The wielly wief now shaept her tong  
    to give the freer a gird.  
Not strang (qd. she) but that in faith  
    I did unkindly take

Note.

C C

The part ye playd ; and yet I thought  
it was for favours faek,  
Or for som mirth ; for if of spight  
it had byn wrought, I kno  
I should have had some shaem ear this,  
but suer I finde not so.  
I swear by good saynt Francis, daem,  
the troeth thou sayst in deed ;  
Whearfoer let pas futch follies old  
that may nue quarrels breed.  
And be my freend ; thou hast good wit,  
thou knoeft now what I mean :  
Let all old jefts, long gon and past,  
be now forgotten clean.  
The wief, thus findyng fortuen good  
to compas that she would,  
A gentill licmtwig gan she mak  
to tak the freer in hold ;  
Yet shaept to save them harmles boeth  
from blot and worldly shaem,  
And quit the knack, so she might laughe,  
and have thear at som gaem.  
Well, fir (quoth she) I kno at full  
the meanyng of your mind,  
And would to God som honest way  
for you now I might find.  
My husband haply may me mis  
if I should com to you,  
Than, our old fatches will not farve,  
we must devies a nue.  
A collour must the paynter cast  
on poests and patched wawls ;



Who taeks away a stomblyng stock  
shall freely skaep from fawls.  
A jellows toye is taken soen,  
a trifull breeds mistrust ;  
Great danger folows fowll delits,  
as sklander folows lust.  
If will be won with worldly shaem,  
the pleasuers torns to payn ;  
Whearfor we need a doble cloek  
to keep us from the rayn.  
When that my husband is in shop,  
if you the pains will taek  
To com unto my howse betimes,  
thear we will myrry maek.  
But com as soen, and if youe may,  
as any daie apeers ;  
The way ye knoe unto my howse,  
hit standeth by the Freers.  
I wyll, sayd he, and sight thear with,  
so wrong her by the hand ;  
But littell of the matter yet  
the foel did understand.  
As beettell brains are broght in breers,  
before they se the snaer,  
So this wife wodkok in a net  
was caught ear he was waer.  
The time cam on, the freer was there,  
and up the stayers he went.  
A cup of malmfie (qd. the wife)  
now would us boeth content  
The littell boy that is beneath  
shal soen go fetch the same.

Take money with thee, qd. the freer :  
     fo thus goes down the dame  
 Unto the boy, and bad him run.  
     unto the shop above,  
 And bid his maister com in haeft,  
     if he his wief did love,  
 For sick she was. But, boy, qd. she,  
     than, trodg thowe for the drink.  
 O boy! I fear that I shall fownd  
     befoer thow com, I thinck.  
 Out flings the lad, up goes the wife,  
     and at a windowe pride,  
 Untill at length farre of[f] ful well  
     her husband had she spyde.  
 Alas! go hied the quickly, freer,  
     fayd she, if that thow can,  
 For heer at hand, I do not fain,  
     thear commeth my good man.  
 Heer is no cornar to get owt,  
     ful woe is me ther foer!  
 Nowe shal we by our pastime deer,  
     and pay for pleafuers foer.  
 Now all the myscheef wilbe mien,  
     becaufe I have the heer ;  
 Nowe shall my honeft naem be broght  
     in question by a freer.  
 Wel, nowe thear is no nother shift,  
     but heer the bront to bied,  
 Except that in this littel cheaft  
     thy self nowe canst thowe hied.  
 Now chues thow whether open blaem,  
     or secret prifon sweet,

In theas exstreame and haest is moest  
for present myscheef meet.  
The freer to find som redde help,  
was pleasd and well a paid,  
So in the cheast this great wies man  
is crept ful soer afraid.  
She lokt the fame, and clapt the keys  
close under bolstor fuer,  
So layde her down apon the bed,  
and did soer fits enduer,  
Or faynd to feell about hir brest ;  
futch grieps she sayd she felt,  
The groening of the same did make  
her husbands hart to melt.  
How now, deer wife ! what ayleth thee ?  
the simple soule sayd than ;  
Fie, wief ! pluck up a womans hart.  
Yea, husband, God knoes whan,  
Quoth she, if aquavite now  
I drinke not out of hande,  
I have a stich so soer, God wot,  
I can nor sit nor stand.  
Thou hast a bottell in the house,  
I daer well say, qd. he,  
Of aquavite laetly boght,  
thear may no better be,  
Within thy cheast : where are thy keyes ?  
I kno not, by my life ;  
Said she, you set moer by a lock,  
than you do by your wief.  
Ye wus, and ye wear sicke, I should  
the locke right soen up break.

That shalbe don [q. he], you need  
 therof no moer to speak.  
 A hatchet toke he in his hand,  
 and stroek hit futch a bloe,  
 The chaemmer shaekt, the freer he quackt,  
 and stonk for fear and woe.  
 The cheaft with iron barrs was bound,  
 which made the goodman sweate :  
 The freer, like doctor Dolt, lay still,  
 in dreed and danger great,  
 (And durst not stur for all the world)  
 his corrage quite was gon :  
 The poer man had a pig in poek,  
 had he loekt well thear on.  
 The lock was good, that knue the wief,  
 who baed her husband strik ;  
 He layd on loed, the frer with in  
 that sport did littell liek.  
 At length the bands began to lowse :  
 the wife had eye therto ;  
 She feard if he did strike agayn  
 the locke would fuer undo.  
 Than, thought she on a womans wiell,  
 which never sayles at need :  
 If freer wear seen, than was she shaemd ;  
 no, no, she toek moer heed.  
 O hold your hand ! you kill my hed  
 (q. she) to heer you knock :  
 Now am I eafd ; great harm it wear  
 to spill so good a locke.  
 My stitch is gon, than let me sleep,  
 and rest my self a whiell.

Note.

The goodman went unto his shop,  
the wief began to fmiell.  
When she had fent away the boy,  
all thinges in quiet wear ;  
She roes and went to eafe the freer,  
that lay half dead for fear :  
Which resurrection who had seen  
muft needs have laught at least ;  
Firft how he lay, than how he loekt,  
and trembled like a beaft.  
Nowe am I quit, q. she, fir freer,  
and yet you aer not shaemd,  
And throw a woman who you fkornd,  
your folly nowe is taemd.  
This tael fo ends, and by the faem  
you fe what freers have byn ;  
And howe theyr outward holly lives  
was but a cloek for fin.  
Heer may youe fe howe plain poer men,  
that labors for thear foed,  
Aer foen diffeavd wyth sottel fnaeks,  
of wicked serpents broed.  
Heer, under clowd of matter light,  
fom words of weight may pas,  
To make the leawd abhoer fowl lief,  
and fe them felves in glas.  
Heer is no terms to ftoer up vice ;  
the writtar ment not foe,  
For by the foill that folly taeks,  
the wies may blottes goe.  
The moer we fe the wicked plaegd,  
and painted plain to fight,

The moer we pace the paeth of grace,  
and seek to walk upright.

*FINIS.*

---

## THE SIEGE OF EDENBROUGH

Castell in the xv yeer of the raigne of our fove-  
raigne Lady Queen Elizabeth : at whiche service  
*Sir William Druery, Knight, was generall,*  
havynge at that time under him these  
captaynes and gentlemen  
folowyng.

*The names of the Captaines  
that had chardge.*

Sir Francis Ruffell.  
Captayne Read.  
Captayne Eryngton,  
maister of the ordinance  
and provost marshall.  
Captayne Pyckman.  
Captayne Yakfley.  
Captayne Gamme.  
Captayne Wood.  
Captayne Cafe.  
Captayne Sturley.

*The Gentilmens  
names.*

Sir George Carye.  
Sir Henrie Lee.  
M. Thomas Cecyle.  
M. Mighell Cary.  
M. Thomas Sutton.  
M. Cotton.  
M. Kelway.  
M. Dier.  
M. Tylney.  
William Killigrue.

As caufe fell out and brought in matters new,  
(And bluddy minds fet many a broyl a broetch)  
So fouldiers swarmd, and lowd they trumpet blew,  
Whose founde did shoe at hand did warrs aproetch ;  
Than marshall men, in coats of iron and steell,  
With great regard did waite on cannon wheell,  
And in the feeld a noble martch they maede  
To practife shot, and skowre the rusty blade.

But whan the campes fet foet on Scottifh ground,  
(Although the powre and crue was veri fmall)  
They shaept them felves, at drom and trompet fownd,  
With push of pyke to give the prowde a fall :  
The quarell good the force redoubleth still,  
And bold attempt maks way with boe and bill.  
It is not strength alone that wins the goell ;  
Wher currage coms, thear fortune deals her doell.

A wonder great to fe fo fmall a band  
In forrayn foyll to seek for any fame :  
I feldom heer futch matter taen in hand  
That conquest gets, and fkapeth free from blame.  
Bewaer, I faye, the men whoes minds aer good,  
And mark the plage of thoes which fucketh bloed :  
Gainft thorns they kick that rons to wilfull fpoyll,  
Thear consiens prick that give juft folk a foyll.

O *Neroes* broed ! O bloody butchars viell !  
That striketh down the heds that holds you up.  
O wicked fnaeks ! O serpents full of wiell !  
That *Neflor* brings, yet gives a poysned cup.

O *Syrens* fals, that sweetly sings a charm  
 That spoysls your selvs, and doth your cuntrey harm.  
 O people vayne ! that cuts the branches downe  
 That stayes your staet, and still mentayns your crowne.

Your dealyngs rash, and wretched revels rued,  
 With sticks did stoer from hive the quiet bees ;  
 Your gracles hands in giltlesse blood imbrued,  
 Was in futch fort disdaynd of all degrees,  
 That needs muft com fom force, with mayn and might,  
 To take up wrongs, and fet your staet aright.  
 The cut throat knief in sheath could feldom rest,  
 Sutch mischeef lorkt and lodgd in lawlesse brest.

Two regents  
 slayn by fed-  
 icus parsons,  
 ear this broyl  
 began.

Ye neyther spard the hieft hed nor foet,  
 The cheefest branch, nor yet the meanest spray,  
 But in your rage to ryve up all by roet  
 At fullest prime, ye foght the reddiest waie ;  
 But he that holds in hand the horsis rain,  
 Whan steed bolts owt, cawls Bayard back a gain,  
 And so God fent, amid your retchles raeg,  
 A quenfching coel your fury to a swaeg.

Of zeall and love to knit your harts in peace,  
 And stop the stream that oer the banks did ron,  
 A noble queen, whoes lief our Lord encrease.  
 A stiklar was ear greater greef begon ;  
 But stordi minds stoed stifly in thear cace,  
 Tyll feble force gave roering cannon place ;  
 Than fast in fort they clapt them selvs with speed,  
 And maed defence to save the present need.



A castell strong that never noen assayld,  
A strength that stoed on mownt and mighti rock,  
A peerles plot that all waies haeth prevayld,  
And able was to sufer ani shock  
The enmie choes ; and fuer the feat was sutch  
That might harm all, and feaw or noen cowlde tutch,  
And thought to be the only fort of faem  
Most meet and fit to bear a maidens naem.

Yea, fondrie kynges with fleight did seeke her spoyll,  
And threatned oft to throe her in the duft,  
But non could boeft he gave this mayde a foyll :  
With labour lost she sarvd their gredy lust,  
And still she stoed like sun among the starrs  
(Lyke pucell puer, a perll in peace and warrs)  
Which would not, fuer, be bought for gold nor good,  
Nor yet well won without great losse of blood.

This lofty feat and lantern of that land  
Like loed starre stoed, and loekt oer evry street ;  
Whearin thear was a stout sufficient band  
That furnisht wear with corrage, wit, and spreet,  
And wanted nought that sarvd for their defence,  
Or could in sien repulse their enmies thens :  
Well stoerd with shot, yea fuer, boeth good and great,  
That might far of at will the cuntrey beat.

The castell stoed so strongly, noet it well,  
There was no way but one taprotche the same,  
And that self thing was fuer a second hell ;  
For smotheryng smoke, for shot and fiery flame

It skowrd the streets, and bet the houfes down,  
And kept in awe eatch laen within the town :  
Nee man nor child could stoer in oppen fight,  
But they wear fuer apon fom shot to light.

With thondryng noyes was shot of[f] roeryng Meg,  
And throw the thickst she thompt orethawrt the waies ;  
And whear shot lyght hit shavd of aerm or leg,  
As thoughe an axe had cut down lyttell sprayes :  
The bullets stil cam whizzing by their cheeks  
That prowld about, and fodain danger seeks ;  
Here groened oen, and there another lies,  
That went to farre, or whear blind bullet flies.

The lively flock that daer do mutch in deed,  
Do catch a clap, ear cause requiers the saem ;  
So fom, pérhaps, for want of takyng heed,  
Did feell the lash, as flie that fauls in flaem :  
But whan of force they must the battrie plant,  
The soldiars shoes he doth no corrage want ;  
Som beat the lowps, fom ply the walls with shot,  
And fom spy out whear vantage may be got.

For faefties faek of futch as lay a broed,  
A trench was maed to hold the enmye short :  
With powlder still thear peecis fast they loed,  
To skowre the place whear soldiars did resort.  
Now might you se the heds flie up in ayre,  
Now cleane defaest the goodly buildyngs fayre ;  
Now stoens faull down and fill the emptie dikes,  
And lusty ladds avance the armed pickes.

Nowe cannons roerd and bullets bownst lyk bawls,  
Nowe throwe the throng the tronks of wielfier flue,  
Nowe tottring towrrs tyept down with rotten wawls,  
Nowe som pakt hens that never said a due ;  
Nowe men wear known, and corraeg plaid his part,  
Nowe cowards quaeht and corft all soldyars aert,  
Nowe eatch device of death was dayly fought,  
And noble faem and lief was deerly bought.

Heer must you noet, how they with in that hold  
In warlyk fort a counter battry maed,  
And on thear bravs began to be so bold,  
They thought to lern our men a fyenner traed  
(In using shot and planting cannons thear) :  
So hoeeping thus to put our camp in fear,  
They plyed a pace thear practies evry way,  
With yron bawls to mak the soldyars play.

And grazing oens apon a peece we had,  
They drove a way som gonnars from thear place :  
At vew thear of the enmies wact so glad,  
They stowtly stoed a gainst us face to face.  
What ruell is this? qd. than our generall streyght :  
Whear aer theas ladds that flynks a way by fleyght ?  
He skarce defarvs to wear a soldiars coat,  
That haeth in deed his dueti thus forgoet.

Note.

But loe ! the bront of mischeef was so great,  
A[s] feawe or noen, godwot, did that they oght.  
He, feing that, stept in a mid the heat,  
And in his hand a smoking lyntstock broght,

And fo gave fier, to shoe howe coraeg must  
 His credit save, whan he is put in trust.  
 A part well plaid, a passing point of skill,  
 That tries great mind, and blaesseth mutch good will.

The gonnars than shot of a ringing peall  
 Of cannons great, and did sutch cunning shoe  
 That evry man might se what love and zeall,  
 And good regard they had to contry thee;  
 For in smal time so neer thear mark they weent,  
 That, streight as lien, in cannon mowth they sent  
 A shot of owrs, that full twelve intches bears,  
 Wich all to toer thear peece a bowt thear ears.

That cut the coms of many a bragging kock  
 That broek the gawll, or gawld the hors to soer;  
 That was the keye or knak that piekt the lock  
 That maed som mues th[e]y tryumpt mutch befoer:  
 Yea, that was hit that mard thear market quit,  
 And dawnted had thear harts in great despit;  
 For after this they gan to step a back,  
 And fawe at hand cam on thear ruen and wrack.

A littell harm doth breed a great mistrust;  
 A simple storme maks som on seas full sick,  
 A feeble poef of wind doth raies up duft,  
 A littell falve full fuer can towth the quick;  
 A smal attempt maks mighty matters shaek,  
 A silly spark a foddain fyer doth make,  
 An easi proef brings hard mishaps to pas,  
 As this declaers whear all theas myfcheeves was.

The happy shot that braek their peece in twayn  
Discorraegd clean the boldnes of our foes.  
When battails join in feeld and open playn,  
Full foen is seen whear that that the conqueft goes ;  
For unto futch that fuer and stowtly stand  
Good fortuen coms in torning of a hand :  
Yea, whan mans force doth faint and feble waxe,  
Down weapons goe, and freight they torn their backs.

And fet the world agoynge oens a due,  
It is mutch like a stream that hath no stay :  
To late comes wit to give them corrage nue,  
That fear before hath taught to run away.  
What would you more ? the Skots did haſt them thens  
Wheare firſt they ſtode, and fought to make defence,  
And cloesly kept the caſtell as they might,  
Not willyng oft to come in open fight.

Note.

Yet ear theſe things could well be brought to paſs,  
With baſkets byg and thinges to farve the turne,  
A croſſe the ſtreet a travers made there was,  
Whiels for a ſhift wet ſtraw and hey did borne,  
And for to plant ſom playing peeces thear  
A mount was rayſd, which kept the foe in fear :  
The gunners fuer thear dueti throwly did,  
And at that tied was no mans ſarvyce hid.

The enmies loekt for fucker out of France,  
Or help at hoem, if matter ſo fell out,  
For divers thyngs might drop to them by chance,  
That reaſon thought wear hard to bryng a bout ;

For hoep denyes that hap or hazard bryngs ;  
 Good luck is swift as swallow under wings,  
 And thoghe at first hit coms not that we crave,  
 At last fom help by fortun men may have,

Note. Thear frinds far of, and propps at hoem lykwiies,  
 With great affaires foer greved wear the whiell ;  
 And France, ye knoe (whear blod for vengeance cries)  
 Had mutch a doe for wikked murthers vyell ;  
 A matter strange that nowe I must skip oer,  
 To wryte at full of things I spaek befoer.  
 Thus in extremis the Skots did stand with in,  
 Moer lik to loes than yet to fave or win.

For evry day our men did creep so neer,  
 And bet the wawlls so flat unto the grownd,  
 That in short time thear durst not one apeer  
 To maek defence, or at the breatch be fownd ;  
 Yet stowtly long, and with mutch manhoed boeth,  
 In danger great they stoed, I tell you troeth,  
 And kept thear strength as safly as they might,  
 Though all in vain they toyled day and night.

The Sporre  
 was a strong  
 peece of stony  
 work.

In evry part they wear so throwly plyed  
 With soldiars sleighths, with shot and sharp asawt,  
 That in the end they wear full fain to hied  
 Thear heds from bobs in hollow caves and vawt.  
 First did they loes the Sporre, a place ful strong,  
 Which foer anoid the town and soldiars longe,  
 And, driven thens, they wear in fine right glad  
 To keep futch skowp as easily might be had.

A kind of shot, that we great bombards call,  
Did vex thear wits and brought mutch fear in deed,  
And whear that hueg and mighty stoen did fall  
In weaklings brains it did great wonders breed ;  
A princis powre doth many a practies shoe  
Beyond the reatch of common peoples boe ;  
And whan their harts are daunted with device,  
Their corrage thoe is held of littell price.

And fondrie drifts with out aer put in eur,  
Whan they with in do dwell on dreedfull dows.  
Who is betrapt in penfold cloes is fuer  
At need to want a broed boeth ayd and skowts,  
And subject still to mutins and revolt ;  
And wilfull ladds, and youth, as wield as colt,  
In whom whan toyes and fodain mischeef fawls,  
They threat to fling thear captains oer the wawls.

Thoghe wies and waer the cheef and leadars be,  
Yet rued and raeft the roeflinge roiftarrs aer ;  
And whan in fort the bands can not a gre,  
The soldiars waxe as mad as is Martch haer :  
Now do they jarr, than murmor, mues and skowll,  
And fall from words to brawls and quarrels fowl,  
And shonning death do seek thear lives to save  
By any means and way that they may have.

Whan futch uproerrs is raieft and fet a gog,  
Thear folows streight a storm and flawe of wind,  
Than som perforce muft lern to leap the frog,  
And lyght full loe, for all thear lofty mind.

E E



The danger drivs futch divlyshe nayels in hed,  
 That throw dispayr mans hoep is streken dead.  
 Thear might by chance, for any thing I knew,  
 Sutch byells borst out among the Skotish crue.

Our mownts were maed fo mutch to our a vaill,  
 Our gonnarrs cowl'd dismownt what peece they wold ;  
 No marvell thoghe thear harts with in did quaill,  
 Who did at hand thear own decay behold.  
 Thear powlder faild, thear water waxed skant,  
 Thear hoep is small that doth munishon want :  
 When with warm bloed the waeter cold is boght,  
 Death maks dispatch, and sells the lief for noght.

In fom great need the castell stoed that time,  
 When on the breatch our shot and cannons plaid ;  
 And for thassault we had not far to clime,  
 Nor mutch to doe when things were wiesly waid,  
 Save that eatch wight that led his felows on  
 Koekt all for faem when breth and lief was gon,  
 And frankly fwoer to die or win the feat,  
 Or pas the pieks by fword and dangers great.

A fre consent of faithfull soldiars than  
 A mong the cheef was fownd by vewe of face.  
 Afawlt, afawlt ! cried every forward man,  
 The day is owers, we will posses the place,  
 Or leave our boens and bowells in the breatch.  
 Tys time, qd. they, to charge and not to preach :  
 Dispuet no moer, the greatest dowt is past,  
 Lets win or loes, fens now the dice aer cast.



With that cam in the generall, full of joye,  
And thankt them all that to the asawt wold goe.  
As you this daye, qd. he, your livs employ  
In farves of our noble queen ye knoe,  
So if I live, my pors, my powr and all  
(To ferve your torns) fhall reddy be at call :  
Thries happy is that captain, fuer in deed,  
That haeth in camp futch soldiars at his need.

A showt full shrill, as lowd as larum bell,  
In trentch, in tent, and town throw out a roes.  
The Skots encloefd, that fat like snayl in shell,  
By bruet of this their fatall deaftny knoes ;  
And findyng voyd theyr hoep and connyng clean,  
They thought it best for lief to maek som mean,  
And rather yeld (ear sword the matter tried)  
And suffer shaem, than so affaut to bied.

Yet divers proves wear maed the breatch to vew,  
And som wear slayn that did assayl the saem ;  
And whan our men therof the secrets knew,  
And found the way to put eatch thing in fraem,  
A band or two, with som of right good race  
(When drom did sound) did forward martch apace,  
And fully bent, resolved lesse and moer,  
To win the fort, or loes their lives thearfoer.

Now noble mynds stept out in formost rank,  
And skornd to be the last should give a charge :  
His hap was best that could disarve most thanke,  
And might by death his contreys faem enlarge ;

But he moeft viell that could no valuer shoe,  
 And he embraft that to the breatch wold goe :  
 A time was com to trie who triumpht moeft,  
 Who toek moeft payns, and who did brag and boeft.

And, in efect, the foldiars all wear glad  
 To mak short work and fe what hap wold doe ;  
 But, as I faid, when that our enmies had  
 Well waid theas things, and pawfd apou hit toe,  
 They wear content, in plain and fimple fort,  
 Unto our queen to yeld and give the fort.  
 Loe ! heer how foen the ftrong becoms full weak,  
 And out of fhraep fly cocks, and fo crie creak.

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## THE PRAYES

of our Souldiars.

WOULD God my pen might be your tromp of faem  
 To fownd the praies that you defarved thear !  
 O marshall men ! that feeks but noble naem,  
 Ye oght of right be honord evry whear.  
 To you I fpeak, on whom the burthen lies  
 Of warre, and doth by fword and farvice ries,  
 Who fpaers no charg nor pain in princis right,  
 When ftaet muft ftand by ftowt and manly fight.

Your harts aer futch, you haet at hoem to bied,  
 Whan any bruet or voyce of warrs is hard.

A shaemd in street on foet cloth heer to ried,  
Whan forward minds in feele[d] thuld be prefard,  
And skorning pomp and pivifhe pleafurs vain  
For true renowne, ye troedg and toyill a main  
Whear danger dwels and heapps of hazards aer,  
And hardnes great you find with hongrie faer.

You ward the day, and watch the winters night,  
In frost, in cold, in fon and heat also ;  
You aer so bent that labor seemeth light,  
And in the steed of joy you welcom woe.  
For wealth you taek sutch want as doth be fall,  
Not shunning greef, but tasting sorrows all :  
Moer glad to die than live with blaem or blot,  
Moest redy still whear least is to be got.

And least exsteemed of all the men that lives,  
(Lik hackney hors cast of when torn is farvd)  
Yet aer you thoes that greateft honor gives  
(If world may judg what soldiars have dezarvd)  
Unto your prince ; for you aer paell and park  
To keep the deer, and lanterns in the dark,  
To shoe them light that ells at plain noon daye  
Might stomble down, or sleely shrink a waye.

Who bieds the bront, or who bears of[f] the bloes,  
But you a loen ? yea, who doth sho his face  
In time of need a mong our forrain foes,  
Or boldly faith, let me suplye your place ?  
Toefhe ! thats a taell was never hard nor seen,  
That any one, to serve a king or queen,

Did strive with you, or ofred half so much  
For faem as they who now theas verfys tutch.

Whearfore step out, and bear a brantch of bayes,  
In sien of world the victors fuer you aer ;  
For this I knoe, in right respect of praies  
And worthy lawd, may noen with you compaer :  
You may be calde the awfull marshall band,  
The jewels gaye and garlands of the land,  
The budds of faem and blofoms of renowne,  
The contreys hoep and beauty of the crown.

Note. Now must you mark, I mean not hierlings heer,  
Nor sommer birds and swallows for the time,  
That wagis taeks and farvs but oens a yeer,  
And sprowts a whiell as flowrs do in the prime ;  
But thoes whoes minds and noble manners shoes  
In peace and warr, loe ! thear a foldior goes  
Of lief moest cleer, of deed and word full just,  
In triall still a man of spefhall trust.

*FINIS.*

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## THE WHOLE ORDER

how oure Soveraigne Ladye Queene Elizabeth was  
 receyved into the Citie of Bristow ; and the  
 speaches spoken before her presens at  
 her entry, with the residue of versis  
 and matter that might not be  
 spoken (for distance of the  
 place) but sent in a boek  
 over the waetter.

*At the hie Crosse in a disguised manner stoed Faem,  
 very orderly set forth, and spoke as followeth, by  
 an excellent boy.*

NE fleet of foet, nor swift of wing,  
 nor skarce the thought in brest,  
 Nor yet the arrowe out of boe,  
 nor wynde that feld doth rest,  
 Compaers with me, quick worlds report,  
 that som calls *Flying Faem* :  
 A bruet of prayes, a blast of pomp,  
 a blazer of good naem ;  
 The only lawd that kyngs do seek,  
 a joy to eatch estaet ;  
 A welcom freend that all men loves,  
 and noen a live doth haet,  
 Saluets the Queen of raer renowne,  
 whose goodly gifts devien

Throw earth and ayre with glory great  
shall passe this tromp of mien.  
And knowyng of thy commyng heer,  
my duetty bad me goe  
Before unto this present place,  
the nues therof to shoe.  
No foenner was pronownst the name,  
but baebs in street gan leap ;  
The youth, the age, the ritch, the poer,  
came runnyng all on heap ;  
And clappyng hands, cried maynly out,  
O blessed be the owre !  
Our queen is comming to the town,  
with princely trayn and powre.  
Than collors cast they oer the wawls,  
and deckt old howfis gaye ;  
Out flue the bags a bout afayrs,  
that long a hording laye.  
A fid they set thear townishe trashe,  
and works of gredy gayen,  
And tornd thear toils to sports and mirth,  
and warlike pastimes playn :  
As shalbe seen to morn in feeld,  
if that your highnes pleas,  
Whear duetie haeth deviesd by art  
a shoe on land and seas,  
To utter matter yet unknown,  
that shall explyned be  
By sutch dom fights and shoes of war,  
as thear your grace shall se.  
Thus subjects means to honor prince,  
whoes sight they have enjoyd,

Moeft glad hit is thear hap to have  
thear farvice fo employd.

*Than FAEM slang up a great garland, to the re-  
joyfying of the beholders.*

*At the next gaet, and neer her highnes lodgyng,  
stoed iii other boyes, called Salutation, Gratula-  
cion, and Obedient Goodwill; and ii of these  
boyes spake as follows, and all they three drue  
theyr swords whan it was named, the hoel staet  
is reddie to defend (agaynst all diffencions) a  
pesable prynce.*

*Salutation, the first boy.*

ALL hayll, O plant of grace!  
and speshall sprout of faem;  
Most welcom to this western coeft,  
O perll and princely daem!  
As loe! a custom is,  
whear humble subjects dwels,  
When prince aprocheth neer their vew,  
for joy to ryng their bels:  
So all that beareth lief  
in *Bristow* now this day,  
Salutes the Queen from depth of breast,  
with welcom every way.  
And wee, poer filly boyes,  
that cam from skoell of laet,  
Rejoyce and clap our hands withall,  
as members of thy staet.

Our dueties heer to shoo,  
     and further moer, in deed,  
 Thear is a cause whearfore we say,  
     thy helpyng hand we need.  
 Heer is, O mightie Queen !  
     in way of myrth and sport,  
 A matter movd tween peace and warre,  
     and therfore buylt a fort.  
 Diffenshon breeds the brawll,  
     and that is pomp and pried :  
 The fort on law and order stands,  
     and still in peace would bied.  
 The warrs is wicked world,  
     as by his fruet is seen ;  
 The fortres representith peace,  
     and takes thy part, O Queen !  
 It seems the Gods have sent,  
     in this great quarell now,  
 A noble judge, that shall with speed  
     decied the matter throw.

*Gratulation, the second boy.*

Yea, fuer this is a sien  
     that all the gods above  
 Taks part with us, and freely heer  
     doth men and childern love ;  
 In futch a sharp conflyct  
     to send fo fuer a staye,  
 That shall surface *Bellonas* brags,  
     and end our fearfull fray.



A fottell snaek of laet,  
    with fopple fugged words,  
Haeth fleely crept in brestes of men,  
    and drawn out naked fwords ;  
And with his wrangling taells  
    haeth stoerd up strife ynoughe,  
And drawn the marchant from his traed,  
    and plowman from the ploughe :  
Difenshon is his naem  
    that all this mischeef breeds,  
Who still with droffe and roemish dregs  
    blinde peoples humour feeds,  
And maks them mortall sick,  
    and fway fomtims a fied,  
With wicked warrs and wilfull brawls,  
    that should with peace abied.  
But yet, O peerles Prince !  
    a true and loyall flock  
Agaynst the prowde presomptuous minds  
    are bent to stand the shock ;  
And swears by sacred Gods,  
    not oen within this foyll,  
But reddy aer with losse of lief  
    to give thy foes a foyll.  
For proef, the feble youth,  
    and baebes of tender aeg,  
Daer draw their fwords in this attempt  
    to corb diforders raeg.  
Sens Englands hoep is com  
    to payse these things in brest,  
We daer not stay her longer hecr,  
    whose travell craveth rest.

Obedient Good Will, *the thyrd boy, who could not speak,  
time was so far spent.*

Yet if the prince wold stay, or if men might make choice  
Of oen no bigger than my self to speak in citties voice,  
I would declaer, in deed what deep desier they have  
To spend their goods, their lands and livs, her staet in  
peace to save;  
But fens the time is short, and prince to lodging goes,  
I say, God bles our Queen that givs the whit and fayr  
red roes!

*After these speeches wear ended, iii hondreth soldiors, well  
appoynted, wayted on her highnes to her lodgyng; and thear  
she beyng settled, they shot of thear peeeces in passyng good  
order: at which warnyng the great artillery went of, a  
hundred and xxx cast peece; and so the watche charged, and  
a hundreth shot apoynted for her gard, her highnes rested  
that night, whear she lay all the season in Sir John Yongs  
house.*

*A Fort was made beyond the water in a ground fit for that  
purpose, and to the saem as a frind (called Feble Pollecie)  
joyncd a littell bastillion, builded on a hil, which was not  
strong by reason of the weak mayntenance belonging ther  
unto: to the which piel the Soldiours of the main fort did  
repayre: now must be understoed that diffension, passyng  
between wars and peace, (warrs beyng placed in fight) had  
sertayn speeches as follows; which speeches could not be sayd  
in the heeryng of the Prince, wherfore they wear put into a  
bock, and presented as heer after you shall kno.*

*Diffencion to the Citie, to move them to arms, hath his  
speeches as these things wear don in action.*

*The Sonday next the Queen went to the Colledge, to heer a  
sarmond, whcar thear was a speetch to be sayd and an  
imme to be songe: the specche was left out by an occasion  
unlooked for, but the imme was songe by a very fien boye.*

*The Speech at the Colledge.*

YOU subjects, that desierd to fe  
this gladfom preshos jeam,  
Behold, lo! heer the only joye,  
and juwell of the ream :  
A prince, in deed, of princely minde,  
that princis loves and fears ;  
Whose passyng hed, yea, all the staets  
of Christen princis bears ;  
And throughly sees, and loeks into,  
as though a man might say,  
Heer is the touchstoen for the gold,  
the piller, prop, and stay  
Of evry region, far or neer,  
that to us neyghbors aer.  
How mutch is this poer Colledg bound,  
in naked buildyngs baer,  
For to receyve so bright a star  
as clouds can skarce contain ;  
Who for to se so small a fell  
hath taken so great payn.

The pieps and organs of our harts,  
 shall yeld thee thank therfore,  
 By found of psalm, and solemp immes ;  
 yea, could poer preefts do moer,  
 The musicke that thy chapel maks  
 should be so sweet and shrill,  
 Might lull a sleep the Musis all,  
 and shaek *Pernafoes* hill.

*The Songe.*

O HAPPY ower of blis !  
 O colledg, thou doft fe,  
 The shado gon, the substance com ;  
 nay, sun doth shien on thee.  
 Away, you bosum snaeks,  
 that sowes diffenshon heer !  
 Go, make your neasfts whear serpents breed ;  
 this soyll and coeft is clear.  
 Enchant no man with charms ;  
 ye shall receyve check maet,  
 If that you play with paltring pawns,  
 before so great a staet.  
 She hateth *Hidras* heds,  
 and lovs the harmles mind ;  
 A foe to vice, a frend to grace,  
 and bent therto by kind :  
 Which grace, and grafhos God,  
 now gied her whear she goes,  
 With treble grace, throw troblous time,  
 to tread on all her foes.

*A skafold the next day was set up ful over agaynst the Fort,  
and the Prince beyng placed, the speeches shold have bin  
spoken for the better understanding of the devised triumphe :  
so you must heer the speeches, or els shal you be ignorant of  
the hoel matter.*

*Diffension to Peace (which was the mayn Fort)  
speaketh in a furie these words  
that follow.*

O PEOPLE vayn ! that spends in peace your dayes,  
To prowle about for pens and pivish pealf,  
And maks no count of faem and poblik prayes :  
So eatch man lives, like prince, within him self,  
And so posses the pleasuers on this mold ;  
The juwels brave, the gay and glittryng gold,  
You caer not what great glory elders won,  
Nor who at first the worthy warres begon.

You sleepe and snort in sweet perfumed sheets,  
And hug your heds in harber warm and gay,  
Whearby, in deed, ye have sutch heavy spreets,  
You can not se the goodly funny day :  
No, though the clouds, the son, the moen, and al,  
Wear reddy now apon your heds to fall,  
You wold not move, nor seek your selves to save,  
On droffe and dong sutch deep desiers you have.

You heer not how the enmies at your noes  
Aer up in aarms, and cawls your cowards still ;  
You caer not mutch abroed how matters goes,

Whan that at hoem ye want no wealth nor will.  
 Clap corrage on, and caft long gowns afied,  
 Pluk up your harts, and fling down pomp and pried ;  
 Make idell hands and heds, in hoels that lurk,  
 For worthy lawd com forth, and learn to work.

A corflet fien is worth ten fkarlet goowns ;  
 A blast of faem formounts all things you wear :  
 Call lufy ladds to fpend your fpared crowns ;  
 The warrs aproetch, tis time the boyes wear thear.  
 If you a bied at hoem till cannons roer,  
 The plaefter coms to laet to falue the foer :  
 Break downe the banks, that holds the water in ;  
 Firft strik thy foe, and fo the brawll begin.

Put fyer to ftrawe, and make the fernayes hot,  
 And bid them crie that borns thear fingers firft ;  
 Yea, caft on wod to boyll the browes pot,  
 And let them ftarve that wants to coell thear thirft.  
 When world is wield, and all is fet a gog,  
 A mans a man, and than a doggs a dogg.  
 Advife you now, my dwelling is not heer ;  
 I muft pack hens a nother ftern to fteer.

*Now Diffenfion went to the warrs, which was fet out in  
 open vew, (with all orders of marfhall manner,)  
 and fpake as follows.*

GIVE ear, good maets, and mark full well  
 the tidings that I bring,  
 For I wilbe a larum bell,  
 that in your earres fhall ring

A peftlens peall of rumor strang,  
that flies throw many a land,  
The plain report whearof remains  
in me Diffenfions hand :  
If I keep cloes that I do knoe,  
and stoer no clapper now,  
The hargaboz, the bill, and boe,  
will feartch your corraeg throw.  
Truft this for troeth, that peace is bent  
to trus up foldiors all :  
Wealth wil no warrs, peace is fo prowde,  
the people fears no fall.  
They bragg and boeft thear treafuer can  
torn eatch thing how they lift ;  
For evry ftact is wone with wealth,  
as hawk ftowps don to fift.  
A mas of gold will porchafe peace,  
and mak wield wantons taem,  
If warrs wear wod, and waxed mad,  
and hot as fiery flaem.  
Peace ruells the earth, and wrings thear thombs  
that raging revell maks :  
Yea, play what gaem ye lift, they faye,  
that peace doth fwep the ftacks.  
Peace is the prince that governs all,  
and faith, a fig for war :  
Yea, peace will put you all in pownd,  
and mak you ftand at bar.  
Peace calls you roges, and fwafhing Dicks,  
that ftand apon your braves,

A swarm of wasps, a flok of wolvs,  
     a neast of theevs and knaves,  
 That livs by spoyll and morthers viell,  
     and triumphs still in blood ;  
 And have futch hot and greedy minds,  
     you thirft for neibors goed.  
 The trompets lowd that slaughter fownds,  
     and drums with rombling noyes,  
 Was never maed for men of peace,  
     but rather fit for boyes.  
 They faye, whoes childhoed likes fond bruets,  
     and lovs futch trifling toyes ?  
 Will you, that kingdoms conquerd have,  
     be now subdued by peace ?  
 Shall sevill fwains to loethsom gaiell  
     lead men lik doggs in leace ?  
 Shall pivyth peace and peple weak  
     oer com the fodiour stout ?  
 Shall loytrarrs lewd lik rebells rail,  
     and manhoed wax a lowt ?  
 Ah, fie for fhame ! fet hand on sword :  
     in your behalf I bloefhe.  
 Bid trompet fownd ; advance the pick,  
     and give prowde peace a poefh.

*On thoes words was Warres in futch a floer, that you might  
 fe the feeld all over fprede with soldiours ; and fo they marched  
 down a hill, and maed a goodly shoe full againft the littell  
 fort (cald Feble Pollecie), and repolfing in al the soldiours  
 of the fame, wan it with great fury ; and fo rafed it and  
 overthruw hit down to the earth.*



*The mayn fort, in the meean whiel, did send sutch suckor as they might; but prevaylyng not, they wear in like sort driven back, and their fort beseged, and mutch adoe about the saem, which drove out that day: and than by tortchlight the Prince from her skaffold, went to her lodgyng; and in the mean season som fier works wear seen, and so the watch was charged.*

*The second day was thear maed a nue aproetch to the mayn fort: for a better order of warre, and to the ayde of the fort, cam divers gentilmen of good callynge from the Court, which maed the shoe very gallant, and set out the matter mutch.*

*Now farved the tied, and up the water from Kyngroed cam three brave galleys, chafing a ship that cam with vittayls to the fort: the fort seyng that their exstremitie within was great, sent a gentilman to the Prince for aid, who brought her a boek coverd with green velvet, which uttred the hoell substance of this device: the gentilman had a spech of his own makyng, as follows, after he had swam over the water in som danger, cloes and all: he spaek his part to the Prince.*

*M. Fohn Robarts of the Temple.*

ESKAEPT from waltryng waues,  
from sword and fier, and enmies sleight,  
From storms and sturdy flaws,  
from roeryng shot and fearfull fight,  
I com to quiet land;  
whear noble prince doth pastims vew,

And bryng a boek in hand,  
 of all the shoes and matter trew,  
 That must by practies pas  
 before your highnes as it fauls.  
 And suerly sent I was,  
 by those that keeps your warlike wauls.  
 To crave your curteys ayd  
 in their defence that peace defiers ;  
 Whoes staet is maed afrayd,  
 by fals Diffenshons kindled fiers.  
 As your poer people have,  
 throw peace posselt great gayn and good,  
 So still sutch peace they crave,  
 as may avoyd the losse of blood.  
 As heer I cam a mayn,  
 so have I promesd, if I may,  
 For to retorn agayn  
 throw salt sea foem the faem self way.

*So he departed ; and all this while the bufinesse was greate aboute the fort, (whiche hazarded the gentilmans lief,) and in a wonders bravery the broyl continued, with a shoe of fight on land and sea, till the very night approtched, at which time the Prince partted, and floed marvelously well contented with that she had seen.*

*Now must you conceyve that Warres (with blodsheds, mizeries, and other horly borlees), waxt a weery, and that neither the fort, nor the wickednes of the world (which Warres represented) was desirous of further trobuls ; but rather glad to have the matter taken up in any resonable condicions : for*

*the which purpose was devised, that Perswasion should go and tell his taell, and unfold what follies and conflicts rises on civill broylls, and what quietnesse coms by a mutual love and agrement. This Perswasion had a speech, as hereafter follows.*

PERSWASION TO THE CITIE, *called the*  
MAIN FORT.

No greef so great, nor foer so mutch,  
but finds at length som rest :  
As warrs begins by wrath of God,  
so peace is counted blest.  
Yet warrs is fuer a needfull thyng,  
for mans offence a scorge ;  
A salve to heale the sinfull soule,  
and for the staet a porge,  
That skowrs the body of the realm,  
and kyngdoms all throw out,  
And leaves unseartcht no member, fuer,  
that walks this world about.  
Wear not the woe that wars doth bring,  
sweet peace should seem full fower :  
The netels sharp, and wiked weeds,  
sets forthe a pleasant flower.  
By sicknes pangs we judg what health  
and quiet rest is worth,  
And out of payn is pleasuer found,  
as gold from dros coms forth.  
The harms, the haps, and cruell claps,  
that warrs and cannon bryngs,

Maks princis feek the fear of God,  
and subiects kno thear kings.  
Thogh peace, in deed, despiseth warrs,  
as plainnesss falshed haets,  
Yet warlik people aer embraeft,  
and liekt of all estaets.  
The knief that cuts the finger soer  
in sheath about is born ;  
The sword that takes away the life  
makes peace whear it is worn.  
The axe that heaweth down the tree  
is needfull for mans lief.  
Thus prove I, as mans help or harms  
remains in sword and knif,  
So warrs, whear they aer used well,  
keeps world in fear and awe,  
And shoes moer terror by his raeg,  
than all your ruells of lawe.  
Sens *Cayn* flue *Abell* warrs haeth bin  
tween bretheren, as we reed ;  
And foldiors hath bin wagid well,  
as world of warrs stoed need.  
Than snarr not for the faem they snatch,  
nor brall to her thear bruet ;  
When broyls have sowne ill feedes of caer,  
peace reapes from warres good fruet,  
And learns a lesson worthy gold,  
which peace holds deer of price,  
And maks therof a mirrour bright,  
to vew and sift out vice.  
The battayll ends whear conquest coms,  
and when great charge is spent,

Note.

For peace the poft with pakket goes,  
    embaftars els aer fent,  
To knit the knot and make a leag.  
    thus all the brawls that bee,  
Do bend to peace and wifdoms boe,  
    how ear foels bolts do flee.  
Whearfore agree with warres in haeft ;  
    you fe what quarels aer,  
And how that warres bryngs wo and waeft,  
    and leaves a kyngdom baer ;  
The people fpoyle, the houfis bornt,  
    the freends and neighbour flayn,  
The giltles plaegd, and eatch man wrongd,  
    whear rage and war doth rayn.

*The Cities Answer to Perfwaſion.*

DISSENTION firft, that cald to mind  
    our old foerfathers faem,  
(And ript out feams of patched prayes,  
    fkarce worth the noet or naem)  
Brought peace and war in this uproer :  
    our ruels futch brawls denies ;  
Our traed doth ſtand on fivill lief,  
    and thear our glory lies ;  
And not on ſtrief, the ruen of ſtaets,  
    a ſtorm that all deſtroys,  
A heavy bondage to eatch hart,  
    that fredoms fruet enjoyes.  
Our orders maks the roifter meek,  
    and plucks the prowd on knees ;

The stif and stobborne kno the yock,  
and roets up rotten trees.  
That may infect a fruetfull seeld :  
what can be sweet or sownd,  
But in that soyl, whear for offence,  
is due correction sownd ?  
Wee make the sivill lawes to shien,  
and by example mield  
Reform the rued, rebuek the bold,  
and tame the contrey wyeld.  
We venter goods and livs, ye knoe,  
and travill seas and land,  
To bring by trafick heaps of wealth,  
and trefuer to your hand.  
We aer a stay and stoer howse boeth,  
to kingdoms farr and near,  
A cawse of plentie throw foerfyght,  
whan things wax scarce and deer :  
And thoghe our joy be moest in peace,  
and peace we do maintain,  
Whear on to prince and realm throw out,  
doth ries great welth and gain,  
Yet have we foldyars, as you see,  
that stoers but whan we pleas,  
And sarvs our torns in howshold things,  
and sit in shop at eas.  
And yet daer blaed hit with the best,  
when cawse of contrey coms ;  
And cals out, courage to the fight !  
by soun of warlike droms.  
We marchants keep a mean unmixt  
with any jarring part,

And bryng boeth treble and the baefs  
in order still by art.  
A fouldiour shalbe liked well,  
if his dezarts be futch :  
A noble mind for noble acts,  
shall fuer be honord mutch.  
But if men glory all in warres,  
and peace disdayns in deed,  
We skorn with any sicroep sweet,  
their humour sowre to feed.  
And blest be God ! we have a prince,  
by whom our peace is kept,  
And under whom this citie long  
and land hath safely slept.  
From whom liekwyes a thousand gifts  
of grace enjoy we do,  
And feell from God, in this her raygne,  
ten thousand bleffyns to.  
Behold but how all secrets fien,  
of falsned coms to light  
In these her dayes, and God taks part,  
with her in troeth and right.  
And mark how mad Diffenshon thrives,  
that would set warres abroetch ;  
Who sets to faell poer peoples lives,  
and gets but viell reproetch,  
And endles shaem for all their sleights.  
O, England ! joy with us,  
And kis the steps whear she doth tread,  
that keeps her countrey thus  
In peace, and rest, and perfait stay :  
whearfore the God of peace

In peace by peace our peace presarve,  
and her long lief encrease !

*This was to be don, and put in exercies, befoer the Queen cam to the knittyng up of the matter ; but Perswasion beyng dismist, the battry was planted befoer the FORT, and they within so straitly enclosed, that they must needs abied the mercy of the sword and cannon.*

*At which instant, in the after noon that present day, the Prince was in her skaffold to beholde the suckesse of these offers of warre ; and so went the battry of, and the assaut was geven in as mutch order as might be. The enemye was three times repolsed, and beholdyng nue suckors commyng from the Courte, to the forts great comfort, the enemye agreed on a parley ; whearin was reherfyd that the cortain was beaten down, and the fort maed sawtable, and yet the enemye, to save the lives of good citizens and soldiors thearof, would give them leave to depart with bag and багаег, as order of wars required. To the which the Fort maed answer, that the corttayns nor bulwarks was not their defence, but the corrage of good peple, and the force of a mighty Prince, (who saet and beheld all these doyngs,) was the thyng they trusted to : on which answer the enemye retired, and so condicions of peace wear drawn and agreed of ; at which peace boeth the sides shot of thear artillery, in sien of a triumphe, and so cryinge, God save the Queen ! these triumphes and warlik pastimes finished. The Prince likyng the handlyng of these causes verie well, sent ii hondreth crownes to make the souldiors a banket. Now heer is to be considered that the Prince went into the gallees, and so down to Kyngroed, aer these things wear brought to an end.*



*At her highnes departuer a gentilman, in the consiens of the  
towns liberties, spaek this speech as follows.*

*The dolfull a due.*

OWR joy is joynd with grevous groens,  
our triumphe tornd to tears ;  
The brantch whoes blofoms gladnes broght,  
a bitter berry bears.  
In howfe and street, whear mirth was hard,  
is moen and moorning noies ;  
The fommer day is dimd with clowds,  
eclypsed aer our joyes.  
The loedftar leavs our wifhed cowrs,  
and clims the heavens hie ;  
Our sofrant will no longer lord  
in walls of Bristow lye.  
No marvell, fins our barrain foyl,  
and ground of groes devyce,  
Haeth yelded no thing that might pleas,  
a prince of so great price.  
Our dueties aer not half dischargd,  
no thoghe we kift the grownd,  
And prostraet fall full flat on face,  
whear her soet steps aer fownd.  
The *Persians* daer not cast up eies,  
nor loek apon thear king :  
Shall Christians, then, presuem to preace  
on futch a sacred thyng,  
And sho no part of duties bownds ?  
O God, forbid ! I say,

But that the Lords anointed should  
 be honord evry way.  
 Long loekt this citie for a prince;  
 long fens, and many a yeer,  
 A king or queen beheld this town :  
 short time she taryes heer.  
 Good fortuen folow thee, O queen !  
 God gied thy doings all ;  
 A world of threfold blessed happ  
 apon thy kingdom fall !  
 As loeth to taek our heavy leave,  
 as leave our livs in deed,  
 A due, deer lady of this land ;  
 the living Lord thee speed !

*Som of these speeches could not be spoken by means of  
 a Scholemaister, who envied that any stranger should  
 set forth these shoes.*

*FINIS.*

---

# THE ROCKE OF REGARD,

diuided into foure parts.

*The first, the Castle of Delight :*

Wherin is reported, the wretched end  
of wanton and dissolute living.

*The second, the Garden of Vnthriftnesse :*

Wherein are many sweete flowers, (or rather  
fancies) of honest loue.

*The thirde, the Arbour of Vertue :*

Wherein slaunder is highly punished, and ver-  
tuous Ladies and Gentlewomen  
worthily commended.

*The fourth, the Ortchard of Repentance :*

Wherein are discourfed the miferies that followe  
dicing, the mischiefes of quarreling, the fall of  
prodigalitie ; and the souden ouerthrowe of  
foure notable coufners ; with diuers other  
morall, natural & tragical discourfes :  
*documents and admonitions : be-*  
ing all the invention, collec-  
tion and translation of  
*George Whetstone,*  
Gent.

*Formæ nulla fides.*



*To all the young Gentlemen of England, to whose  
perusing this Booke shall happen, George  
Whetstons wisheth both health  
and good hap.*

WORTHY gentlemen, I have presented unto your friendly  
acceptaunce, a worke so worthlesse, (in respect of the  
homely handling thereof) as will (I feare) neither content  
you in reading, nor any wayes commend my paines in writ-  
ing: and yet I am right wel assured (curious contentment set  
apart) it importeth necessarie matter of direction for unstayed  
youth, who having the raines at libertie, are so hote in ex-  
pence, as that they be many times surfited with incumber-  
ances, yea, tyred out right with prodigalitie, before they be  
brought into any perfect order of spending. For whose be-  
halfe and forewarning, I have collected together a number of  
my unlearned devises (invented, for the most, of experience)  
and more boldly then well advised, have guarded them, with  
the title of the *Rocke of Regarde*: not for that it containeth  
only needefull matter, but for that you, having noted the dis-  
commodities of the unnecessarie, might reade the necessarie

*considerations with more regard. And for that it behooveth the maister of every feast to provide divers dishes, to please the divers appetites of his divers guesles, the like consideration now mooveth me; who, having invited a number to peruse my unpolished labours, as neare as I can to use such decorum in my doings, as every desire may be satisfied. And sure I hold it necessarie, that matters of advise (to worke attention) be sometimes mingled with delight: and further, for that I know the most part of youth (to whome I chiefly dedicate the fruite of my travell) are so carelesse of their commoditie, as they set light of sound advise, unlesse such persuasions be sauced (in some respect) with their owne desires; so that to win them to the reading of that which is profitable, I have likewise presented them with matter of honest pleasure. And yet, least they lighting on some discourse of worth, shoulde by and by be led away with the sight of some wanton devise, I have published my travell under these foure following titles.*

*The first is, the Castle of Delight. Wherein (to joyne commoditie, with the readers pleasure) are many morall and needefull considerations. For who so noteth there the issue of the Countesse of Zelants hate, may happely feare to execute a strumpets bloudie revenge. In Cressids Complaint, the subtilties of a courtisan discovered may forwarne youth from*

*the companie of inticing dames. The adventures of Rinaldo (which may verie well be termed a laberynth of love) discourseth the inconveniencies of jealousie: and by the overthrowe of Frizaldo, is showne the reward of lawlesse lust and trecherie.*

*Some there be that, having eyed my former unthriftinesse, doe gape (percase) to viewe in this booke, a number of vaine, wanton, and worthlesse sonets, in some respects I have satisfied their expectation, moved to suffer the imprinting of them, not of vaine glorie, but of two good considerations: the one to make the rest of the booke more profitable, and (perhaps) lesse regarded, the better saileable: the other, and chiefeft, in plucking off the visard of self conceit, under which I sometimes proudly masked with vaine desires. Other yong gentlemen may reforme their wanton lives in seeing the fond and fruitles successe of my fantasticall imagination, which be no other then poems of honest love; and yet for that the exercise we use in reading loving discourses fildome (in my conceit) acquiteth our paines, with any thing beneficiall unto the common weale, or verie profitable to our selves, I thought the Garden of Unthriftinesse, the meetest title I could give them.*

*The third is the Arbour of Vertue, the which I chiefly published for the delight of vertuous ladies and gentlewomen:*

*and yet (my lustie gent.) it containeth matter very needfull for you to note ; as in making choice of a wife, rather indowed with vertue then mony, as Syr Ulrico did: and in reading the complaint of Alberto and Udiflas, you may see how foule a fault it is rashly to judge ill of womens behaviours.*

*The fourth is the Ortchard of Repentance, the which, for the most part, I planted with experience: the fruits therein growing (think I) be hoalsome, although to curious appetites not greatly toothsome. But what for that? the smarting wound is cured with fretting plasters. Even so, abuse is to be reformed with sharpe reprehension ; then sure it were not decorum, in inveying against a counsener, cheter, dicer, quareler, &c. who (for the most part) live without good order, to use any milde and plausible kinde of writing. The inconveniences that rise of these professions are the fruites of forwarning, that my Orchard (gallant gentlemen) affordeth: and yet to afforde you a good peniworth it marreth the markets of a great many. The counsnor will chafe to see his practises published: the cheter will fume to see his crosbiting and cunning shiftes decyphered: the dicer will sweare to heare his cogging and foysting advauntages discovered: the quareler will stampe to heare his braules and brables bayted at: the*



*merchaunt will storme to see his new kinde of usuries revealed : the lawyer wilbe in a wonderfull heate to heare his double dealings, his dilatorie delayes, and unconscionable aduantages disclosed. Al these mens displeasures have I hazarded, in opening (for your behoues) their mischievous subtilties ; and trust mee, not one of these sortes of men, but his teeth watereth with the desire of your lyvinges ; yea, hee daily studieth to bring you in lash : so that it behoveth you to looke warily into your estates, else you shall light into the snarts of some of their daungers.*

*Now, worthy gentlemen, have you heard my honest intent as touching the imprinting of this my booke ; mine was the paine in framing the plots, wherein these fruits and flowers grow, yours is the pleasure and profite of both : marry, if you misuse my welmeaning so farre, that you (where sea rourne serveth you to avoyde the sandes of wanton love) wil wilfully run upon the rockes of unlawful lust, the folly is yours, and no fault in me : or if you (wher you may gather frendly fruits of admonition, that wil cure your woundes of prodigalitie, and preserve you from the infection of cousing cut-throts) will continually be smelling unto unthriftie flowers, you not onely vainly spend your time, but worke a discredite unto my painfull labours. Wherefore I earnestly require*

*you, that you use the first increase of my barren braine so rightly, as I may be encouraged hereafter to beate my head about some matter of more worth, rather then, by the misuse of them, to be discouraged from attempting any honest labour. And thus, wishing good successe in your vertuous enterprises, I commit you to the pleasure of the hiest. From my lodging in  
Holborne, the 15 of  
October 1576.*

## *A general advertisement*

unto the Reader.

GENTLE reader, to the ende mine intent may the better appeare, as touching the publishing of this booke, I thought good to advertise thee that, as there are many considerations in it, morall, naturall, and needefull, likewise are there some verses escaped, that favour more of wantonnes then wisedome: so that some finding their corrupt consciences gauled with the discoverie of their monstrous deceites, for that they have no colour to reprehend that in deede mislyketh them, they, playing on this poore advantage, hope to bring the rest of the worke in hatred: to these barking brablers, I neither answere hote nor cold. But least that thou (good reader) slip into some misconceite, won either by such findefaultes misliking, or by thy owne misconstruing of my workes, I give thee to witt that there is nothing written so clearkely (divine causes excepted) but there may be some follie wrested out of the same, and nothing againe so fonde, but it conteyneth matter of moralitie. Uppon which warrant, poets of worthie memorie, as Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Mantuan, and others, by your leave, sometimes fauced their gravest discourfes with wanton devises.

And now to my purpose. Since that the wisest reports hardly escape without some matter of reprehension, and workes, of small worth in shew, comprehend some matter

worthie of note, thinke that the good and the badde in this booke is to forwarne youth, and to recreate the stayed : and thinke that my beginning with delight, running on in unthriftines, resting in vertue, and ending with repentaunce, is no other then a figure of the lustie yonkers adventures ; who beginneth to seeke preferment with delightful braverie, and being entred into the hie way of unthriftines, findeth his journey so pleafant that, ere he is a ware, he posteth his poore purse out of hart with prodigalitie : so that (unlesse he meane to tyre him to death) hee must rest both his purse and raunging fancies, with some vertuous and stayed determination of life ; and yet, when all is done, late repentaunce must recover his, and his purses surfet. Nowe, if he that here seeth a preservative to keepe him from the peestiferous sicknes, want ; or being newly infected, findeth a remedie for his grieffe, both against his physicians minde, and the nature of his disease, wil take such a receite as perissheth him with povertie, what then ? should the physician or his medicins bee condemned ? No sure : hee shalbe indited of his owne disorder. Thus much (courteous reader) I thought good to laye open unto thee, both that thou mayst bee privie unto my intent, and that with benefite to thy selfe thou mayst reade my unlearned labours : and thus, wishing thee profite in al thy vertuous exercises, I betake thee to the good pleasure of God.

*Nicholas Bowyer in commendation  
of this Booke.*

To praise the thing, that no man can dispraise,  
Though it seeme vaine, yet trueth doth guard the checke,  
Least pyning spite, the best with hate to paize,  
That skilleffe scoffes do breake well meaninges necke ;  
For art attaynde in science skilfull schoole,  
Stands free from foe, except it bee a foole.

And for this woorke which Whetstons witt hath wrought,  
Though rash report of findfault foes deface it,  
Yet will the wise commend it, as it ought ;  
The prooffe is praise, when grudgers do disgrace it,  
And in the ende that worke getts prick and prife,  
Which frettes the foole, and doth content the wise.

That this is such, good reader, see and say :  
Bee judge thy selfe, I cannot tell thee all ;  
To speake to short, defame the same I may,  
And better rest then rise to catch a fall ;  
Yet this I say, who so most faults shal finde,  
In trying like will come an ace behinde.

*R. C. in praise of Whetstons and his  
Rocke of Regard.*

Reader, reward this gallant gift with thanks,  
Whose worth is much, although the price be small,

Biancaes life, and Creffids subtile pranks,  
 Of wantons shoves the fortune and the fall :  
 Frizaldoes foile, at point of all his hap,  
 Of lawlesse lust foretells the after clap.

What are the joyes, and lovers daily wronges,  
 Their sweete, their sowre, Rinaldo here doth shoue :  
 The morall heede in all these thriftlesse songes  
 Doth prove him blest, that least of love doth know ;  
 But that that beares the pearle of praise away,  
 This poet doth the fall of vice bewray.

Bare faste he setts the maskes of peevish pride,  
 Hee findes their faultes that fostereth fraude with pence,  
 His searhing verse the coufeners traynes hath spide,  
 Which hyde their craft with cloake of plaine pretence,  
 The end of bralles, the beggery folowing dice,  
 Forewarneth youth from haunting either vice.

The vertuous praifde, the vicious here are blamde,  
 He lives their fame that vertues souldiours ware :  
 For your behoofe this worthie worke was framde,  
 Of more emprice then gold or jewels farre.  
 Loe ! thus from toyes hath Whetston weand his Muse  
 In thundring verse to threaten foule abuse.

*Humfrey Turner in commendation of Whetston  
and his booke.*

Reader, for this his gift with thanks good Whetstone pay :  
The worth runnes farre beyond the price, as feeling thou  
wilt say ;

The matter in which worke at large here to report,  
(Unable man) though faine I would, my skill a mile comes  
short.

Where hee the substance shoves, I should a shadowe make  
In prayse of him, yet needes my Muse some paines will  
undertake.

And first I knowe, of zeale for yonkers heede hee made  
This gallant booke, which fetts to sale the crafte in every  
trade.

With moral meaninges fault, delight it yeldeth store,  
The vertuous praise, the vicious checkt, here is : and would  
you more ?

If this may not suffice, your selves peruse the booke,  
And you shall finde to please your minde (per case) more  
than you looke.

*Abraham Fleming uppon G. Whetstons  
worke.*

Who wisheth with pleasure refreshed to bee,  
A castle of comfort and passing delight,  
Erected of purpose (loee!) here hee may see,

And painted with colours of pure blacke and white :  
 No bulworcke, no fortresse more strongly prepard,  
 And therefore well named the *Rock of Regard*.

Who wiseth for vantage to vewe and behold  
 Unthriftnes garden where weedes do abound,  
 Hee hath leave to enter, and is not controld,  
 T' examine the nature of that gracelesse ground :  
 But so let him medle, with prudence prepard,  
 That still hee remember the *Rock of Regard*.

The Arbour of Vertue most pleasaunt in sight,  
 Who lysteth, when leasure best serveth, may see ;  
 His labour in looking will learning requite,  
 For wisedome his guerdon is likely to bee :  
 His well meaning merits shal reape a reward,  
 If that he forget not the *Rock of Regard*.

Through th' Orchard of penance so passe and repasse,  
 That solace and sorrowe partake not a chaunge,  
 Take heede of the serpent that grovels in grasse ;  
 Th' experience is common, the proverbe not straunge,  
 In Whetstons wife warnings the same is declard,  
 Whose name is renownd by his *Rock of Regard*.

*In tenebris fulget.*



*John Wytton in commendation of this woorke.*

Though Whetston be no carving toole, yet vertue hath it  
such  
As will the durest metallis sharpe, though they be dulled  
much ;  
And sure the author of this worke, whom wee do Whetston  
call,  
To prove his nature, hits his name, to edge blunt wittes  
withall.  
He moves, flyres up, hee whets, he sharpes, ech one doth hee  
invite,  
In vertuous wife for to approch his castell of delight.  
A garden there unto is joynde, to salace you withall,  
If wanton heate offend your hart, in vertues arbour stall :  
An Orchard full of morall fruites for you hee hath prepard,  
All this his learning leveld out, the Rock of good Regard ;  
And for to vewe this gallant soyle you freely leave may take;  
Roame round about, take what you list, but see no spoyle  
you make.  
The hearbs and fruits that therein are doth serve both  
sicke and found  
For to restore, or to suppressse, as humours do abound.  
There shal you finde flowers and fruites continually abide,  
That makes or marres, that hurtes or salves, as they may  
be applide :  
There may the sould collect and reape his health, his  
wealth, and rest,  
And if he please, so keepe him selfe preserved with the best.  
The youth with want newe surfited his apples helps anon :

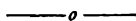
If he detract his cure too long, the fault is then his owne.  
 More in his Orthard counfel growes, to make preserve  
     withall  
 Gainst had I wift, and noysome neede, th' undoer of us all.  
 All this in worthy Whetston's workes with vauntage you  
     may learne,  
 With thanks, then reader, quite his paines who heapes of  
     gold doth earne.

*The Argument for the Countesse of  
 Celants complaint.*

Giachomo Scaperdon, a notable ufurer, had a gallant  
 damosell unto his daughter, called Bianca Maria, who,  
 arriving to sixtene or seventene yeares of age, fuche was  
 her fightly shape and beautie, together with the possibilitie  
 of great wealth, that loe! she was a stall to toule divers  
 suiters: in the end Vicount Hermes, fancying the mayde  
 and loving her wealth, was an earnest suiter to marrie her.  
 Bianca Maria (desirous of honour) consented to have him.  
 Vicount Hermes, possesse of this faire ladie, sone found out  
 her natural disposition to wantonnesse; yet narrowly eyeing  
 her behaviour, during his life he preserved her credite. But  
 oh! this good Vicount dyed, even in the prime of his wives  
 wantonnesse, who then, crying libertie, set her selfe to sale  
 with open shame. Divers suiters she had, among the which,  
 the Count of Celant made suite of marriage: the title of a  
 Countesse so pleased her, as she soone assented to be his  
 wife: afterwarde she so cunningly handled the matter, as  
 all the countrie spake of her lightnesse ere her husband mis-

doubted her loyaltie. But when she perceived his mistrust, she left him and fled to Pavy, where she interteined Ardifino Valperga, Earle of Masino, as her minion ; but, wearie of his custome, she chose Roberto Sanceverino, Earle of Giazzo, for her lover. Valperga, thus scorned, railed at hir inconstancie : Bianca Maria, by Valperga thus openly defamed, practiseth with G[i]azzo to murther Valperga ; which when Giazzo neglecteth, with very hate she leaveth Giazzo, and falles in love againe with Valperga, with whom she practiseth to murther Giazzo, which Valperga discovered to Giazzo, and they both in such sort painted out her lewdnesse, as for very shame she left Pavy, and fled to Mantua ; where she interteined one Dom Pietro, a lustie yong capitaine, to whom she bewrayed the injuries of Valperga and Giazzo. Dom Pietro by and by promised, in penance of their shamelesse reportes, to dispatch their lives, which in part he wilfully performed : for one day, taking Valperga at advantage, he soudenly slue him : the murther and the murtherer discovered, Dom Pietro was taken, and confessed the whole matter. He, in hope of amendment, was pardoned, and Bianca Maria, Countesse of Celant, was condemned to be beheaded, whome you may suppose, upon the scaffold readie to be executed, to complaine as followeth.

## *The Castle of Delight*



The difordered life of Bianca Maria, Counteffe of  
Celaunt, in forme of her complainte, fuppofed  
at the houre of her beheading for pro-  
curing the murder of *Ardiffino Val-*  
*perga, Earle of Maffino.*

AMONG their falles, by wanton fate untwift,  
Let my lewde hap remembered be I pray,  
To falue whose harme too late coms had I wift;  
Bloud cries for blud, he craves none other pay:  
For confcience fake, behould then now I wray;  
With trickling teares my deadly cheakes that warme,  
The true report both of my hap and harme.

Good ladies, firft, to you this tale I tell,  
To you as chiefe this drirye plaint I preach:  
Your hie eftate, your vices cannot quell,  
But as you live your fame or shame doth ftretch,  
With vauntage fure (fuch notes doth honour reach)  
Your praife is raifde as farre is blaft your blame:  
Thus are your lives y payft with parcial fame.

Let mee be prooffe and warning for you both,  
Whofe filthie life fo foule report hath fspread,  
That loe! (constrainde) I shoue the shame I loth.  
My wanton toyes in thousand bookes are read ;  
My byrth, my blame, how lewde a life I lead,  
My paffing love, my peevishe hate withall,  
My murderous minde ; in fine, my filthie fall.

Firft for my birth, I muft confesse, was bafe,  
But bagges I had this basenesse to supplie ;  
My forme was fine, I had a gallant face,  
A sugred tongue, a paffing pleasaunt eye ;  
Good gifts besides, to hoyfe my happe on hie :  
These lures in love the Vicount Hermes brought,  
Who kept mee short to tame my wanton thought.

The Vicount  
Hermes, her  
firft husband,  
kept her  
short.

But (ah!) to soone my lord to heaven did wend,  
Who, maugre will, Bianca kept in fame.  
The coupe thus broke wherein I long was pend,  
I fet my selfe to faile with open shame ;  
Gonsfago yet did like mee with my blame,  
But loe! I stoopte unto the Celant Count :  
Hee lovde mee well, I likt a loft to mount.

Bianca Maria  
was her name.

Gonsfago, a  
lord about  
Mantua, an  
earnest futer.

Consent of friendes accorded with our wills,  
And wee forsooth in haste muft married bee ;  
But raifde a loft, I quight forgot what quills,  
What feathers, firft to honour made mee flee :  
As priestes forget the fillie clearkes degree,  
So I from cart a countesse framde by fate,  
Throughe scorne abusde my honour and estate.

Shee married  
the Count of  
Celant, a lord  
of Savoy.

Kitt will to  
kinde.

No marveile why : for force the cur to drawe  
The kestrill kyte, to cause the heron to quake,  
The ravening wolfe of lambes to stand in awe,  
The myllers mare a mannage good to make,  
Or apes to daunce, while mules lie at the stake,  
A botelesse toile, in fine you sure shall finde :  
For counterfettes will still returne to kinde.

And thinke you those that weare dame Fortunes crowne,  
Whose homely friends did hould the ploughe of late,  
Can rightly rule the scepter of renowne ?  
No, honour stoupes to nature, not to fate :  
Yet Fortune heaves a thousand to estate,  
As in good moode shee did of late by mee,  
Who never knew the use of dignitie.

Pride.

As by abuse one prooffe shal well appeare.  
First for my pride my betters did me scorne,  
The poore did fawne, godwot, for very feare.  
My luring life did move my lord to mourne,  
Whose jelous sighes foreshewed he feared the horne :  
Yet wisely hee, his shrewde mistrust to shew,  
Ufde secrete nippes my faultes to make mee know.

I saw, and smilde to see his true mistrust,  
And yet in shoue I sight throwe sollen will,  
As who should say, to thinke thy spouse unjust  
Thou doest her wronge ; she never ment no ill :  
She hath beene true, and so shee wilbe still.  
For all his witte thus found I out a wile  
To quench suspect, forsooth, a little while.

But ravening currs their chaps can hardly hould  
When carren lies before their hungry jawes :  
The stragling kite with chickes will sure be bould  
If once a wynges shee spies a flight of dawes.  
Soe ramping girles regarde no modest lawes,  
As prooffe appeares by this my filthie flight :  
I left my lord, and stoale away by night.

Who hearing once of this my gadding moode,  
My vitall thread untwiste, good care (quoth hee)  
In fine, her hate wil sure sucke out my bloode ;  
She loves me not, there is no third degree.  
Thus ledde with feare, at large hee let mee flee ;  
I, pinchte with neede, to praying forthwith fell,  
And for my selfe I shifted prettie well.

To plant my wares in place of bravest vewe  
In Pavie towne a stately house I tooke :  
I deckte my selfe with weedes of lightest hewe,  
To lure guesstes I sparde no wanton looke.  
Valperga first was choakt with Cupids hooke :  
Hee fight, hee sobd, hee curst his forrie chaunce,  
Hee fuede, hee fearvd, he did attendaunce daunce.

Pavie, a  
towne under  
the governe-  
ment of the  
Duke of  
Mantua.  
Ardissino  
Valperga,  
Count of  
Massino, her  
first mynion  
at Pavie.

But squemish then Bianca Maria was ;  
His secrete sighes with scorne she quited still.  
A parle yet at length was brought to pas,  
Where safely hee might shew his hidden will :  
With sugred wordes he wraid his futes at fill ;  
His life, his death, all in my power lay,  
I was so kinde to loth this lords decay.

Note.

They fay, the mate is apt to mischiefe still,  
Whose foule offence with countenance is held ;  
So wantons, forst with their agreeing will,  
When lust affaultes will after learne to yeald.  
No fame nor shame can make them keepe the field :  
To true a prooffe appeareth by mine end ;  
Then sinne not, dames, in hope for to amend.

I shoue not this to shape mine owne excuse,  
My life I lothe, to salve my foule amisse ;  
But for your heed I blafe this vile abuse :  
Beware, beware, of Venus beaftly blisse,  
It feedes the fleshe and sterves the foule, I wisse ;  
It honour stains, it is a thrine of shame,  
A bitter sweete that breadeth nought but blame.

In mee too late these faultes I did forsee.  
Valperga so my wanton humour sedde,  
My fare was fine, I lackt no goulden glee,  
The Art of Love for exercise I redde,  
And thus my life in Venus court I ledde :  
With wealth at will, I could but wish and have  
The toy I lackt, I neede not twife to crave.

And think you, dames, these visards yeld such fights  
As wanton girles may fighe to see their shame ?  
No ; meekenes marres the maskes of fond delightes,  
And fasting must their frolicke bodies tame :  
To Scriptures read they must their leasure frame,  
Then loath they will both lust and wanton love ;  
Be sure else such ryggs my case shall prove.



But at my call why did Valperga stoupe ?  
Why did not hee foresee the fruites of lust ?  
Why did he come at every wanton whoope ?  
Why, why did hee Bianca Maria trust,  
Which to her lord had shewen her selfe unjust ?  
A man hee was whom weakenes cannot scufe,  
How could hee, then, let love him so abuse.

How could hee ? (ah !) perforce I shew my shame,  
As one whose tongue a truth will neatly tell.  
I reaft his life, why slay I then his fame ?  
No reason why, fave I can nothing well ;  
For through my lure hee (wonne) to folly fell,  
If not so witcht : who list like case to prove,  
Shal find fine heads are fraughted first with love.

Then, sith his joy all in Bianca lay,  
What scufe hath shee with hate to pay his love ?  
Bee not abasht the truth in wordes to wray,  
Which thou in act untimely late didst prove.  
What fullen moode this peevish scorne did move ?  
And am I forst to shew the fault I shame ?  
Sith needes I must, good ladies, note the fame.

They say, who so with droppe is aprayde,  
The more hee drinckes, the more hee doth desire.  
The greedie churle is never well appayde,  
Although he reape the gaine hee doth require :  
So lust in rampes is such a raging fire,  
That most it heates when most the fame is drencht,  
*A hellish flame that never can be quencht.*

Idlenefs and  
pride the  
caufe of wan-  
ton love.

This fire in mee was kindled firft with pride,  
But rayfde to flame with eafe and wanton thought :  
It raged fo, no reason could mee guide.  
My husbands fport fo fmall allayaunce wrought,  
As him I left, for luftier laddes I fought ;  
Valperga then a while fuppreft this fire,  
But hee decayde, for chaunge I did defire.

Roberto  
Sanfeverino,  
Erle of Giaz-  
zo, Valpergas  
great friend,  
was her fecond  
lover.  
The traynes  
that intice to  
love.

Giazzo next was favord in my fight,  
Who forft mee not, his friend hee loved foe :  
Hee knew I was Valpergas fole delight,  
Hee fcornde my winckes, my wanton love in showe,  
My privie fighes, my wilie fignes of woe ;  
But, spaniel like, by ftripes to kindnes movde,  
The more hee fcornd, the more this lord I lovde.

And when I fawe hee fhunde inticeing baites,  
Immodeft rigg, I Ovids counfell ufde,  
Where cleanly I did couler shame with fleighes,  
Through love conftrainde, which reafon had abusde :  
My penne did paint what bashfull tongue refusde,  
Which fewe fuffifde ; hee knew love kept no lawe,  
Hee was my joy, of him I ftoode in awe.

This proferd grace did ftowpe Giazzo ftraight ;  
Hee lovde his friend, but more his owne delight :  
The hooke of love hee fwallowed with the baite.  
No marvaile why : Biancaes beautie bright,  
Her brave arraye, and fhee a counteffe hight,  
Would force a man himfelfe and all forgoe ;  
And could hee chufe when love was offered foe ?

No, neede to runne the creeple sure will teach,  
A pleasaunt pray, a thiefe inticeth soone,  
As foxes hate the grapes they cannot reach,  
And wilie faintes with shoves are feldome wonne,  
When as, affuerde, their squemishnes is donne.  
Even such a faint Giazso proved in fine ;  
He lovde no grapes before hee reacht the vine.

Note.

Wel, thus at length, I won my wished joy ;  
He came, in whome my heart did wholly dwell :  
To make him sport Bianca was not coy,  
She knew her game, and streight to daliaunce fell ;  
Where as this lord behavde himfelfe so well,  
That loe ! I loath Valpergas drowfy sport,  
And so with scorne I stayde his oft resort.

Thus rest (good foule) of her hee heald so deare,  
His woonted futes a freshe he put in ure,  
Hee sight, hee served, hee lookt with forrie cheare ;  
But when no fute nor service could procure  
My stragling love to stoupe unto his lure,  
By neede inforst, his dotage then hee rest,  
And so with losse my wanton pleasures left.

When mystes of lust were cleared from his eyes,  
Disdaine forthwith transformed his love to hate :  
Fye on my life, and lewdnes ! lowde hee cries ;  
Hee heaves mee up to filthie Faustines state,  
A Layis byrde, for Masseline a mate,  
A filth, a flurt, a bitch of Megraes kinde,  
A rigg, a rampe, and all that came to minde.

Peevish hate  
insueth pas-  
sing love.

A womans  
deadly hate.

But when I heard my blame hee blafed thus,  
Impatient, I began to stampe and stare,  
To waile, to weepe, to wring my handes I wous,  
To freate, to fume, to teare my golden heare.  
In fine, as madd as ever was March hare,  
I vowde to reave Valperga of his life,  
Which I performde (aye me!) through peevish strife.

While sport was quicke I did Giazzo move  
To slay this lord, in grace which whilome stode ;  
But dispossessd to winne his owne sweete love,  
Uncivil wretch, accoyde through fullen moode,  
Hee blafed mee forth as byrde of Layis broode.  
Leave off (quoth hee), I loth thy heavie cheere,  
Valpergas tongue shall buy this bable deare.

Giazzos frend-  
ship towardes  
Valperga.

With which suffisde, I fell to kisses straight,  
And shewde my selfe more gamesome then of yore :  
To tyce him on I laide this wanton baite,  
But hee, which long Valperga held in store,  
Within his heart my hatred did abhorre ;  
Yet nay the lesse my love hee did so like,  
As still, hee said, he stayde for time to strike.

Note.

But when I found what fine delayes hee usde,  
All sweld with wrath, (quoth I) the proverbe faithe  
Proferde service is ever more refusde,  
And offered love is quited fyld with faith :  
Without the hooke the baite no poyson hath,  
Yet haplie hee, for all his wiles, may prove  
My peevish hate oore wayes my passing love.

And in difdaine the secrete gates I bard,  
Where in and out Giazzo earft did goe ;  
I tould him plaine his market cleane was mard,  
I ment my faultes unto my lord to showe,  
If which fuffisde, I would no more do fo ;  
To faine with chaunge, I did Giazzo pray,  
With kindnes showne contented for to ftay.

An honeft  
couler to  
difemble a  
lewd revenge.

Nigh tyred hee my greedie luft to glut,  
Full wel appayde, for trueth my faynings tooke ;  
Hee tooke no heede how often times is shut  
In fugged baite a fowle and filthie hooke,  
How hate is hidde full oft with friendly looke,  
Ne how the lewde, when grace is not their ftay,  
Refufe no meane to worke their foes decay.

Note.

Even fuch a filth I (forft) confess I was :  
I ufde this showe to chase my foes miftruft,  
Thereby to worke his fatall ende (alas !)  
When leaft he thought I would have been unjust,  
Such cankered hate my murdrous heart did ruft ;  
Unto which ende I for Valperga fend,  
With yll, for good, to quite his faithfull frend.

She practifed  
with Valper-  
ga, whom late  
ſhe ſcorned,  
to ſlay Giazzo,  
who ſhould  
have ſlaine  
him.

I knew the force of new revived love,  
How peevish hate more perfect mad[e] the fame ;  
I likewife knew newe friendship how to move  
With pleaſaunt looks, y mixt with pretie blame :  
I checkt him firſt for foyling of my fame ;  
*Perdona moy*, ore ſhowes againe with viewe,  
Dear dame (quoth hee) I yeld ; your tale is true.

E

Even so (quoth I), and smiling usde these wordes :  
 Confessed crimes doth open penance chuse.  
 What plague you please (quoth hee) your thrall accordes,  
 That hee or you shall execution use ?  
 Such power (quoth I) I meane not to refuse,  
 Yet hoping that those faultes you will amende,  
 I pardon all, and take you for my frende.

A policie.

And when I sawe him eager of delight,  
 A fighe I fetch, and did Giazso name.  
 Valperga said, Giazso to his might  
 Was sure his friend : (quoth I) I thinke in name,  
 But (ah !) his deedes will never prove the fame ;  
 And though I loth to sowe seditious strife,  
 Yet needes I must, for safegard of thy life.

In foth (sweete friend) thy daungerous state I rew.  
 This trayterous mate, to move thine overthrowe  
 By guile, God wot, with mee in frendship grew,  
 Betwixt us friends he first did hatred sowe ;  
 Hee forged faultes to keepe mee still thy foe,  
 And yet my heart, for al that hee could say,  
 Did love thee well, although my tongue said nay.

Which when hee smeld, puft up with furie straight,  
 He vowde thy death for robbing of his joy ;  
 Which bloudie wordes did force mee to unfraight  
 This bitter speach : *Avaunt, thou peevish boy !*  
*Thy filthly fight Bianca doth annoy.*  
 Beleeve mee, lord, this tale is very true :  
 Beginne with him before hee do with you.

These forced wordes did rayfe a foare mistrust,  
Or haply else Giazzo might a smoakte ;  
But yet hee vowde to feede my filthie lust,  
With bloudie blade his trayterous breath to choake,  
And leave hee toke, hee said, to strike this stoake :  
But loe ! hee went forthwith to Mantua,  
Unto his friend these secretes to bewray.

Note.

Which treason when Giazzo understoode,  
Who can avoyde (quothe hee) a strompets hate ?  
And thundering out the stormes of furious moode,  
With tearmes of scorne hee did Bianca rate.  
Out filth ! (quothe hee) twixt friends which fowes debate :  
And in despight a libel hee invents,  
Which (lorde) to you Bianca here presents.

An Invective written by Roberto Sanfeverino,  
Earle of Giazzo, against Bianca Maria,  
Countesse of Celant.

Who ever sawe a thorne sweete grapes to yeeld,  
Or fower flowes uppon a vine to growe ?  
Who ever heard a coward first in feeld ?  
The foreward wight soonste seard with sight of woe ?  
Who ever knew, in time of any minde,  
Good fall to bad, or kitt to flee from kinde ?

If prooffe ne pearces, who may Bianca blame,  
 Whose father rose to wealth by filthie fraude,  
 Her mothers life y shrinde with endles shame,  
 Whose grandam was in drowping dayes a bawd :  
 Shee onely left of all this beastly store,  
 Must needes be worfe then parents were before.

What marveile, then, if shee did flee by night,  
 And sent a horne unto her lord and fere,  
 To blow the death of all his brave delight ?  
 That gadding moode shee learned of *sa mere*,  
 Who lightly vailde at ery wanton whoope :  
 How could shee then but to Valperga stoope ?

Ne can shee chuse but prove the proverbe true,  
 (Won with a word, and lost with one yll looke)  
 Giazzo knowes Bianca seekes for newe ;  
 Hee whilome was a vowell in her booke :  
 Giazzo wrought Valperga out of grace,  
 Giazzo scornd, Valperga hath his place.

Giachomo  
 Scapardone,  
 her father, a  
 great uferer.

Yet both in lashe at length this Cressed leaves,  
 And, Megra like, pursues their love with hate :  
 Such is the fruite of ruffians, roages, and theeves,  
 Which framde her heart when shee was formde by fate :  
 Her fathers live (Scappardone being dead)  
 And divers feedes doth divers natures breede.

(O happie man !) Giazzo scornes her love,  
 (Valperga blest) that knowes her murderous minde.  
 Wee have ynough ; her truth let others prove,



And reft content with what wee left behinde.  
Wee fuckte the sweete, let others drinke the draffe,  
Wee eate the corne ; what skilles who chews the chaffe ?

The Countesse of Zeland continueth in her  
complaint.

Now, gallants, judge, if it with honour stands  
For any lord a lady thus to rate,  
Or blafe with scorne their pleasure at her hands ?  
If it ne grees with glory of their state,  
Helpe to excuse Biancas deadly hate,  
Who now beginnes such bloudy newes to blafe,  
As endlesse shame her infamie will raife.

Or give her leave to use what cloake she may,  
For once report wil much inlarge her misse :  
In womens moodes there is no meane, they say,  
They (scorned) love : so huge their liking is,  
Of force as great their hate must be ywis :  
What folly, then, Giazzos mynde did blame,  
To think my wrath would ceafe through open shame ?

How could he wene my friendship for to force  
By ringing out the lewdnesse of my life,  
Sith shame compelles the bad to fall to worfe ?  
Where discord is, new wrong increafeth strife,  
Revenge is fought where injuries are rife.  
Waft, then, the way to reave my wrangling hate  
Invectives vile to set upp on my gate ?

O no ! God wot, my mightie litle hart  
Was well nye burft, my blame was blafed fo :  
Thefe rymes I fung with notes of mufickes art,  
Bianca named in every wanton shew,  
Constrained me, wretch, from Pavie for to go :  
To Mantua then I did my journey take,  
Where open houle I kept for credits fake.

And placed there according to my will,  
With bloudie hate my murdrous hart was bent  
Giazzo lord Valperga eake to kill.  
A thoufand feates of murder I invent,  
As many fears my purpofe did prevent :  
I loth, yet would, and willing ftoode in awe :  
Such brunts they byde that venter breach of lawe.

Till vice vertue hath vanquisht in the feeld,  
Then reafon, lawe, rule, feare, and all adew.  
Their minds, their harts, to nought but folly yeeld ;  
In fpoile they fport, they laugh at mifchiefes new :  
The prooffe of which, alas ! to late I rewe,  
For when my feare my furie put to flight,  
I living dyde, till I had wrought my fpight.

And fith this acte to doe my minde did mafe,  
This traine I laide to tyce a trustie frend :  
In place of veue I gallants gave the gafe,  
Their bonets vaild, Bianca ftreight did bend,  
Through friendly showe a *bon jour* for to fend :  
To parle oft I did my felfe apply,  
Before I trust by talke each youth to try.

In making love they prettie prattle ufde,  
But nought it vaild to hault before the lame,  
For I, of yore with wylie woordes abusde,  
As children brent doe after dread the flame ;  
At fugged speache I made a sporting game :  
But ah (ay mee !), to worke mine overthrow,  
Untimely came to Mantua dom Pietro.

Dom Pietro,  
a lustie younge  
capitaine, her  
lustie lover.

This capitaine stout went flaunting to and fro,  
Till loe (ill luck !) mee wretched hee espyes.  
My gallant port beseemde a countesse show ;  
My beautie then, my brave arraye hee eyes,  
While blinded love into his fancie flyes,  
And stryving he doth cause his fire increafe :  
Thus warres he founde when most hee hoapte of peacc.

Unarmed yet to match with Cupids force,  
With conges kinde he wrayed his loving moode ;  
Next, sighes he sends to move me to remorse,  
Then paintes his pen, thus strange his fancies stooode :  
My yea would fave, my nay should shead his blood.  
Quick answear make, Dom Pietro hath decreede  
To live in joy, or else to die with speede.

These lines receivde, I spyed my novis heate,  
Who lookt and lackt the recompence of love,  
Which scorne in mee did cause him more to sweate :  
Hee fight, I smilde, his joy my noy did move ;  
Which thwarting shoves (past hope) inforst him prove,  
If that his lute soone might (his passions shovne)  
Could force his sweete his hard mishap to mone.

But when I saw his love did still increase,  
As hee one night lamenting layes did yell,  
My gates were ope in signe and show of peace,  
In came this lord, in minde his griefs to tell :  
But loe ! abashte, he first to blushing fell ;  
In chamber frayes, of both my selfe the best,  
This onfet gave to cheare my chofen guesst.

Biancas breach of chaste and modest lawe  
May seeme full straunge to you, my loving lord,  
To ope my gates to one I never sawe,  
When knowen friends so falsifie their word.  
Dread not (quoth he) Dom Pietro doth accord,  
From forrowes free, yet free Biancas slave,  
To like but what his love desires to have.

I aunswared soone : with sugred shoves full ofte,  
Such lords as you faire ladies still beguiles,  
But suites obtained, they, fillie foules, are scofte,  
Then choice, in chaunge, your love and faith exiles.  
Not so in mee (quoth hee) ; I want such wiles :  
For proove, commaund what service pleaseth you,  
The which performde, then thinke Dom Pietro true.

In hoape (quoth I) your wordes and deedes are one,  
I first will trust your faith, then after taste :  
To quite your love Bianca is your owne.  
Dom Pietro streight did execution haste,  
And bashfull earst his best belovde imbraste.  
With sugred wiles I so this gallant wrought,  
As sure I was a godeffe in his thought.

Affurde of which, to fawce his sweetest sport  
A fighe I fetcht, and squemish fayned to bee :  
Whoe worth (quoth I) Giazso lewde report,  
Valpergas scorne, two earles of high degree !  
Their traytrous tongues so fore have flaundred mee  
That death I wish, but destine will not foe,  
And they triumph that wrought my timelesse woe.

Dom Pietro then did bluster forth this speach.  
(Ah) verlets vile, from natures lawe which swerve,  
Ere longe I sure your traytrous tongues will teach,  
To flaunder her whom duetie wills you serve :  
And then he vowde with speede their flesh to carve ;  
Soon shall they prove (quoth hee) if I doe faine,  
And you shall see if deedes and woordes are twaine.

I glad of which, yet sad I seemde in showe,  
And sighing said, Looke to your selfe, my sweete ;  
Your hurt, my death, in hart I love you foe :  
Which friendly wordes his furie more did heate.  
Fare well (quoth hee) till I have wrought this feate :  
This hand and blade their babling tongues shal worme.  
Which wordes with deedes he (cruel) did performe.

For loe ! one night hee did forestaule their way :  
But, weaklie armde Valperga was intrapte ;  
Giazso, blest, was absent at this fray.  
Oore wayde with force Valperga was intrapt,  
That (ah !) his death untimely there hee rapt ;  
Who dying cryde, Dom Pietro did the deede.  
Streight hew and crie to searh him out doth speede.

Hee found, forthwith unto the duke was brought,  
 And paintes at large my love and lothsome hate.  
 The suite of friendes in grace Dom Pietro wrought ;  
 To falue my misse repentaunce came to late.  
 Good ladies, yet note well my fall and fate,  
 My wealth, my weades, my sweete delights to shoe,  
 Intice, not warne, without the sauce of woe.

The thought  
 of wonted  
 pleasures in-  
 creaseth the  
 myfers paine.

But listen well unto my filthie fall.  
 Payse blisse with bale, sweete life with fower end,  
 And you shall finde my joy oore wayde with thrall :  
 Of freedome reft, in prision closely pend,  
 Distrest, unhelped, forfooke of kinne and frend ;  
 Yea, more then straying, [ftrange] so fowle my follies ware  
 As Gould ne vayld to cleare my clowdes of scare.

Ne could I (wretch) take well in worth my woe,  
 My former sweete did so increase my fowre.  
 My homely cheare, my costly cates did shew,  
 My prision vile, of yore my princely bowre,  
 My laughing friends, by foes that then did lowre :  
 Controwld and scornde, who thoufands did commaunde,  
 Once crave and have, denyde now eche demaunde.

My lothsome couche presenteth to my vewe  
 My beds of doune, with thought of sweete delights.  
 Thus day and night my willfull harme I rewe,  
 Ech thought of grace my conscience guilt affrights,  
 Yet (loth to die) against repentaunce fightes,  
 Till due desert, by lawe and justice lead,  
 Did dome my misse with losse of my poore head.

The which in place I ready am to pay,  
Acknowledging my faultes before you all :  
God graunt my life with such effect you way,  
As you may be forewarned by my fall :  
Of lawlesse love the end is bitter gall.  
I now have sayd, and for their witnesse crye,  
How so I livde, I do repentant dye.

*The Argument for Cressids complaint.*

THE inconstancie of Cressid is so readie in every mans mouth, as it is a needelesse labour to blase at full her abuse towards yong Troilus, her frowning on Syr Diomedes, her wanton lures and love : neverthelesse, her companie scorned, of thousandes sometimes fought, her beggerie after brave-rie, her lothsome leprosie after lively beautie, her wretched age after wanton youth, and her perpetuall infamie after violent death, are worthy notes (for others heede) to be remembred. And for as much as Cressids heires in every corner live, yea, more cunning then Cressid her selfe in wanton exercises, toyes and inticements, to forewarne all men of such filthes, to perswade the infected to fall from their follies, and to rayse a feare in dames untainted to offend, I have reported the subtile sleites, the leaud life, and evill fortunes of a courtifane, in Cressid[s] name ; whom you may suppose, in tattered weedes, halfe hungerstarved, miserably arrayde, with scabs, leprosie, and mayngie, to complaine as followeth.

*Cressids complaint.*

You ramping gyrles, which rage with wanton lust,  
Beholde in me the bitter bloumes of chaunge.  
For worne with woe, who wallowes in the dust,  
And, lepre like, is double mayld with maynge.  
For my defart this fortune is not straunge :  
Disdaine my life, but listen to my mone :  
Without good heede the hap may be your owne.

Though now I am anoynted with annoy,  
My hyde bepatcht with scabs of fundry hewe,  
I sometime was the star of stately Troy ;  
With beautie blift, my venes as azures blewe,  
No fault in me but that I was untrue :  
In Priams court who did not Cressid like ?  
In lue of love who gave she not the gleake ?

Where I was lov'd I seemed alwayes straunge,  
Where litle waide I won with gleames of grace,  
My gadding mynd had such delight in chaunge,  
As seldome twice the best I did imbrace ;  
And once beguild with beautie of my face,  
With ebbes of grieve did fall his fouds of joy,  
He su'd and serv'd, but Cressid then was coy.

I did intice King Priams sonnes to love,  
And did repine the poorest should go free ;  
My thralls for grace a thousand wayes did prove,  
On whom I smyld a happie man was he :



The wifest wits were thus bewicht by me ;  
But as the hawke in mewe at randome lives,  
Yet diet keepes her gorge as feldome greves ;

So I that livde with store of foode at large,  
When hunger pincht on lustie youthes I prayd :  
If boystrous lads, my gorge did overcharge,  
For tyring meate the deintie boyes were wayde.  
Thus with a meane my prime of pride was staide :  
Then was I faire, my traine with oyle was trickt,  
My feathers freshe were dayly prunde and pickt.

No toy, no gaude, ne sstraunge devise I see,  
Though not the first, the same I second had :  
Glad was the youth that fastned ought on me  
Of brave array : in chaunge I still was clad.  
My cost to see the courtly dames were mad ;  
They did repine the peeres should Creffid love,  
When rascals scarce to them did liking move.

Such fancies sstraunge were figur'd in my face,  
As few there were but my good will did move.  
I traird them on with outward shew of grace :  
My garter one, another had my glove,  
My colours all did weare in fine of love ;  
But where in hart I lov'd and liked best,  
He ever wore the spoyle of all the rest.

The propertie  
of a cour-  
tesan to main-  
teine one with  
the spoile of  
another.

Syr Diomede got both brooch and belt of cost,  
The which in right to Troilus belongs,  
An eyfore sure to him that lov'd me most,

Who might repine, but not revenge his wrongs :  
 Least notes of hope were turnd to desperate songs.  
 The rest did love as courtiers do in showe,  
 But he, good soule, did pine away with woe.

Yet cruell I did smile to see his smart,  
 Who somtime warmd his woes with slender hap,  
 Which freed againe with frownings overthwart ;  
 And when with joy he pratted in my lap,  
 With peevish speech I would his pleasures snap ;  
 For wronging whom the Trojans did me paint,  
 In hart a friend, in face and forme a saint.

Then judge you may my beautie bare great sway,  
 Which thus inthrawld by love a princes sonne,  
 My state no lesse that durst his futes denay :  
 A world it was to heare what praise I wonne,  
 A wonder more how soone my pride was donne.  
 My forme did fade, my beautie prov'd a blafe,  
 Or as a toy which forced fooles to gafe.

Painting com-  
 mon among  
 courtisans.

Declining yet I had a present shift :  
 A painted face did please a gasinge eye ;  
 But furred stuffe prov'd no induring drift,  
 My slibber fauce when wanton girles espie,  
 With open mouth the fame in court they cry :  
 Poore Cressid, then, no sooner came in place,  
 But fortie frumpes were framed by her face.

Some said that I a passing picture drue,  
 Some would have drawn the figure of a fot,

The crabtreeface would have mee mend his hue,  
Some in my cheeke did faine to cleare a spot,  
And all to rub my starche away, godwot :  
If, messellike, my painting so they pilde,  
They smylde and said my silk no colour hilde.

My felfe did laugh to see, my painting clearde  
The straung defects that withered age did bring :  
A horseface then, a tawnie hyde appearde,  
A wrinkled mumpes, a foule mishapen thing,  
A sea of hate, where lively love did spring.  
Thus beauties beames to clowdes of scorne to chaunge  
So soone, mee thought, was sure a myrrour straunge.

Yet so I preaft amid the courtly crew,  
Who once espyde a fresh the sport begon :  
Some said I lookt now of a passing hew,  
A scarce, some cryde, to keepe goodface from funne.  
Thus was I scornd when youthfull pride was don :  
Some wild me learne anew my A. B. C.  
With backward reade from H. to skip to B.

How evil the  
courtesies of a  
coutefan is ac-  
quited, if she  
live to be  
aged.

But as the hawke, to gad which knowes the way,  
Will hardly leave to cheake at carren crowes,  
If long unservde ; she waites and wants her pray :  
Or as the horfe, in whom disorder grows,  
His jadish trickes againe wil hardly loofe :  
So they in youth which Venus joyes do prove,  
In drouping age Syr Chaucers jestes wil love.

My self for profe : when wanton yeres were worne,  
 When lookes could yeald no love, but lothsome hate,  
 When in my face appeard the form of scorne,  
 When lust for shame with me might sound debate,  
 Although I did turne tayle to foules of state,  
 At vauntage yet with baser byrdes I met :  
 On kytes I prayde till I could partridge get.

But I so long on carren crowes did pray,  
 My poyfoned bloud in colour waxed pale,  
 In natures ayde myne age had wrought decay.  
 Now listen, rampes, for here begins my tale ;  
 Before my blyffe, but now I blafe my bale,  
 For physickes arte my surffets can not cure,  
 Bound so perforce, the worst I must indure.

The diseases  
 that followe  
 wanton and  
 disordered  
 living.

In seeking sport my haire did shed in jest,  
 A forrie joy to ceafelesse forrowe plight ;  
 French feavers now in me can take no rest,  
 From bones to flesh, from flesh in open sight,  
 With grinckcomes greafe beholde a monstrous wight !  
 My lovers olde with (fawth !) their browes doth bend :  
 Of Cressids lust, loe here the lothsome end !

Beggerie the  
 end of courte-  
 fans.

Glad is she now a browne breade crust to gnawe,  
 Who, deintie once, on finest cates did frowne ;  
 To couch upon soft seames a pad of straw,  
 Where halfe mislikt were stately beds of downe :  
 By neede enforst, she begs on every clowne  
 On whom but late the best would gifts bestow ;  
 But squemish then, God dyld ye, she said no.

From top of state to tumble thus to thrall,  
Too froward sure dame Fortune was in this,  
But highest trees in fine have hardest fall,  
A merrie meane her partiall hand doth misse ;  
She pines with pain, or bathes her thralles in blisse :  
Best therefore, then, for to withstand her might,  
With sword of fame in vertues band to fight.

But (ah !) in vaine, I frame excuse by fate,  
When due defart doth worke my overthrowe ;  
Ne was I first by fortune stauld in state,  
My roome by byrth did high renoune bestow,  
Though wicked life hath wrapt me now in woe :  
A warning faire, a myrour full of mone,  
For gadding gyrles a bone to gnaw upon.

Take heede in time, leaft had I wift you rew,  
And thus perforce I hold my tyred tongue :  
Me thinkes I heare the bell to found adew,  
My withered corps with deadly cold is clung,  
A happier turne if I had dyed yong :  
My shrouding sheete then had not been of shame,  
Who, dying now, doth live in filthy fame.

*Sive bonum, five malum, fama est.*

*The Argument for the discourse of  
Rinaldo and Giletta.*

GOOD reader (to continue thy delight) I have made chaunge  
of thy exercife of reading bad verse, with the proffer of

worffer profe ; requesting (as earft I have) that thou wilt vouchsafe my well meaning, and mend what thou findeft amiffe. This difcourfe was firft written in Italian by an unknowne authour, the argument of whose woorke infueth. Rinaldo, masking with faire Giletta (at her brothers marriage) was fo ftraungly furprised with the love of her, that neceffitie inforft him to difcover his sorrowes : Giletta, fufficiently perfuaded of his conftancie (after long fuite by Rinaldo made) was in the end contented to love. After thefe two (fecreely) had thus affured themfelves, Rinaldo fel ficke, in whose abfence one Seigner Frizaldo (by her parentes confent) was an earneft futer to Giletta, who (inferring on the familiaritie between Rinaldo and Giletta) became jealous : to quench whose miftruft, Giletta (for feare of her friendes difpleafure) was forft to make a fhewe of good will towards Frizaldo, whome ſhe loved not, and to hate Rinaldo, whome ſhe liked as hir life. Rinaldo (unacquainted with his maiftrefſe meaning) by the perverſe practiſes of Frizaldo was driven into deſpaire, in ſo muche as he leapt into the river of Poo, of purpoſe to drowne him ſelfe ; but wearie of this enterpriſe (labouring for life) he recovered the ſhoare : afterwards was knowne unto Giletta, and, having notice of Frizaldos trecherie, he ſlue him in a combat, and after that, with the confent of her friendes, married Giletta.

*The Storie at large.*

IN Italie (neare to the river of Poo) there dwelled a noble man of great reputation, called the Lord de Bologna, who (befides his ſpeciall credite with his prince, his deſiered

companie among the noble men, his uncontrouled sway both in court and countrie, the great possessions, inheritances, revenues, annuities, and other commodities he had to maintaine his honourable calling, to worke his chiefeſt comfort) had by the lady Katherine his wife a toward yong gentleman to his ſonne, called Petro de Bologna, and alſo a daughter, whoſe name was Giletta, at that time unmatched both for vertue, beautie, and ſhape.

Petro de Bologna, having overrun ninetene or twentie yeares (ſtill overlookt with the counſelling eyes of his naturall parents, aſſured friends, and carefull tutors) became not now only deſierous of more libertie, but wonne with the inticing pleaſure of the court, and finding in him ſelf ſufficient cauſe of deſart, he bent him ſelfe wholly to profeſſe the exerciſes of a perfect courtier; wherein in ſhort time he ſo greatly profited, as that he was reputed to be one of the gallanteſt gentlemen in all Italie. Petro de Bologna (attaining this eſtimation) lived awhile unwitche with the alluring beauties of brave ladies; yet on the ſudden, ſubjected with the ſight of fayre Juliet (a noble mans daughter of the ſayd countrie) and joyning her excellent ſhape with the report of her matchleſſe vertue, he forthwith transformed his late liking unto ſuch faythful love, as ſecretly he vowed that neyther change nor chaunce ſhould (whiles life laſted) remove his affection; and to make his thraldome knowne, by continuall ſervice he craved reward. Maiſtreſſe Juliet, finding his wordes in workes, and perceiving by the often alteration of his colour what humour moſt of all ſeard him (joyning the aſſured knowledge of his loyall love with other his deſarts) preſently, in thought, ſhe gave conſent to love; ſo that afterward ſhe uſed towardes Petro de Bologna

what honest courtesie she coulde. The newes of this love was soudenly spread throughout the whole court, and in the end it came unto their parents eares, who, waying the equalitie of the match, gave willingly consent unto that these two lovers most desired. And to exile all jealous mistrust that lingring might breede, the marriage day was in great haste appointed.

To honour which a worlde of people resorted unto the Lord de Bolognas castle ; for the intertainment of whiche guesstes, there neither wanted costly cheare, curious shewes, or pleasaunt devises, that eyther money, friendship or cunning might compasse. And to be shorth, divers gentlemen that were the bridegromes companions (the more to honour the marriage) presented him one night with a maske, so curiously set soorth as it yealded a singular delight unto all the beholders. Among the which maskers ther was one Roberto Rinaldo (a gentleman of better qualities and shape then either of byrth or living) made choice to maske maistresse Giletta the bridegromes sister. But on the souden he was so surprised with her passing beautie, as he fared as one whose senses had forgone their dutifull office, he ofte forgot to use due reverence unto his maistresse. Sometimes he masked without measure, and many times, when the rest presented their ladies with voluntarie prattle, he used silence. Thus continually visited with passionate fits (of the beholders marked, of his maistresse misliked) time in the ende forced him and the rest from dauncing ; whiche done, the maskers were invited unto a costly banquet, who, (marching with their ladies) with manly force encountred with many a monster, whose grosse bodies were transformed into a sugred substance. The maskers nowe (on easie re-



quest) did off their visardes, as wel to make them selves knowne unto their maistresses, to manifest their zeale to-wardes the lorde of the house, the bridegrome and his faire bride, as to shew their desire to delight the whole companie. Rinaldo (greatly ashamed of his disordered masking) with blushing cheekes oftentimes very earnestly behelde faire Giletta. Maistresse Giletta, seeing him in these passions, and knowing his wonted audacitie, was assured somewhat was amisse with him, so that, to be better acquainted with his malladie, with a prettie smyle she used these speaches.

Quoth she : Friend Rinaldo, I suppose your visard did you great wrong this night, for that by your unperfect sight you mistooke your choice, so that, wroth with your fortunes, or angrie with poore Giletta, she hath noted a number of souden alterations in you : but if eyther be the cause, remove your choler, and comfort your selfe, that you tempered your tounge so well, as she knoweth none of your secretes.

Rinaldo, glad of this opportunitie, answered : My soveraine maistresse, in very deede, I greatly mistooke my choice : for wheras I had thought and determined to have made it so indifferent, as I might have used my tongue at will and pleasure, I confesse it fel out so unegal, as I (forst) must yeald unworthy to be your slave ; so that musing on this mistaking, I not only masked mute, but I forgot to present you with my willing service.

Rinaldo being newly entered into his answere, the revels broke up, and every man went unto his rest ; so that he was forced to discontinue his suite, and bid his maistresse fare well : which reverently done, he forthwith went into his

chamber, and so to bed ; but his sleepe he divided on those  
whofe heades were free from fancies : for he (God wot) one  
while, matching his base estate with her highe calling, fawe  
an impossibilitie of favour. Anone, joyning her curteous  
disposition with the force of love, was fed with slender hope.  
Thus hanging betwene hap and harme, the more he strived  
the more he was measht in the nettes of restlesse fancie.  
But in the end resolved to prosecute his suit, he suddenly  
caused his man to light a candle, and then to proffer his  
service, to paint his sorrowes, and to use excuse for his late  
silence, he invented these verses following.

The pyning wight, presented with reliefe,  
With sudden joy awhile forgoes his sense ;  
The retchlesse youth, likewise, besieged with griefe,  
With feare dismayd, forgets to use defence :  
Such is the force of hastie joy or woe,  
As for the time few knoweth what they doe.

And I unwares, with both extremes forgone,  
Subject to love, that never felt his force,  
One while dismayd, I starved in wretched mone,  
And straight through hope, I tasted sweet remorse :  
Souft with these stormes, when I should mone my suit,  
Small wonder though a while I masked mute.

And yet (God not) my sighes did plead amaine :  
They broke the clouds that cowed all my care ;  
My ruthfull looks, presented still my paine,  
As who would say : When wil she cleare thy scarce ?

Attending thus, when you should note my case,  
The time forewent ere I could sue for grace.

But now (constraynd) neede makes the creeple goe :  
My feltred fore (of force) some cure must seeke,  
My woundes so bleed I can not hide my woe.  
My hurt is heald, if you my service like :  
Let egall love go bath in wished blisse,  
Suffiseth me my maistresse hand to kisse.

So thus, dear dame, you know my case and cure :  
It refts in you my life to save or spyll.  
If you desire I should these stormes indure,  
Commaund my death, and I will work your wyl ;  
If not, in time him for your servaunt chuse,  
Who living dies till you his service use.

*Roberto Rinaldo.*

This little leasure, together with the disquietnesse of mynde (as appeareth by the plainenesse of this invention) wrought an alteration in Rinaldo's muse ; yet, for that his devise somewhat answered his owne estate, he was content to present it to maistresse Giletta ; and, persevering in the sayde purpose, the next morning he clothed him selfe in ruffet satten, garded with blacke velvet, which witnessed he did both hope and dread : he thus appointed (chusing a place of moste advauntage) willingly lost theseverfes. Giletta, by this evening fare well looking for such a morning welcome, was the first that found them ; who soudenly withdrew her selfe, with earnest desire, effectually to peruse Rinaldo's devise. Which done, one while she scorned his

base estate, and straight she was contented of Rinaldo to be beloved ; so that (her mynde distempered with the contrarietie of fancies) neyther angrie nor well pleased, she wrote this following answere :

Although it pleased you this other night (occasion by me unhappily ministred) to intertaine time with an ordinarie profession of love, yet (master Rinaldo) you doe both me and your selfe great injurie to continue your needelesse labour with such importunancie to me. For that you trust to overthrow my vertues, with the assault of wanton persuasions your selfe, for that I am assured you warre in vaine ; but for that I want wit to incounter you in words or writing, I wil hencefoorth likewise want will to take knowledge of eyther your exercises. Thus muche (being your first attempt) I thought good to answere, leaft you should think with needlesse nicenesse I acquitted your courtesies. And for that you knowe the successe of your faultlesse adventures, I trust to be no more troubled in answering your idle letters.

*Giletta de Bologna.*

This letter so soone as Giletta had surely sealed, she presented her selfe in the great chamber : Rinaldo (delighted in nothing so muche as in the sight of his maistresse) with the first saluted her. Maistresse Giletta courteously (as she did the rest) acquitted him, dissembling as then her knowledge of his verses ; but notwithstanding this carelesse shewe, her mynde was combred with a thousand contrarie fancies : one while she mistrusted the invention to be his owne devise, an other while she feared to deliver her answere ; now she loved, straight she scorned, and yet in her

greatest disliking she liked to looke on Rinaldo; and as it is the nature of lovers (subject to a thousand distresses) to search all meanes to be assured of their choyces loyaltie, so here maistresse Giletta (newly entered into that profession) by the often beholding of Rinaldo, and marking the colour in his apparell, tooke occasion, under the colour of a pleasant request, to be acquainted (perhaps) with his inward disposition, in so much when as other ladies charged such as they thought well of with service, quoth she, For that I know (maister Rinaldo) you are a very good poet, I injoyne you without further studie to shewe in vearse to what ende you weare blacke upon russet? Quoth Rinaldo (willing to obey this injunction) Deare lady, although my sight in poetrie be but small, yet will I (to satisfie your request) supply my inabilitie of skill with the abilitie of good will; and to execute the same, he called for pen, ynke, and paper, in the prefence of a number writing as followeth.

When sommers force is past, and winter sets in foote,  
The hart and strength of hearbs and trees is nourisht by  
the roote.

The frostes and froward blafts doth nip the naked spray,  
The sommer liverie of the bowes with colde is worne away;  
Yet lives such rootes in hope that Phœbus glimering  
beames

Will once dissolve fyr Hiems force, his frostes and ysie  
streames,

And lend reliefe at length, when he their lacke should see,  
With coates of leaves to cloth their armes, fit garments  
for a tree.

Even so both hope and dread doth wage continuall fight,

Dear dame, in me whose sommers joy you raifde with  
friendly fight,

But love, unlookt (God wot) to yoke my wanton yeares,  
Straight ufde his force, and bafe defart confumd my joy  
with feares.

It rayfed frostes of fcorne, my fire to overthrowe,  
This chaungd the fommer of your fight to winter of  
my woe :

Yet fled my heart to hope, who faintly feedeth me,  
Your pittie paffeth poore estate, where faythfull love you fee,  
He shewes by fcrete signes your vertues every one,  
And faves your beautie breeds no pride, that brueth all  
my mone.

But maugre friendly hope, bafe hap with me doth ftrive,  
Who weares my flesh with withered feare, how fo my hart  
doth thrive ;

Which is the very caufe why I thefe colours weare.

The ground of hope bewrayes my heart, the gards my  
desperate feare :

But if with graunt of grace my griefes you meane to quite,  
Both hope and dread shall foone be chaungd to colours of  
delight.

*Roberto Rinaldo.*

Thefe verses were reasonably liked, both for that they  
were done of the fouden, and that they fomewhat answered  
the demaunde ; and yet this proffered love to Giletta bred  
no fufpicion, for that every one thought Rinaldo, on fo good  
occafion, could not otherwife choofe but proffer fome shewe  
of loving fervice. After many had thus commended the  
redineffe of Rinaldos wit, by profe of this invention, at the  
length (quoth Giletta halfe fmyling) Maifter Rinaldo, you

have clearkly answered my question ; and nowe, knowing your cunning, I may haply fet you a worke in matters of more importance. Rinaldo (glad of this commendation) made anfwere, her caufes could never wearie him, for that he had both left his own and al other busineffe of purpofe to do her fervice. The muficke now (a while) commaunded them from prattle, and the gallants addreffed them felves to dauncing, where Rinaldo, to make amendes for his other nights negligence, requested to leade maiftrefse Giletta the meafures. Giletta, although at the firft made the matter coy, yet, won by importancie, accepted his courtefie. Rinaldo, fomewhat encouraged by hope, beftowed him felfe to the beft liking he could, and (to report the truth) with the perfection of arte he made full fatisfaction for his former diforder. The dauncers, nowe wearied with heate, applied themfelves unto more cooler paftimes, and Rinaldo and Giletta went to take the ayre at a window, where Giletta, to bewray her knowledge of his verfes, ufed thefe fpeeches.

In good fayth (although againft my will) I fee it is my fortune to be acquainted with your secretes, fo that before miftrufting, that I am moft affured of by your paffionate verfes, which (by fortune) I found, I perceive that the late miftaking of your love intraged you ; yet for that they apertaine not unto me, and that ye fhall remove your anger from me (if you wil ftay my returne) I will fetch them, and make reftitution, affuring you that I neyther have, nor will, reveale the knowledge of them to any alive. To ftay her departure, quoth Rinaldo, (foftly diftrayning her hand) Since my fortunes were fo evill to lofe them, for that feeing an impoffibilitie of hap, I would have concealed my harme, I am glad my fortune is fo good that they light into her

handes, to whom in right they belong, unto whose power (with vowe of continuall service) I subject my life, living, and libertie. Maistresse Giletta, raking up her conceived love, in the ashes of secrecie, thus answered : If I were so simple to be bewitcht with shadowes, your intising words might, no doubt, worke spoyle of mine honour. In the chiefeft hope of my wel doing, quoth Rinaldo (disturbing her tale) you have truly described my present condition : for being rest of heart, the only stay of life, and dying through despaire, I am in no better state then a shadow. Well, quoth Giletta, since your wit serves you to flourish on every worde figuratively spoken, I will deliver the rest of my minde in more plaine speeches. Firft, I must confesse my inabilitie and unworthinesse to entertaine such a servant : then, graunt your wifdome to be such that you will not bestowe your able service, but where you see sufficient abilitie for your well deserving zeale to have deserved hyre. Nowe, to your verses : I thus muche conceive, that to colour that, your none colour bewrayes, I meane your love, else where bestowed, for that I (unhappily) ministred some speeches of mistrust, to dymme mine eyes with a vaine flourish, til time fits your better fortunes you use this sonde profession of love. Thus much I gather, both by your wordes and workes, and thus much I had thought to have delivered in, in embassage, unto this teltale paper (making shew of the letter she had written); but knowing (quoth she) letters to be very blabs, I am glad opportunitie so serves that I may deliver in wordes both what I thinke of you and your suite. With this she put up her letter againe, I thinke for that she woulde not discomfort Rinaldo with the sharpnesse thereof, who faine would have fingered the same, onely to



have bestowed his skill in answere. But to shew his able force to incounter her in wordes, In deed, quoth he, letters are but to be used in necessitie, and yet, where griefs can not otherwise be uttered, necessarie instruments ; but I find this benefit in my bondage, that if I were both hard of tong and pen, my flaming sighes, my frosen teares, my wan lookes, and withered fleshe, would witnesse with what devotion I served : which zeale, through my chaunging colour by you noted, I not a litle joyed, and I no lesse forrowed you would not take notice to what saint I used this devotion, when as Rinaldo calleth heaven and earth to witnesse, that neyther beautie, braverie, or any other inticement, joyned with the credite of the greatest lady in all Italie, could subject his libertie, til Gilettas vertue, matcht with matchlesse beautie, reacht the pitch that stoupt his mounting thoughts, to whom, and for whom, he useth this suite, and suffreth these sorowes. Giletta, seeing the continuance of his vehemencie, was pretily well perswaded of his loyaltie, in so muche as, after a number of other proffers and defences, In hope (quoth she) of your readie dutie, I admit you my servant, with promise to measure your rewarde beyond defart. Rinaldo, glad of this conquest, after double vowe of faythfulnesse, reverently kissed his mistresse hand, and for that time committed her *a Dio*.

I will now overleape what a number of sowre and sweete thoughtes fead these unfained lovers : one while they were distempered with dread ; anon quieted with hope ; now desierous with secrete vowe to warrant eache other love ; straight hindered by some unfortunate accident, still meashed in the snares of miserie, till time, that eyther (without conditions) might gage the other loyaltie, fayth, and constancie,

provided this wished opportunitie, which was : On a day the Lord Sonfago, father to the late rehearsed bride, to perfect the glory of the sayde marriage, inuited the Lorde of Bologna, and his sonne in law, with other of their friendes and allies, unto his castle ; at whiche place Rinaldo, with the rest of the ruffling youth, on smal warning and lesse bidding, as ordinarie visitors of such pastimes, presented them selves. The dinner solemnly ended, every one was addrest unto the sport most agreeable to his or their fancie : some fell to dauncing, some to putting of purposes, and such voluntarie prattle : but Rinaldo and his Giletta, otherwise affected then to listen to those counterfet contentments (to find opportunitie to discourse of more serious matters) with a chosen companie, conveyed them selves unto one end of the great chamber, where Rinaldo, to passe the time in reporting the straunge effects of love, (playing on a lute) song the following invention :

In bondage free I live, yet free am fettered faste ;  
 In pleafure paine, in paine I find a thousand pleasures plaſte :  
 I frye, yet frozen am, I freeſe amid the fire ;  
 I have my wiſh, and want my will, yet both as I deſire.  
 I love and live by lokes, and loking workes my woe :  
 Were love no god, this life were ſtrange, but as he is, not ſo ;  
 For through his awkward fitts, I ſuck ſuch ſweete in ſower,  
 As I a yeare of dole would bide, to have one lightning  
                   hower.

I like no life, but ſuch as worketh with his will,  
 His wil my wiſh, my wiſh to love, betyde good luck or ill,  
 No choyce ſhall make mee chaunge, or fancie new deſire,  
 Although deſire firſt blew the cole that ſet my thoughtes  
                   on fire.

But fire, frostes and all, such calme contents doth move,  
As forst I graunt there is no life to that is led in love.  
Yea, bafe I thinke his thought, that would not gladly die  
To leade but halfe of halfe an houre in such delight as I.  
Now, thou, deare dame, that workste these sweete effectes  
in mee,  
Vouchsafe my zeale, that onely feeke to serue and honour  
thee.  
So shall my thralld brest for fancies free have scope;  
If not, it helpes, I have free will to love and live in hope.

*Roberto Rinaldo.*

These verses, although they were in number few, yet the sweetnes of the tune, together with the rarenes of the invention, running altogether uppon contraries, made them to be singularly well liked, especially of mystresse Giletta, who could now no longer dissemble her love: in so much as, to further occasion of knowledge, shee requested of her servaunt to have a coppie of the said verses. Rinaldo, of nothing more desirous then with courtesie and service to present his mystresse, having this sonet already faire written, first satisfied her request, with the delivery thereof, and next solicited his owne forrowes, with these persuading wordes.

My good mystresse, I am glad (quoth hee) your eare was so ready to heare my straunge estate discoursed, as that your heart consenteth (in perusing this worthlesse sonet) to continue in your remembraunce my sower passions, never appeased, though sometimes comforted with the sweete effects of hope. So that, if it please you to note the sequele of my life, you shal easily see the subjection of my libertie; which knowne, I no otherwise conceive of your courteous

disposition, but so often as you reade my craving woords, feing them confirmed in works, so often you wil be ready to perfect my unfure hope with assured hap ; I meane, bestowe your love on him, who, were it not to do you service, would through the extremitie of love rather wish to die then live. My good servaunt (quoth Giletta) I thinke your cure stands not uppon such necessitie, but reason in time may qualifie your raging fire, and wysedome warme your frosen feares, or, at the leaft wise, warne you from such untemperate affections. O ! no, (quoth Rinaldo): time hath made both extreemes more extreeme, for when as reason would have quenched my burning love with the thought of my unwoorthines, the remembraunce of your worthines made my heate more fervent: when hope would have warmed my frosen doubttes with the knowledge of your great pitie and compassion, the consideration of my base desert streight made my cold more cruell : so that, intertayning time with these thoughtes, time hath brought both extremities now to such a mischiefe, that necessitie (perforce) commaundes mee to seeke qualification at your handes, in whose good will the temperature consisteth.

I thinke (quoth Giletta) my milde disposition, in very deede, makes you a greate deale more desirous; yea your knowledge of my inward lyking by my outward looks discovered, makes you so earnest a fute; but if I were persuaded your love to be as great in zeale as in shewe, yet for that I know not whether it tends to honestie or my dishonour, I can hardly aunswere your sute: if any way, with the spoile of my good name you seeke to feede some foule affection, your love I loth, and so you sue in vaine. O ! my sweete mystresse (quoth Rinaldo) your words at

one instant have joynde two contraries in such mortall fight, as to whom the victorie will incline is as yet doubtful, I meane hope and despaire; for I, earnestly beholding your lokes when as you said they shewde you loved in very deede, to my judgement I sawe in them the very image of love: therewithall (quoth I) to my selfe, *Love cannot hate the welwillers of love.* But as I was continuing this fancie, with the continuance of other your comfortable speeches, on the foudaine, an *Yf*, distrusting my loyaltie, cleane altered the case: for (trust mee, swete mystresse) my faithful love, unspotted with villanous desire, when you used those speeches, streight murmured at your suspicion; yea, dread still perswades mee your over often mistrust will hinder the acquittall of my deserte; and yet hope, desirous of victory, wills mee not to bee discomforted thorough your wife misdoubte, leaft silence in mee should worke in you a greater suspicion. Wherefore, before God and you, I protest with my heart, yea if you please to use the world for after witnes, I wil sweare unto you all, I never had the thought that tended unto your dishonour: then dashe (good lady) this hard condition of foule desire from out the other covenants of love, and take my vow of faithfulness for the warrantyse of my honest and true intent. Sutes must have an end, and sorrowes a salve, either by the benefite of fortune, or violence of death; for I, thorough the extremitie of sorrow, being now brought to the exigent of desperation, am forst to sue unto you for attonement, presenting unto mee, in this case, both the image of good fortune and death; of good fortune, if you love where you are loved; of death, if you hate where you are honoured. Sufficient triall you have had of my loyaltie. Since so (good lady), say yea or

no : either answere wil worke appeasement of my forrowes,  
 the one with death, the other with delighe. Soft! (quoth  
 Giletta) hafte makes waste, your harvest is yet in grasfe;  
 you may very well stay for aunswere. These words with  
 a smylyng countenance delivered, shee forced to departe,  
 yet not in such hast but that Rinaldo had leysure ynoughe  
 to rob her of a kisse; which fed him with such a sweete con-  
 ceite, as that hee was perswaded, with the assault of impor-  
 tunancie, on the next adventure to conquer her straungnes,  
 and attaine good will, so that, to lay his siede with the  
 better advantage, to her doubtfull woordes hee thus  
 replied.

More hafte then neede doth turne to waste,  
 and waste doth al thinges marre :  
 Your harvest is in grasfe, good syr,  
 as hastie as you are.

This doubtfull jeast, among my joyes,  
 my mystresse late did poppe ;  
 But I reply, that backward hafte  
 can never blast my croppe.

For sith (sweete wench) my seede of love  
 hath taken roote in time,  
 And cleare escapd the frostes of scorne  
 that pincht it in the prime,

Now that the spring time of your grace  
 hath raide it to an eare,  
 The kindly riping of the same  
 in faith I litle feare :

For scorched fythes, like summers funne,  
will hasten on this wheate ;  
And stormes of teares, as heavenly dewe,  
shall nourish with the heate.

The jelous weedes of foule suspect,  
which lovers joyes doth sting,  
Shall cropped bee with hooke of faith,  
that favour freash may spring.

Then, banish dread from thee, deere dame ;  
my speede will worke no waste,  
Since that the season serves so well  
our harvest for to haste.

*Roberto Rinaldo.*

These verses were written in hast, and presented in as much haste, such was Rinaldos hastie desire afresh to followe his sute ; and yet not so hastie as of Giletta hartily wished, the heate of eithers love for eithers sight so hastily thyrted. But now, to cut off circumstances, Rinaldo, uppon this new onfet, charged his maistres with such vehement persuations, as her niceneffe was no force to make further defence ; in so much, uppon a modest occasion, shee yelded to love. This sweete consent by Giletta pronounced, with soudaine joy so spoiled Rinaldos senses, as for a time hee fared liked one in an extasie. But so soone as this fit was overblowne (quoth he) Rinaldo, how bountifully hath fortune dealt with thee ! How blessed is thy estate ! canst thou tell ? O, noe ! Thy joyes so hugely flow, as the least of a thousand comforts thou canst not utter. And could

good Giletta so much tender thy distresse? Could shee brooke Rinaldoes povertie? And could shee love the wight unworthie to be her slave? Her selfe said, Yea. Then (as homage of his sated life) most worthie mistresse, of thy unworthie servaunt, receive, with vowe of continuance, faith, honour, love, and service. I crave no more save faithfull love (quoth Giletta): Giletta herselfe, in discharge of her ducie, will use towards her Rinaldo honour and obedience; whom if shee finde constante, let fortune doe her worst; shee hath her contentment. And yet, my good Rinaldo, (quoth shee) foresight is the onely instrument of quietnes. I knowe my father and other friends, if they knewe of our love, with stormes of displeasure would hinder the accomplishment of our desires. If whose good will by any meanes may be wonne, the execution of our joyes, I meane our marriage day, is well delayed; but if they will [not] consent, happ wel, happ ill, Giletta submitted her selfe to Rinaldoes good will. My good maistresse, (quoth hee) your poore servaunt (full satisfied for his harde fortunes fore past, as also to come) subjectes himself to your wife consideration. Yea, Rinaldo wil not in one jot contrary Gilettas direction, althoughe hee purchase death with the execution of her pleasure. Wel, quoth Giletta, let time worke her will; yet live thou, Rinaldo, assured of thy Gilettas love, who like wife liveth in hope of thine. But in hope, sweete mystresse? (quoth Rinaldo) there is no hope withoute mistruste, and causelesse mistrust woorketh two injuries; the one in distempering the mistrusters minde, the other in suspecting the well meaning friend. But the offence towards mee I freely pardon, so that thou wilt (to worke thine owne quietnesse) take knowledge how that my heart is close pri-



soner in thy breast, which maye not be removed without thy consente. And for that wee must attende time for the perfection of our joyes, to intertaine time withoute distruste of loyaltie, deare lady, of thy poore seruaunte, vouchsafe to take this diamond, whose poesie is *I will not false my faith* : protestinge before the hiest to accomplish those woordes in woorkes. Giletta, willingly receyvinge this ring, in this sort acquitted him : My good Rinaldo (quoth shee) I gratefully accept your gift ; and, that in absence you may both thinke of mee and your vowe, for my sake weare you this jewell, wherein is written, *Fortune may hinder my love, yet none but death shall breake my vowe.*

These two lovers, having by secrete othe thus warranted eche others love, least their overlonge talke mighte breede suspicion, now conveyed themselves into the thickest of the company ; where, after they had a while shewed themselves, Rinaldo in respecte of his late conqueste had the ordinarye pleasures, the which hee sawe, in skorne. In somuch that to perfecte his contentement with sweete imaginations, hee convayed himselfe into his chamber ; where, in praise of his good mystrefse and triumphe of his fortunes, hee wrote as followeth.

Beautie, leave off to brag, thy bravery is but brayd :  
Thou mayst (God wot) thy visard vaile, thy wanton maskes  
are wrayd.

Thy toyes in thy attire, thy plumes fortells thy pride,  
Thy coynes, thy caules, thy curling cost, thy furling helps  
are spide.

Thy gages are for guesstes that garish showes wil eye,  
Else who so blinde but that he can a painted visage spie ;

Then goe, and market keepe where chaffe is fowld for  
corne.

I hould (God wot) thy vauntes as vaine ; thy lures and  
love I scorne :

For I beloved am of one that thee doth pafse

In faith as much as fineft gold excelles the courfeft brafse.

Shee needes no frizling feates, nor bumbafte for her breastes,

No glittring fpangles for the gafe, no jerkyngs, jagges, nor  
jeftes ;

Her onely felfe a funne, when thou art judgde a ftarre,

Her fober lookes workes more regard then all thy ruffling  
farre.

The reason is, the heavens, to reape the praife alone,

Did frame her eyes, her head, and handes of pearle and  
precious ftone ;

Which jewells needes no helpe their beauties for to blafe,

When bravery fhadowes fowle defectes, or ferves for wan-  
ton gafe.

Befides her feature rare, her further fame to raife,

Her witt, her wordes, her workes in showe, doth winne a  
world of praife.

Then, beautie, have no fcorne, thy roome for to refigne

To her, whose fundry markes of grace thus shewes shee is  
divine.

If not, thy champion chuse, if any dare avowe

I doe the[e] wronge thee to abuse, and her so to allowe,

And him I challenge forth, by force of fight to prove

Shee hath no match whom thus in heart I honour, serve,  
and love.

*Roberto Rinaldo.*

These verses, although they were too affectionately writ-

ten, yet for two causes they were of Giletta very well lyked : the one was thorough the humour, wherewith moste women are infected, desirous to be praied ; the other, for that Rinaldo was the man that had foe highlye commended her, whom she wished to be as farre overseene in affection, as in his invention : and although she acquitted not his paines with her penne, yet with other courtesies shee sufficiently wrought his contentment. In this sort, in absence with letters, in presence with lokes, signes, and loving greetings, now and then with a stolen kisse interjoyned, for a space these lovers, the one the other delighted. But (oh !) I sighe to report, how soudainly fortune threatened the spoile of their desires, yea, when they thought themselves of her favor most assured : such are the chaunges and chaunces of love. But sith her thretning (after a number of griefes by these two lovers suffered) tourned into grace, with more willingnes I enter into discourse of their sorrowes as followeth.

Rinaldo (unhappily) matched with an ague, through the extremitie of his malladie was forst to keepe his chamber, so that by this accident exiled from the sight of his faire maistresse, the furie of his fever was no sooner overpasted, but streight he was chaunged with feareful fancies, continually dreading how that his absence would turne his ladies love to mislyking. Thus hourelly visited with untemperate fittes (poore man) hee was brought so lowe as that, a live, hee represented the very image of death. Good Giletta, sorrowing the long absence of her Rinaldo, in the ende hearing the unwelcome newes of his daungerous sickness, presently fared as though shee had felt the extremitie of his fitts : one while she determined to goe her selfe and

Passing love  
the cause of  
jelousie.



Frizaldo a  
futer to  
Giletta.

Or unwell-  
come guest.

comfort him ; streight she dreaded the suspicion that might growe thereof ; especially for that Signior Frizaldo, by the procurement of her friends, was so hot a futer, as without some jelous thought he could never part her sighte. Yet, notwithstanding all these hinderaunces, in the ende she was resolved to visite her lovinge Rinaldo, not by secret stealth, but with such a chofen companie, as it could be no otherwife thoughte but that onely for courtesie she went to comfort him. Signior Frizaldo (with the rest of the gentles) would needes waite of mistresse Giletta, whose service, I am asured, was yll accepted, and himselfe to Rinaldo worfe welcome. But secrete griefes, shadowed with fained good will, Giletta outwardly for his curtesie thanked Frizaldo, and went with him and the rest to Rinaldoes lodging: which courtly company, at their first comming, were brought into the sickmans chamber, whom when Giletta espyed to lye languishing on his bedde, to comforte him first of all she used this greeting. How fares my good servaunt ? (quoth shee). Rinaldo, on the foudaine vewing his ladie, was so overcome with foudaine joy, as on the foudaine, the aunswere of his estate was farre to seeke : which when Giletta perceived, in this sort shee continued her comforting woordes. What man ! (quoth shee) be of good cheere ; a lustie hart will soone conquere this sicknes, dismay not your selfe with feare. By this time a sighe had untyde Rinaldoes tongue, who very softly, for feare of suspicion, thus replied : In very deede, sweete mystresse (quoth hee) if I had had the use of my hart, longe or this my griefes had beene eased : but, ah ! my hart else where attends ; it is Giletta (and none else) that may dispose the same. Well (quoth shee) since I have the use thereof, I am taught by

good authoritie to keepe the sounde from the sicke : your body is now diftempered with a fever, your heart with mee fareth no worfe then mine ; so that at the least I will have the bestowing therof, till I see you in perfect health, yet thinke that the comfort both of mine and your owne shal be applyed for your reliefe. Here Giletta gave libertie unto the rest for to greete Rinaldo, who bestowed their talke (as they thought) to his great delight ; but Rinaldo, that rather regarded the sober lookes and modest behaviour of Giletta then the shyning braverie of the rest, gave small eare unto their plesant prattle ; yea, seemed halfe offended with the continuance thereof, as who would saye, the sight of their wantonnes wrought a fresh remembrance of his wretchednes. And truly there can be no greater torment unto the pensive wight then to be throwne into the companie of the pleasant ; not for that he repineth at them, but that he cannot attaine their happinesse. The company perceyving the small comforte Rinaldo toke in their persuasions, on the foudaine became silente, so that Giletta had now libertie to make an ende of her tale : who (for that night drue neare) knit it uppe with this farewell. I see wel, good servaunt (quoth shee) that our company (although wee came for courtesie) is rather a cumber then a comfort to your sorrowes, and therefore wee will now betake you to God. But to witnesse I alwayes with your contentment, vouchsafe this posie of giliflowers, which carrieth this vertue, that about whose head they bee bestowed, the same wighte shal not bee much frighted with fearefull fancies. God graunt that be true (quod Rinaldo) for trust mee, sweete mystresse, the disquietnes of my minde hurtes mee more then the diftemperature of my body ; but howe much of this

Others pleasures a griefto the wretched.

A secrete vertue in giliflowers.

vertue faileth in your flowers, so much I already finde in your friendly woordes ; and to continue in remembraunce your care to cure my miseries, weare you, good mystresse, this rosemary braunche. Giletta, willingly receyving the same, for that she was to depart, with the help of another gentlewoman raised Rinaldoes pillowes, and layde his bedde furniture handsomly about him, where Giletta bowing over him to amende some thinge oute of order, by fortune left with Rinaldo a kisse, the comforte whereof exiled the grieve hee should else have conceived by her departure.

But I am assured this poore stolen kisse no more pleased Rinaldo then it offended (Frizaldo, who (God wot) with great impatiencie murmured at these two lovers familiaritie ; and although the rest toke no heede of their speaches, yet his jelious suspicion both read the letters of their flowers, and wrested out the sense of their subtile wordes. (Nevertheless (for the place sake at that time) hee hidde his conceyved hatred towards Rinaldo with a friendly farewell, but in the waye homeward, hee pincht Giletta with this scoffinge request : Away with this rosemary (quoth hee) lest it hide some infection (being sometime sicke Rinaldoes). That maye offende you (quoth Giletta) ; if it were any wayes infected by this time the open ayre hath purged it, but if before this time, I my selfe am infected, it smally helpes to throwe away this poore braunch, and so your counsel is out of season ; and yet for the same I courteously thancke you. Well, quoth Frizaldo, snuffinge at this aunswere, you were best to perfecte your delighte, to weare a rose with your rosemarie ; meaning the first letters of those two flowers aunswereed her lovers name, Roberto Rinaldo. These woordes stroake poore Giletta dead, and yet shee pretily

(dissembling her knowledge of Frizaldos minde) found out meanes to cutte off those crosse speeches with arguments that meetely well contented him) But, poore wench, so soone as shee was bestowed alone in her chamber, solitari-nesse wroughte a freshe remembraunce of Frizaldos doubtfull woordes ; but yet, after shee had a space bewayled her fortunes, shee wisely entered into the consideration of her owne estate, and waying howe greatly that Frizaldo was favoured of her friendes, and on the contrarie parte, Rinaldo of small accompte, shee concluded (to please all her friendes and contente both her lovers) to use this policie. Frizaldo, whom shee smally esteemed, shee mente to feede with courteous delays ; Rinaldo, whom in deede shee honoured, shee determined in heart to love, and in shewe to hate ; thinking by this meanes that she should extinguish and quench Frizaldos jelous suspicion, which in very deede contraried her imagination. For although he liked Gilettas intertaynment, yet hee continually feared her affection towards Rinaldo ; yea, hee eyed her with such mistrust, as that shee could hardly finde occasion to acquainte her Rinaldo with this devise. Notwithstanding, hopinge of favourable time to execute her purpose, shee continued her fained good will towards Frizaldo, but Rinaldo shee would neither see, send, nor write unto : who, wonderinge at this infolencie and straungenes, although hee had hardly recovered his empayred health, yet hee adventured abroad to learne the cause of this soudaine alteration. But his overmuch temeritie and makinge hast herein had wroughte wofull waste of his life had not God wonderfully saved him. For, repayringe unto the place of his wonted joy and accustomed comforte, hee found his mystresse dallying with

Jelosie can  
never be  
perfectly  
quenched.

a fresh gallant : on him shee would not vouchsafe to looke ; yea, if on occasion hee saluted her by the name of hys mystresse, very disdainfully and scornefully, or not at all, shee aunswared him : on him shee frowned with a curst countenance : on his enimie shee feared with a delightful favour : with him shee would not speake : with his enimie shee continually talked. Which unfriendly welcome was far worfe (God wot) to Rinaldo then his late sickness ; but worst of al he digested the report of the courtiers, who (inferring on their familiaritie) gave out for certainty that Segnior Frizaldo should marie with mystres Giletta. These newes poore Rinaldo was like ynough to credite, himselfe seeing such apparaunte prooffe thereof ; yea, hee credited them so farre, as hee could not away with any thought of hope : in so much that scorning both courte and companie, as one forsaken of himselfe, hee forthwith went unto his chamber, wheras passionately discourfinge on his harde fortunes, which plaint hee powdred with a thousand sighes, by chaunce hee fastned his eye on the jewel which Giletta had bestowed on him ; and with little lust reading the posie thereof, supposing she had falsified her vowe, toucht with the prooffe of his wretchednes, hee forthwith wrote these under written verses :

For faithfull love, the hate I finde in lue,  
 My vowe performde, the false of her behest,  
 The small rewarde I reape for service true,  
 Her joy to see mee plunged in unrest,  
 Doth force mee say, to finde an ende of paine,  
 O, fancie die, thou feedest hope in vaine !



I sue for grace, shee fmyles to see my smart,  
I pleade for peace, shee seekes to sowe debate,  
My sowe her sweete, my grieve doth glad her hart,  
I fawne, shee frownes, I love, and shee doth hate :  
Sith foe, I fay, to finde an ende of paine,  
O, fancie die, thou feedest hope in vaine !

Starve thou, desire, which keepeth life in love,  
And so my thought from showing woe shall cease,  
But love alive, while fancie hope may move,  
A lyving death my sorrowes will increase ;  
Wherefore, I fay, to finde an ende of paine,  
O, fancie die, thou feedest hope in vaine !

My fancies dead, I end of woes should finde,  
My eyes, nay seas (God wot) of brackish teares  
Would leave to love, whom love hath made so blinde :  
My thorned thoughtes no more should foster feares :  
But oh (aye mee !) for to proroge my paine,  
My fancies live, and feedeth hope in vaine.

Doe what I can, I pray on plighted troth,  
I (simple) thinke, shee will not breake this bonde,  
*I vowe to love, I will not false my othe ;*  
But, ah ! I finde her false, and I too fonde :  
Wherefore, good death, at once delay my paine ;  
My fancies live, and feedeth hope in vaine.

*Roberto Rinaldo.*

Unto these verses Rinaldo set a very follem note, and the  
nighte following. hee bestowed himselfe under Gilettas

chamber windowe, where (playing on his lute) hee very mournefully sounge this passionate invention, of purpose (like unto the swanne that sings before her death) to bid his mystresse adieu for ever.

Good Giletta, hearing this sorrowfull farewell, much lamented her servants estate, yet durst shee not at that instant any wayes comfort him. The cause was, Segnior Frizaldo was then in her chamber, who knew very well that it was Rinaldo, that with his sollem musicke, saluted mystresse Giletta ; yea, hee knew by the over often chaunging of her couler, how (notwithstanding her dissimulation) she greatly forrowed Rinaldos distresse: and therefore he thought best, during his discomforture, by some slye policie at once to overthrow him with distrust : and until the execution of this treachery, he thought best to give him this bone to gnaw uppon. First to shew his credite to be admitted into her chamber at that time of the night ; next (to prove his authoritie) hee called Giletta by the name of his subject, who duetifully aunswered him with the title of her soveraigne : which done (quoth hee, looking out of the window) It is for your sake (faire lady) wee are presented with this sweete musicke ; and although your unknowen welwiller maketh shew of the sorrowes hee suffers not, yet courtesie wills you to intercept his paines with thanks. Poor Rinaldo, hearing Frizaldos tongue, made no staye for Gilettas thanks, but returning to his chamber (as one that had foregone his senses) a while in sighes he uttered his plainte. And after his sorrowe was somewhat eased (quoth hee) Alas ! good Giletta, thy exchaunge is very hard, to leave to be Rinaldos mystresse to become Frizaldos subject. But, Rinaldo, worse is thy hap that thou must serve her, that is subject to thy

mortal enimie : thy thraldome is intollerable, thy torments without end ; with violent death dispatch both thy servitude and forrowes, so shalt thou force them to pittie that now triumphe at thy miseries. In this sort Rinaldo continually ragged at his fortunes. Well, however Rinaldo fared, Giletta was not free from forrowes : for, good soule, shee thought it hie time to acquaint her servaunt with the continuance of her love ; and although shee had attempted many wayes, yet shee found no currant opportunitie for discoverie thereof, till in the end shee determined, by letters, to deliver the embassage of her minde, to which effecte shee one day wrote these lines following :

My good servaunte, I cannot but fighe to thinke on thy forrowes, who, inferring on my straungenesse, hast my faithfull love in suspicion ; and yet I cannot blame thee, that knowest not what necessitie inforceth my coyneffe : alas ! I live in the gaze of *jelous distruste*, who, with lynxes eyes, watcheth my behaviour, so that of force I am forst to carrie a shew of hatred where in heart I love. But of this assure thy selfe, although Frizaldo (whose familiaritie woorketh thy feare) weareth both my glove and garter, yet Rinaldo hath, and shall have, my heart. So that (sweete friend) from hencefoorth (having my constancie thus warranted) when most I lowre, contrary my lookes with smiling thoughtes. And thus, till more fortunate time do perfect our wished desires, thy loving mystresse wisheth thee well to fare.

*Giletta de Bologna.*

When good Giletta had thus ended her letters, for that shee durst not trust Rosina, her wayting woman, with the deliverie of them, whom she knewe to be too well affected towards Frizaldo to worke him such an injurie, shee deter-

mined to be the embassadour her selfe : to accomplish which devise shee made an apple hollowe, wherein shee bestowed this letter, which shee closed so cunningly, that none by the outward show could perceiue the inward charge thereof. But, oh the force of ielosie ! Frizaldo, for that he could not alwayes be present to eye Gilettas behaviour, wonne her waytinge woman to watch her so narrowly as shee might bee able to yeeld accompt of all her doinges. This trayterous mayde to her mystresse so trustily performed his request, as, although Giletta practised this devise in her secret closet, yet through the cranell of a wall, shee had notice thereof ; so that the night following shee came to the fingering of this apple, and, finding these loving lines in the body thereof, shee forthwith went to Frizaldo, to whom shee delivered both the letter and apple. But he, that foreknew Gilettas love towards Rinaldo, was rather glad then sadde of these newes ; for by this meanes he spyde occasion presently to overthrowe Rinaldo with despaire. To further which villanous trechery, as neere as he could he counterfeited Gilettas hand, and then, in steede of her courteous lines (in her name) hee wrote this uncomfortable letter :

A trecherous  
part.

Rinaldo, thy dissembling hath wrought my displeasure ; and although I will not shew how, nor wherein, thou art unjust, yet know thou I know so well thy villanies, as no excuse shall remove mee from revenge. And if my unpleasaunt looks any way offende thee, assure thy selfe my heart tenne times more abhorreth thee : thereof let this my hand writing be a witnes, which I my selfe deliver to this ende, that thou mayst at once end both thy hope and unregarded sute : by her that hates the more then shee loves herselfe,

*Giletta de Bologna.*

When Frizaldo had made an ende of this letter, hee bestowed it in the apple, and wild Rosina to laye the same where shee found it: the next day hee brought Giletta, where of force shee must see her loving Rinaldo, and of purpose seemed carelesse of her behaviour, that she might have opportunitie to salute her sorrowful servaunt. Poore Giletta, unacquainted with this treacherie, simplie delivered Rinaldo the apple, saying, the vertue in the fruite was of force to end his sorrowes. Herewith shee hasted after Frizaldo, without either answere or thanks at her servauntes hands, who, receyving this courtesie beyond all hope, as one amazed at so foudaine a joy, it was longe ere hee tasted this apple, and finding a letter inclosed therein, I can hardly report the one halfe of his delight; but this I am assured, for his faire mystresse sake he a hundred times kist both the seale and superscription, before he adventured to take knowledge of the hidden message therein: but when he ripped it open, and found the forecited newes, alas, poore man! his late sweete motions so increased his fowre passions, that if it were possible for anye to taste more miseries, his fare exceeded the torments of hell.

Ah God! (quoth hee) how maye it so sweete a face should be matcht with so cruel a hart, such heavenly lookes with such hellish thoughts, so faire a creature with so foule conditions, and so modest a countenance with so mercilesse a minde? O Giletta! what meanest thou so to ecclipse thy honour, darken thy vertue, and spoile thy wonted report of pitie, by murthring of thy faithfull friend? Hadst thou no feare of infamie? No thought of former vow? Might not remorse of conscience withdrawe thee from disloyaltie? Madest thou no more accompte of love then like unto a

garment, at thy pleasure to put off and on? Couldst thou doe Rinaldo such injurie as to let another devoure the fruites of his toyle? Wouldest thou suffer Frizaldo to reape the crop of love that Rinaldo sowed with sighes, weeded with faith, did nourish with teares, and ripened with continual service? Suppose I admitt the force of thy second love, in excuse of all these wronges, with what face couldst thou triumphe in my miseries? Yea, desire my death, that loved thee so deare? Trust mee, cruell Giletta, if thine owne writing had not been witnesse, I would never have thought thee inconstant, nor had not thine own hands delivered the instrument of my destruction, I would hardly a credited thy letters; but on so certaine a prooffe, in vayne it were to hope. Ah, God! how rightly didst thou hit my fortune, when as thou saidst, thy apple would ease my sorrowes: in deed I found it in my death, and only death must cure my grief. And sith so subtilly thou prophesiedst my destruction, since it agreeth with thy wil, thy wretched desire shal forthwith be wrought. In this desperate mynde Rinaldo hasted unto the river of Poo, where, by the shore side, he sawe a simple man, to whome he delivered a scroll wherein was written,

*Giletta, false of faith, Rinaldo nipt so nye,  
That, lo! he chose, before his time in streames of Poo to dy.*

Whiche verses he requested the poore man to deliver at the Lorde de Bolognas castile to maistresse Giletta, and then, without using any other speache, he leapt into the river. The poore man, halfe amazed at this wilful acte, forthwith hasted unto the Lorde de Bolognas castle, where,

after he had delivered the writing to Giletta, he shewed for certaintie he saw Rinaldo drowne him self. The newes was unwelcome unto everie hearer (save only to Frizaldo, that trayned him into this mischiese), but especially to Giletta this tydinges was too too grievous: she weapt, she waylde, she blamed her and his unlucky fortune, Frizaldos jealousye, her friendes untowardnesse, and chiefly her owne nyceness, as instruments of Rinaldos lamentable destinie: insomuch as neither shew of pleasure, companie of acquaintance, or persuation of friendes, could move her unto any comfort.

Well, leave we sorrowfull Giletta, continually bemoaning the death of her best beloved servaunt, and turne we to Rinaldo, who, after he had a while felt the furie of the floudes, was wearie of dying, so that for life he laboured unto the shoare; which happily recovered, he felt his stomacke at that instant rather overcharged with water then love; yet, for that by sight of his fowre-sweete maistresse he would not renue his sorrowes, nor that he coulde brooke in the court to be frumpt and flouted at, he consented, in a Forrest neare adjoyning unto this river, in miserie to consume the residue of his life. And abasing his mind unto the condition of his distresse, he was content to take a hollow cave for his house and herbour, the bare ground both for his bed and bedding, for companions to make choice of wild beastes, to bemoane his fortunes unto the wilde Forrests, to make the night raven his clocke, his harmonie of hellishe noise of monsters, and his foode the fruits of the earth. O, strange effectes of love! that could vaile his mynde to vouchsafe these miseries, that lately held at will, almost what he could wish. But leave I now to write of love his force (whom no

man hitherto could either truly define or describe), and turne againe to poore Rinaldos hard estate, who, roming in the wilde forrestes for foode, espied an apple tree, the fruit wherof put him in remembrance of the apple Giletta delivered him, wherein he found a letter that forst him to this penance ; the sight wherof with sorrow not only flaked his hunger, but moved him to such impatience that, in despaire and despight of the fruite, upon the tree he carved this invention :

O ! needlesse fruit (of sinne the meane at first)  
 Thou forcedst Eve, and Adam didst entice,  
 To byte their bale, for which the earth was curst,  
 And headlong they from vertue fell to vice :  
 Thou wert the baite that Paris gave the dame,  
 Who in reward, set stately Troy aflame.

Thou didst convey the loving write, that woode  
 Dianas nyphe, from chaste to foule desire.  
 By thee too soone I (wretched) understoode  
 Gilettas scorne, that chaung'd her love to yre ;  
 And not content, but when my woes were dead,  
 With former cares thou combrest fresh my head.

O, envious fruit ! in whom few vertues are,  
 Thy shew is all ; but who so on thee feedes  
 Shall hardly finde thee helpe, but health impaire :  
 Then, sith to man such plagues thy beauty breeds,  
 Would God thy guilt upon each tree  
 Ingraven were, for every eye to see !

*Roberto Rinaldo.*



Rinaldo, thus freshly entered into the consideration of his former love, likewise felt his former unquietnesse of mynd : faine would he have found out some little sparke of hope, but out, alas ! the sowre letter his sweete maistresse delivered, together with her hatefull shewe against him, and her loving zeale towardes Frizaldo, so hugely increased his distrust, as by no means he could away with hope : in so much (quoth he) O cowardly wretch ! why dost thou not by death at once dispatch thy sorrowes, rather then to die a thousand deaths proroging a lothed life ? canst thou brooke continual bondage, when with one blow thou maist rid thy wretchednesse ? Set feare aside, use force upon thy selfe : thou hast lived an exile too long, since thou seest no hope of attonement at home, nor feelest quietnesse abroad. In this desperate passion, Rinaldo was determined to commit murder upon him selfe ; and yet he thought best to deferre the execution, until he might convey him selfe neare unto Gilettas lodging, that there her eyes might be witnesse of his loyaltie and her owne crueltie. To hasten which follie, the next night. he tooke his journey towardes Bologna castle, and by the way he devised this petition.

Even with the blood that issues from his hart,  
Rinaldo (wretch) this forrie boune doth crave ;  
There may be graven (by some continuing arte)  
These woful words upon his timelesse grave :  
*Loe ! here he lies that reaped hate for love,*  
*Which hard exchange to flea him selfe did move.*

These verses Rinaldo determined to write with blood that issued from his deadly wound, and comming unto the

place of his desired rest, he drew his dagger in mind to finish his sorowes. But finding his enterprise (by reason of the dead time of night) unlikely to be troubled, before he executed this tragedie he weakely wrested forth this heauie farewell.

Oh God! (quoth he) that the grones proceeding from my gored hart might now awake Giletta, that she might see the use of my murthuring knife; then wold my yawning breath, my bloody sighs, and deadly gaspes, no dout bedew her cheekes, whiche hitherto my intollerable miseries with ruthful teares could never wet: so should she knowe my escaped dangers were but lightening joyes for to enlarge my sorrowes: so might she see the unfained confirmation of my loyaltie accuse her of inconstancie: so seeing so unnaturall a tragedie executed (by the dome of her scorne) upon her faultlesse seruaunt, remorse might happily move her to repentaunce, and pittie winne her from her wavering fancies. But (oh!) I tyre time with too needeleffe a tale: she quietly sleepes to whom I thus sorrowfully talke. Fare wel, Giletta, farewell. These naked wals (besprent with blood) shal shortly bewray my mone: my breathlesse corps shal witnesse my constancie, and purchase (I trust) so muche pitie as (notwithstanding my carelesse provision) to be bestowed in some forgetlesse tumb. I can not stay thy answer, and therefore I leave it to thy curtesie. Come, wished death! now use thy force: my will is made; the time and place fitteth my desire, my teares and sighes are already bestowed, these walles (my executors) only wanteth their hire: my waste blood I bequeath them, only to continue remembrance of my loyaltie, &c.

Good Giletta, continually lamenting the losse of her servant

both night and day, was smally disposed to rest ; in so much that leaning in her chamber window, she heard (though not perfectly) this sorrowful discourse, and being moved with pitie (as Rinaldos complaint grew to an end) she used these words. Yonder mans tongue, mone, and miseries, workes such fresh remembrance of my good Rinaldos destruction, as for his sake I wil apply unto his sorowes what honest comfort I can. Therewithall she prepared her selfe to learne his cause of griefe. Rinaldo, amazed with this sudden comfort, helde his hande from his throte till Giletta was at his elbowe ; who verie modestly demanded, both what he was, and what forst him so pitiously to complaine ? Rinaldo, on this small encouragement, began now to mistrust yll measure in others ; and yet to trie in whome the fault might be, he at the first both hid his name and the true cause of his griefe from Giletta. Giletta, earnestly noting the order of his talk, began now to be so distempered with the thought of Rinaldo, as she fell straight thus to beemone his hard fortunes. Ah ! good Rinaldo (quoth she) whersoever thy body lies, in thought I so perfectly behold thy image, as in every mournfull tale me thinkes I heare thy tongue. Woe worth thee, Frizaldo ! to coole whose jealous distrust I used shewe of hate where in heart I loved ; and yet, Rinaldo, thou art not blamelesse in that, when as I made thee privie to the cause of my straungnesse, thou wilfully afterwards didst drowne thy selfe. Herewith Rinaldo, to make Giletta partaker of his newe conceived joyes, could not choose but discover him self, whome when she perfectly knewe, *And lives Rinaldo yet ?* (quoth she) and therewithal, imbracing her best beloved, with very joy fell into a swoone. Rinaldo, seeing his lady and love to

Unlookte  
comfort.

The womans  
wit in matters  
of love quicker  
then the mans.

faint, spared for no kisses to fetch her againe. She being revived, and the heate of their joyes somewhat qualified, I want skill to will to shewe what desire the one had to delight the other; but this I am assured, they in such sort overwent the night, that morning willed them away ere eyther of them had thought of former forrowes, or fought to worke for future joyes. But as it is sayde, the womans wit is more readier then the mans in practises that answereth their liking, experience here makes proove of no lesse: for when Giletta espied Rinaldo in a browne studie with debating which way they might best, easiest, and soonest perfect their unfure delightes, she comforting him with a pretie smyle, willed him to commit that charge unto her, but in any case she warned him to live a while unknowne.

Rinaldo faithfully promised to obey her direction, who, after he had given and taken a hundred loth to depart kisses, forthwith posted unto the next uncouth place, and Giletta secretly conveyed her selfe unto her chamber: who the next day forooke her mourning weedes, and with a chearefull countenance she bid her friendes *Buon giorno*; who rejoycing to see her so pretily comforted, applied them selves unto such exercises and persuasions as they thought would best worke her contentation. Especially Frizaldo, who (after it was given out Rinaldo was drownd) was so much of Giletta misliked, as that she could neyther abide his sight, nor would patiently heare his name: now, seeing her stormie anger somewhat appeased, by litle and litle renewed his loving suite. Giletta nowe to worke fure (bicause he should no more suspect fraude in her overmuch familiaritie) made the matter somewhat strange; and yet not so strange but that Frizaldo might picke out

incouragement to continue his bootleffe suite. Who, refusing no advauntage, charged her, and double charged her, with importunate persuasions: she, at every assault, seemed somewhat to relent; yea, in the end, she was content patiently to heare his request, and if she chaunced to crosse him with froward language, she wold comfort him with some fained good looke. Gilettaes father, seeing some likely-hood of the match he long desired, I meane betweene Frizaldo and Giletta his daughter, furthered Frizaldos desire in what he could, in so much as coveting a speedy dispatche, he one day injoynd his daughter to give him a direct answere, off or on. Giletta modestly answered, the promise she made Rinaldo was such a corsie to her conscience, through the feare of infamie, as although she had sufficiently tried (and by trying liked) Frizaldos honest and faithfull love, yet she feared to give hir willing consent to that she hartily wished. Why, quoth her father, your promise died with Rinaldo; and though he desperately dispatcht his life, neither law of God, nor nature, can forbid you marriage: and to make you the more willing to that I wish, there shalbe proclamation made, that if Rinaldo within one moneth come in, and make clame to Giletta, he should be indifferent heard; if not, Frizaldo to have her as his lawful wife: by this means (quoth he) the clattering tongs that thou fearest (would note thee of inconstancie), well persuaded of his death by reason of his absence, will sure be staid.

Giletta, thus proffered what she had thought to have requested, set nicenesse aside, and, sayning her fathers persuasions to have conquered her, upon this condition yealded to marrie Frizaldo. The Lord de Bologna made no delay, but presently, upon this consent, assured Frizaldo

to his daughter Giletta, and caused proclamation to be made. This newes wrought joy on all sides. Rinaldo laught to heare this proclamation, for that he knew how to provide sowre fauce for Frizaldos sweet delights: Giletta smilde to see how wilelily she had won her father's consent to have Rinaldo, who she knew was ready to make clame. Giletta's frends rejoyced to see her sorowes appeased; but Frizaldo above the rest triumphed in shew: he made no account of the proviso in his assurance; for why, he thought a dround man wold hardly clame his right. The kind intertainment of his maistresse so laded him with joy, as that he bad jealouzie go trudge, distrust adieu, and al other hinderances avaunt: one while he invites his friends, another while he makes choice of martiall c[h]alengers and champions, for justing, turne, barriers, &c. Now he consults with carpet knights about curious masks, and other delightful shewes: anon he runs unto the tailers, to see his apparell made of the straungest and costliest fashion. Thus was he occupied in provision of braverie against his marriage day; he had no thought how Rinaldo would be avenged of his trecherie, overthrow him in combat, weare his weedes, marrie his wife, and use his provision of plesure for the honor of his own wedding: he wold not see secret hate, that lay hid in Giletta's loving lookes as the snake lurkes in the sweet grasse: his blinde affection made him forget the villanie he had offered Rinaldo, so that pricke of conscience could move him to no repentance. For, having reacht the height of his desires, he made her the instrument of his destruction, by whose dishonest service he attained this shew of preferment; I mean Rosina, Giletta's waiting woman: who, seeing the preparation for her maistres marriage, began to loure on Frizaldo. That reason was, at such time as he was out of Giletta's favor

to currie friendship with her, he tolde this damsel, in respect of her curtesies, and in despight of her maistres injuries, he would marrie her : which faire promise, thus souly falsed, might very wel force the poore wench to frowne. Which Frizaldo seeing, likewise saw without wife foresight a kindrance to his desires ; and devising how to repaire this breach of amitie, he called to mind what smal trust was in a womans secrecie, and waying what mischief he had executed to compasse his loving affaires, now to perfect the successe he long looked for, he concluded (in acquittall of the poore wenchs courtesies) to shorten her life.

O, wretch ! spoyled of pitie, reft of humanitie, catyfe more cruell then any tygre ! howe couldest thou professe to love, with so bloudy a mynde, especially to acquite her with such crueltye, that spoyled her credit to do their courtesie ? But why weare I time to wonder at thy unnaturall villanies, which spendst thy life without thought of vertue, and diedst without shewe of repentance ? And nowe againe, unto this tyrant Frizaldos actions : with a friendly countenance, he came unto Rosina, and after his courteous salutations, he bayted his poysoned enterprise with this sweete perswasion. Sweete wench, quoth he, thou seest a great preparation (supposed) for a marriage betweene thy maistresse and me ; if which were true, in fayth I should do thee too too much wrong, to whome I am in conscience betrothed. But for that thou maist now find performance of that in deeds, that hitherto I promised in words, I give thee to wit my intent. Thou very well knowest my faithful love once towards Giletta, her smal regard of me, my suite, her scorne, yea her crosse answering of all my amorous actions ; so that by necessitie enforced, I found her sight that nothing esteemed my fer-

Faire wordes  
makes fooles  
saue.

vice, dayly pleaded with teares, and solicited with sighes, which uncurteous (nay cruel) usage (as thou knowest full wel) soudenly changed my love to hate, so that, continuing (or rather increasing) my malice, I have hitherto fought how to be avenged. And, lo ! a happie opportunitie : her coyneffe is come downe, and nowe she is content to love the man that she so highly hated ; yea, to allure him with friendly lookes, whose teares sometimes could purchase no ruth. I meane my selfe, she is thus affected to ; who (in truth) rather seekes to be revenged of her former crueltie then to reward her present courtesie. And to use avenge more currantly, upon this newe reconcilment, I shadowed my displeasure with the show of wonted kindnesse, of purpose, when she thought her selfe most assured, then to give her the slip, and now the (supposed) wedding day drawes neare, but her delight farre enough off. Nowe, nowe, sweete wench, the accomplishment of my promise and thy comfort approacheth ; it is thou shalt enjoy the benefite of this preparation. Frizaldo meanes to marrie none but Rosina, whome he will shortly espouse. Wherefore (quoth he) to worke both secretely and safely in this matter, I meane, the night before my (supposed) marriage with Giletta, to convey thee to my house, and the next morning to make thee my wife.

This currant tale not a little pleased Rosina : she thought all was gold that glittered ; she never remembered howe the poysoned hooke lay wrapt in pleasant bayte, howe the crocodile obtaines her pray with pitifull teares, nor how subtil devises are (for the most) compassed with sugred wordes : she never dreaded insuing danger, but presently consented to what Frizaldo should demaund ; yea



she thought every day a yere, untill she had overtaken this appointed houre. At which time, according unto promise, Frizaldo, with two other ruffens to whom he had delivered his mynd, repayred to this mistrustlesse mayde, whome Frizaldo wild quickly to prepare her selfe to ryde with those his men unto his house, and he him selfe would make what speede he might after. She (that was ready an houre before Frizaldo came) made answere she was in a readinesse to perfourme his pleasure, and so with more haste then good successe, away she packs. But so soone as these two ruffens had her in the forrest (to sowre her sweete conceites) they made her acquainted with Frizaldos commaundment.

It was his pleasure she shuld be flaine, whose dome they promist, and would obey, and execute ; and therefore they willed her to use her prayers, for no persuasions might purchase grace. The poore wench, thus beset with naked fwordes, and seeing (by their stearne countenances) how those traytors were spoyled of pitie, began very lamentably to cry and scrike out ; which these gracelesse varlets hearing, commaunded her soorthwith to forfake her overloude clamors, and fall (if she woulde) quietly to her prayers : if not, they would abridge her short time of repentance. Good foule, she seeing them so furiously bent, became soorthwith silent, and only to proroge her life (I thinke) with small devotion she fel a praying ; for when she setled her self to most paciencie, she would soudenly exclame of Frizaldos tirannie. Rinaldo, who (since his owne wilful exile) lived in this forrest, by fortune hearde Rosinaes pitious complaint, and being well armed, hasted to learne the cause of so great an outcrie ; who, espying a gentlewoman upon her knees between two ruffens, that with naked fwordes

A unlooked  
for rescue.

were readie to shorten her life, set spurres unto his horse for her more speedie rescue. The varlets, seeing an armed knight make towards them (without damaging the gentlewoman) forthwith fled to save them selves. Rosina, thus happily preserved, through very joy fell into an extasie: but being both revived and comforted by Rinaldo, Rinaldo presently perceived how that he had wrought this fastie unto Gilettas waiting woman; and greatly wondering at the rarenesse of the chaunce, was earnest to knowe what led her to this misfortune: she not knowing (by reason he was armed) that whom she had so often wronged to pleasure Frizaldo was the man that saved her life which Frizaldo traiterously sought, from the first to the last layde open all Frizaldos trecherie, and further she sayde that to morrowe he should espouse good Giletta. Nay, quoth Rinaldo, I myself hope to hinder that match, and to morrowe (quoth he) we wil both go to Bologna castle: in the meane while he prayed her to rest contented with his intertainment.

This long lookt for morrowe morning is now at length come, and yet not so fortunate as to some wished for, but to him to whome it was most daungerous it was best welcome; I meane to Frizaldo, who (having a lightening delight against his fouden destruction) very early gets him up, bravely arrayes him selfe, and accompanied with divers gay gallants, with delicat musicke awakens Giletta. Giletta, that lived assured of Rinaldos challenge, seemed greatly contented with Frizaldos readinesse, and with what speede she might, she decked her self as bravely as she could. The bridegrome and the bride being readie, the lord of the castle, with the lady his wife, accompanied with other their friends (with what honor they could) accompa-

nied them both to wards the church. But loe! (by the way) an unlookt for let: in viewe of the whole companie, there posted towards them a knight, accompanied with one only gentlewoman. The knight (well mounted upon a blacke horse) was armed all in blacke armour, save upon the left side, about his hearts defence, there was graven a white turtle dove, with this poesie, *Once chose, and never chaunge*: the strangnesse of which sight enforst them to stay to know the knights errant; who, being arrived among them, his gentlewoman was straight waies knowne, which straunge adventure greatly increast their wonder, and more greatly Frizaldos feare. Well, this gentlewoman upon her knees requested both pardon and respyt to speake; whiche graunted, she made first report of the love betweene Rinaldo and Giletta; then of Frizaldos liking and jealous distrust; further how Giletta fained to fancie him and to forsake Rinaldo, which devise she wrote in a letter, and inclosed it in an aple, thinking by the delivery therof to acquaint Rinaldo with her mind. But (quoth she) this aple came to my unhappie fingring, the which I delivered to Frizaldo, who toke out the comfortable, and counterfetted in Giletta's name a cruel, letter, the which he wrapt in the aple, and wild me to bestow the same where I found it: the day folowing, Frizaido allured Giletta wher of force she shuld see Rinaldo, who delivered Rinaldo this aple. Rinaldo, reading the counterfetted letter, desperately drowned him selfe; which ill newes so discomforted Giletta, as she repined at all the instruments of his ill fortune, especially at Frizaldo, whose name she could not abide. Frizaldo, seeing his suits so smally regarded, with shew of malice, in despite of her (as he saide) promist me marriage. Since

Giletta, won from this displeasure Frizaldo to faire words, promist now to perform that in deed that hitherto he promist in worde, I meane under the colour of marriage, won me to go with two ruffens to his house, who by Frizaldos appointment, in a forrest not far off were readie to murther me, had not this knight in happie time recovered me. I nowe have said, use your pleasure, and if you please pardon me.

This straunge discourse made them all secretly to grudge at Frizaldo; but Giletta, being perplexed both with malice and feare, with malice against Frizaldo for his too apparent trecherie, with feare for Rinaldos absence, who she little thought to be the instrument of this discoverye, Frizaldo perceived (by the alteration of countenances) what harts were won from him by Rosinaes too true a tale; and although he found him selfe guiltie, yet he began to cleare him self with this shamelesse answere.

This strumpet (quoth he), won by some ruffenly companion that repineth at my good fortune, or thinketh by this meanes to be avenged for Rinaldos desperate and foolish end, without shame in her selfe, thus shamefully slandereth me. But for that wordes will hardly quench the suspicion that her infamous tale hath fired, I wil presently in combat prove my innocencie, and (I trust) discover her trecherie, if any dare mainteine her untrue sayings true. Frizaldo had scarcely concluded his chalenge, ere Rinaldo thus replied. Notorious varlet (spoyled of all humanitie) I am he that wil mainteine her sayings true, and in revenge of thy trecherie will (I trust) soone feperate thy condemned soule (without speedie repentance) from thy carren body. Goe, arme thy selfe, I attend thy comming. Infamous ruffen!

wilt thou ? (quoth Frizaldo), and counterfetting (through necessity) furie in steade of feare, forthwith he went to arme him selfe. The rest of the companie, rather desirous to see an end of this accusation then the solemnising of the marriage, attended Frizaldos return, who sone came very richly armed into the field. The knights now sweare that eyther quarrell is just, and at the trumpets found so fiercely incountreth other, that both horse and men fall thundering to the earth. Frizaldo trusting in his force, Rinaldo both in his force and honest quarell, eyther quickly recovereth him self, and (forsaking their shivered speares) with arming blade freshly falles a hewing at others sconce. The knights thus furiously fighting, the standers by pray as they are affected ; the indifferent, victory unto the innocent ; Rinaldos friends, unto the unknowne knight ; but Giletta, above the rest, wilheth Frizaldos overthrowe, whome she knowes to be faultie in the quarell. Still they fight, and yet the victorie doubtfull : one while Rinaldo hath the best, and straight a crosse blowe makes him lose his advantage. Remorse of conscience nothing weakeneth Frizaldo, but Rinaldos honest cause doubleth his strength, so that the longer he fought the fearcer he was ; and yet Frizaldo valiantly mainteines his dishonest quarrell. But what doth might availle when God assistes the right ? Frizaldo, for all his force, in the end beganne to faint ; which Rinaldo espying, and eying his ladies beautie, assaild him with such furie that ere long he sent him dead to the earth.

The battell thus fortunately won, Rinaldo unarmes him self, and clames Giletta as his wife : the people at the sight of Rinaldo shoke the earth with clamors of joy. Giletta (that lately wondered at Rinaldos absence) now charged

her father with his promise : the Lorde de Bologna, with the rest of his friends, agreed Rinaldo and Giletta should forthwith be married. The courtly companie that came to honor Frizaldos marriage, had his dishonest actions in such disdain, as now they would not vouchsafe to see him honestly buried. But, with all their provision of braverie, on Rinaldo they willingly attended ; glad was he that could with any curtesie present him. The marriage rites solemnly pronounced, these faithfull lovers repaired to Bologna castle, where they were welcomed with what pleasure might be had ; yea, to conclude, for to worke satisfaction for their long miseries, there wanted nothing that coyne, cunning, or credit might compass. And thus after fortune had long threatned the shipwracke of their delightes, their constancie conducted them to the port of their wished desires.

*El fine fa el tutto.*

## EPILOGUS.

Loe! here the fruits of lust and lawlesse love,  
Loe! here their faults that vale to either vice ;  
Loe! ladyes, here their falles (for your behove)  
Whofe wanton willes fets light by found advice.  
Here lords may learn with noble dames to match ;  
For dunghill kyte from kinde wil never flye :  
The vessell long will of the liquor smatch,  
Wherewith at first the same we taste or trie.  
Here Cressids life ; her lucke, and lothsome end,  
Their fortunes paint that Cressids heires are :  
Her fall doth will all wantons to amend ;  
Their lightning joyes are joynd with yeres of care.  
Here youths, that see a strumpets angrie moode,  
May haply feare to execute her hate.  
Their hard luckes heere, that purchase love with bloud,  
Are warnings meete for such as fowe debate ;  
And to be short, the fowre in sweetest love  
Doth prove him blest that least therof doth prove.

Vide the fall  
of the C. of  
Celant, fol.  
16. a.

Cressids com-  
plaint, fo.  
22. a.  
Vide C. of  
Celant, fo. 2. a.

Vide C. of  
Celant, fo. 7. b.

Vide Frizaldo,  
fol. 45.

*Formæ nulla fides.*





THE GARDEN OF UN-  
thriftinesse, wherein is reported  
*the dolorous discourse of Dom*

Diego, a Spaniard, together  
with his triumphe.

*Wherein are divers other flowers*  
(or fancies) of honest love. Being the in-  
ventions and collection of *George*  
*Whetstone, Gent.*

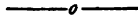
*Formæ nulla fides.*

### *THE ARGUMENT.*

Dom Diego, a Spaniard, falling in love with faire Genevora, was, in the prime of his fancies, with like love by Genevora friendly acquainted. Afterwards Genevora (else where fancying) had Dom Diego in such disdaine, as still she croft both his fuite and service with scorne. Dom Diego, seeing an impossibilitie of favour, exiled him selfe both from courte and companie, and vowed to live and die in the Pyren mountains, unless Genevora would both remove her misliking, and friendly fetch him home againe : who solemnely persevering in this senselesse vowe, you may suppose among the Pyren hilles to wrest foorth this following complaint of his wretchednesse.

*DOM DIEGO HIS*

dolerous discourfe.



I (wretched) weary am of toile; good death, delay my paine:  
My words in waft, my works are loft, my wilhes are in vaine.  
I ferve with faith, my hire is fraud, I love and reape but  
hate,  
And yet this woe doth wrong me moft; I mourne without a  
mate.

For if one drop of hope were feene, though dride with fcorne  
in fight,  
I might with pyning Tantale joyne, who ferves in sweete  
delight:  
Or if I could but halfe the hill roule up the tumbling ftone,  
I had a mate of Sifyphus to match with mee in mone.

But, oh! O not my hap more harde; they have a scrambling  
joy,  
But I no thought of sweete remorfe, my fovereigne is fo coy.  
My joy in *was*, my woe in *is*, and fo is like to bee:  
My fancies turne to frie fightes, alive, my death to fee.

The court, the court, where pleasure lives, with paine in-  
creaft my care,  
Eche bliffe seemde bale, eche gleame of grace did mift  
my joyes with fcare.

Eche shew of sport my sorrowes moude, eche pleasure  
 made me plaine,  
 Yet there I preast to feede on sight, digesting dire dif-  
 daine.

Were love not blinde, this life were straunge for one to love  
 his foe ;  
 More straunge to haunt a place of harme, but most to joy  
 in woe :  
 But (oh !) who feeles his aukeward fittes, and fucks the  
 sweete in fowre,  
 Shall bide a yeaere of dole with ease, to feele one lightning  
 houre.

Such life I lykt, til fogge of fcorne did rise to dampe my  
 joyes,  
 Till secret sighes wrought open scoffes, till floutes did quite  
 my joye ;  
 Untill the colours which I wore my secrete mourning  
 wrayde,  
 Till dauntes of friendes, till frumpes of foes, my feeble hope  
 difmayde.

And till her bloudie hate was seene of every beetell fight,  
 Till then I never shronke, but fought with zeale to quenche  
 her spight ;  
 But then (quoth I) Dom Diego, wretch, bid court, not care,  
 adue,  
 Some unkouth haunt thy fortune seemes, thy harmes alone  
 to rue.

Thou gav'st thy woord, to die her love let word in worke  
agree :

Her checking chaunge, her scorne for faith, is no excuse  
for thee.

A hermits life, befeemes thy lucke ; go haunt the Pyren hills :  
To touch the foode wee may not taste increaseth hungry wills.

Therwith I vow'de in defart houltes alone to rue my harme,  
Where fretting sighes doth serve for fire my frofen flesh to  
warme :

My foode is apples, hawes, and heepes, such fruites as feede  
a beaft ;

Wilde monsters are companions mine, in hollow caves I rest.

A crabtree staffe my surest steede my sterved legges to ease :  
My thoughts new wounds increaseth stil, when cares I would  
appease.

The watchfull clocke, the warning bell, the harmonie I heare,  
Is dreadfull noyes of dreadlesse beastes, of whom I live in  
feare.

My studie is to way and waile that fortune thus doth lowre,  
Wher wealth by want, once love by scorne, my sweete by  
present sowre.

Where fethers flue about my helme, a willowe wreath to  
weare,

My weedes of worth by cote of leaves, sharpe flowes for  
deintie fare.

My stately home, by hard exile, delight, by wythred woe,  
Doth force (God wott) my wasted teares through grieve a  
fresh to flowe.

My lute, that sometime lent me ease, hath neither frett nor  
 stringe ;  
 My sugred voice, with howling hoarst, forbids mee now to  
 finge.

My penne are worne, my incke is done, my paper all is writ,  
 Yet halfe my passions and my paine unpainted are as yet,  
 So that for onely exercife, in trees and marble stone,  
 My grieve to ease, I forced now, do grave my wretched mone.

Live longe in blisse, thou loftie beeche, wherein this vow is  
 writt,  
 No luring friend, nor lowring foe, *Genevras faith shall flitt.*  
 To witnes now her foule untruth, Dom Diego writes belowe,  
*Her vowed faith from knowen friend is rest by fawning foe.*

But chiefe of all, thou sacred stone, remaine thou sound and  
 safe,  
 Continue thou these letters fresh, which are my epitaphe :  
*Hard by this rough and ragged stone Dom Diego (wretched)*  
*lyes,*  
*Genevras hate exiled him, yet loving her hee dies.*

This homely tumbe is all my helpe to bring my death to  
 light,  
 This must record my faithfull love, and show my ladies spight.  
 In time I trust some forrest Pan, or wandring pilgrime may,  
 Peruse my woes, and to my sweete this sowre message wray.

*To save my faithfull boone unbroke, to show my service just,*  
*My soveraignes scorne with face of faith, her treason cloakt*  
*with trust,*

*Me, wretched Dom Diego, forst before my time to die :  
My bones unburied by this tumbie makes pooofe it is no lie.*

And now, good death, with speede divorce my foule from  
lothed life ;  
My joyes are worne, my pleasures past, my peace is chaung'd  
to strife :  
I see no meane of quiet rest, but onely death by thee,  
Then spare them, death, whom pleasure hauntes, and use  
thy force on me.

Dom Diego having for the space of 22 monethes thus  
lived an exiled life, onely accompanied with sorrow, wretch-  
ednes and miserie, which comfortlesse companions no one  
houre forfooke him, it chaunced that Dom Roderico (a  
speciall friend of his) had occasion to travel into Gascoine ;  
and as hee journeyed (in the defart forrest, where this  
wretched lover was made free citizen) he mist his way : in  
the end finding out Dom Diegos homely caben, of whom  
he demaunded the way to Barcelone, and having his aun-  
fwere, as he departed hee espied in a corner of his cotage  
two faire saddles : uppon the one of them was ingraven this  
poeſie in Spaniſh,

*Que brantare la fe es causamuy fea.*

To violate faith is a thing detestable.

Dom Roderico, reading this poeſie, called to remem-  
braunce how that his frend Dom Diego, in all his deviſes,  
uſed the ſame ; and, to be ſhort, he ſo handled the matter,  
as the hermite, whom hee knewe not (ſo was hee over-

growne with haire, and worne with woe) confessed himselfe to be Dom Diego, his friend, and, taking him a side, hee delivered the whole cause of his exile. Dom Roderico, seeing this foster lovers miserable estate, vowed (with what possible speede hee could) to worke his remedie, who (for more haste) forooke his journey, and returned home unto his owne castle. At his comming home (making no semblance of his knowledg) hee roade to the place where fayre Genevora with her mother sojourned, of purpose to learne what new gallant had wooed her; and finding him to bee a younge gentleman of Biskaye, who shortly after (by her owne consent) was minded to steale her away, Dom Roderico so cunningly coyned with Genevoras page (who wholly knew his mystresse secretes) that he certainly learned the night of these lovers departure. The same night, accompanied with ix or x gentlemen his companions and friends, he laye in waite for this Biskayne lover and his lady, who (about x or a xi of the clocke, only accompanied with two or three gentlemen his companions) came merely on their way. Roderico, so soone as he saw the instrument of Dom Diegos miserie, set spurres unto his horse, and, with speare in rest, so rudely welcomed this Biskayne, that, for all his coate of plate, he pearst through both his sides. The souldiers of this amorous captaine, seeing their maister thus unfortunately slaine, and waying their unable force to incounter with Dom Rodericos company, saved themselves by flight, and left woofull Genevora to shift for her selfe: on whom Rodericos servauntes soudainly seafed, and, blinding her with a scarfe, with speed conveyd her where wretched Dom Diego lived. Dom Diego, somewhat comforted with the sight of his sweete mystresse, began amaine to crave recom-



pence for his faithful service. Genevora, so soone as she saw Dom Diego, and knew that syr Roderico for his cause had murdered her minion, answered him (and exclaimed on them both) with what opprobrious speech she coulde; yea, the more they perswaded her with friendly requestes, the more perverse was her refusal. Dom Diego, thus seeing an impossibilitie of favour, with inward sorrow fel into a swoon. Dom Roderico, seeing the distresse of his deare friend, and the continuance, or rather increasng, of Genevoras disdaine, commaunded presently her throte to be cut. Dom Diego, halfe revived, seeing one redie to execute this judgement, profered what reskue he could. Oh, good Roderico! stay, (quoth hee): I allow of thy honest zeale, yet attribute my wretchednes to fortune, not her fault. Wherefore, for the love thou bearest to mee, for the love I owe to her, see Genevora, without further damage, safely conveyed home. Genevora, seeing him offer reskue and crave her safe conduite, whose death her frowardnes wel nie had wrought, on the soudaine was wonne unto pitie; and, lovingly embracing Dom Diego, shee offered satisfaction for his sorrowes, and for an earnest pennie shee freely kist him. Dom Diego, late the miserablest creature living, unwares became the happiest man alive; whose matchlesse pleasures appeare in this under written triumphe.

*Dom Diego his triumphe.*

Who can report that never tasted bale  
What difference is tweene sorrow and delite?  
And who may tell a more triumphant tale  
Then hee in joy that late was kept in spite?

I am the man ; in mone there was none such :  
My mone is pafte, my mirth muft be as much.

Sith fo alone I rule in throne of joy,  
Of pleafures mount I weald the golden mace,  
Then leave to bragge, you princes proud of Troy,  
Your brayd delights by mee can have no place ;  
Once beauties bliffe to vaunt doth make you bould,  
I have fuch hap, and tenne times more in hould.

And, by your leave, your ladies blemifht are :  
Afke Thefeus, who firft lopt fayre Hellens love :  
Syr Diomedes, the fpoile of Troylus ware,  
Suppofe them true whom none could ever prove,  
Your lightning joyes fuch lafting woes did brue,  
As you may wifh your fames to die with you.

But, lady mine, I wrong thee much in this,  
To peize thy praife with fuch as livde or live ;  
For natures toile fome wayes difabled is,  
Shee frames our forme, but can no fortune give ;  
But thou wert fhapt (for feare of fortunes fpight)  
Of precious moold by force of heavenly might.

By heavenly might, and worthie well fuch toyle,  
Whofe lively limms the Indian riches showe :  
Her haire fine gold, her front doth yvorie foyle,  
Her eyes give light as diamonds there did grow ;  
Her words of worth (as caufe doth caufe her fpeake)  
Twene rockes of pearle their pleafaunt paffage breake.

What should I say ? of truth, from top too to  
These precious gems in beautie shee doth staine,  
And more then that (besides the outward sho)  
Their vertues shee with vauntage doth retaine ;  
So that of force, I (forft) muft her define  
Not bound to kinde, but wholly is divine.

Thrife happie man (whose love this faint did lure)  
Dom Diego late, even very wretchednesse,  
Now maist thou vaunt (thy vauntage is so sure)  
That none alive thy pleasures halfe poffesse.  
Through chaunce of love do thoufands chaunce on death,  
But dying I, my love inlargde my breath.

The fource of woe is favourie fauce to taſte,  
Our sweete delights, if once delight wee feele,  
The rough repulſe (if battring tyre be plaſte)  
Amends the ſpoile when walles (perforce) do reele :  
Of every thinge the goodnes doth increaſe,  
If once afore the loſſe did us diſtreſſe.

Sufficient prooſe my lingring love can ſhoe :  
I tyred hope ere time my truth could trie,  
Yea, deſperate wretch, forworne with wreake of woe,  
I left my fute and fought the meane to die ;  
Now winning her, whoſe want wrought ſuch annoy,  
On former griefes I graft my fruites of joy.

In waxe, ſay I, men eaſily grave their will,  
In marble ſtone the woorke with paine is wonne,  
But perfect once, the print remaineth ſtill,

When waxen seales with every browse are donne :  
Even so in love, foone wonne, as soone is losfe,  
When forft through faith it bydes both fire and froft.

I can not vaunt of easie conquered love :  
I graunt with faith I foyle Genevras scorne,  
But now in peace, distrust shall never move  
One jelous thought of wilde Acteons horne ;  
And yet, forfooth, this feare hee liveth in,  
To lose the wight with words, that words did win.

O happie love ! whose torments prove so sweete ;  
O friendly foes ! whose treason tride my trueth ;  
O luckie man ! Dom Roderic to meete :  
Genevra thou, thrife honord for thy ruth,  
Thou, onely thou (the rest of small availe)  
Didst save my life, when hope and all did faile.

Now forth I throw my gauntlet for this grace,  
To chalenge such as seeke to foile thy fame,  
For sure the armes that durst my sweete imbrace,  
Dares to defend the honour of her name ;  
If which I faile, in prison let me sterve,  
So doome my fault, for so I should deserve.

*The complaint of two lovers, restrained from their wished  
desires by the displeasure of their friendes.*

We lucklesse wightes in thraldome lincked still,  
May fit and singe our layes of deepe lament,  
Whose wayward friendes, accoyde in fullen will,

Both stirre and strive to sunder our consent ;  
And yet (God wot) their wreaſting is in vaine :  
One will ſerves both in pleaſure and in paine.

Have they deſire wee ſhould bee ſhrinde in clay,  
By ſundring us that loves each other ſo ?  
Will they not know, *Love doth no lawe obey*,  
Nor how hee wrappes the wyfeſt wightes in wo ?  
Thinke they that force can force our ſelves to hate ?  
O, no! in vaine, they ſeeke to ſowe debate.

Our plighted faith ſhall never falſed bee,  
Conſtrainte of will our wiſhes cannot yoke,  
Our woordes in woorkes in weale and woe agree,  
Such care wee have to keepe our vowe unbroke.  
O love! through whom we live in this unreſt,  
Once eaſe thy thralles that thus obey thy heſt.

Remove their wrath that woorkes to wrack our will,  
That after ſtormes wee may ſome ſunne ſhine ſee.  
The fault is thine if love betyde us yll,  
Which bound our ſelves that thou mightſt ſet us free :  
Wherefore vouchſafe (to ſowre our ſweete at laſt)  
That gleames of grace our clowdes of woe may waſt.

*The Device of a Gentlewoman to perſuade her lover of her  
conſtancie, notwithstanding her ſhow of hate, which  
ſhee onely uſed to quench the jelous ſuſpicion  
of her friendes.*

Sith fortune threatens to woorke our wreake of joy,  
By ſowſing of our ſhip in ſeas of yre ;

Sith fullen thoughtes doth fo our friends accoy,  
As wayward will still wrefteth our desire ;

I fee no meanes more meete for our behove,  
Then faile to strike till stormes be past and gone :  
Our looks must hate although our heart do love,  
Yea, farre from with our woordes must menace mone.

And yet this shew of force must needes seeme straunge  
Unto us both, tweene whome was never strife ;  
But let it helpe, I never meane to chaunge,  
But keepe my vowe unfallfed as my life.

These simple shiftes wee silly wenches worke,  
To quenche or coole our jelous friends suspect,  
Whose lynxes eyes in every corner lurcke,  
To trie and spoy what worketh our defect.

Thus farewell, friend ; I wilbe short with thee :  
Thou knowest my love in darkest cloudes will shine,  
And though in show my woordes from wookes agree,  
Yet thinke I am, and ever wilbe thine.

*The rejected lover, with earnest desire, pursues the fight  
of his disdainfull mystressse.*

The dampe of dole hath chooked my delight,  
Sharpe frumpes, as frostes, doth nip my silly joy,  
My glymering grace is darkned with despight,  
Yea, fullen thoughtes my soveraigne fo accoy.

As miftes of fcorne ftill falleth on my faith,  
My cleare conceiptes are clowded oore with care,  
And yet my heart, aye me ! no power hath  
To shunne the ftorme that sheweth all this scare.  
O ftraunge effectes of blinde affected love,  
To haunt the yll whereby our mifchiefes move !

Much like the flye that buzzeth by the flame,  
And makes a fport to fee the candle light,  
Till she, unwares, be findged in the fame,  
And fo with death doth buy her fond delight.  
Or as the moufe, that frisketh by the trap,  
At length is mov'd to medle with the bayt,  
Which weaves (God wot) the web of her mifhap ;  
The bridge doth fal, and fhe is baird with weight :  
Such sweete conceits inticing forrowes breede,  
To fterve with woe when joy makes fare to feede.

With which effectes I finde my fancies witcht,  
I feele the flame, yet can not fhun the fire.  
Th' inticing trap I fee on treason pitcht,  
And yet the bayte to byte I have defire ;  
But (O yll hap !) to worke my harmes increafe  
Both mifchiefes want the forerecyted force ;  
I finde no death my forrowes to appeafe,  
And fo my ftate then other mifers worfe :  
But fure my fault, or fate, ordaines it fo,  
And therefore I do take in worth this woe.

*A Gentlewoman, falsely deccived with faire wordes,  
forsweareth hereafter to be wonne with  
flattering promises.*

Give me my worke that I may fit and sowe.  
And so escape the traines of trustlesse men,  
I finde too true, by witnesse of my woe,  
How that faire wordes with faithles works they blen ;  
Much Syren like, with sweete inticing call,  
We fillie dames to witch, and wray in thrall.

O cruell friend ! whose false of faith I rue,  
Thou forcest me to count all men unjust,  
For if that vow or othe might make one true,  
Thou usedst such as well might force to trust :  
But I, betrayd by too farre trusting thee,  
Wil henceforth take faire words even as they be.

I will be deafe, though thousands sue for grace,  
My sight as dym, if sights in silence plead ;  
Salt teares no ruth within my hart shall place,  
For this shall be my song, and dayly reade,  
*Poore I, that liv'd in thraldome linckt of yore,  
Unbound at length, will learne to love no more.*

*The pitious complaint of Medea, forsaken of Jason, lively  
bewraying the slipperie hold in sugred words.*

Amid the defart woods I rue and shew my fate,  
Exild (O wretch !) from courtly joyes, bereft of princes state.  
O love ! from whence these plagues proccede,  
For service true is this thy meede ?



What vailleth now my skil, or sight in magicks lore?  
May charmed hearbs suffice to help, or cure my festred fore?  
A falve I shapt for others smart,  
My selfe to ayde I want the arte.

I made the wayward moone against the sunne to strive,  
And gastly ghostes from burial graves ful oft I did revive,  
To counterchaunge the same with death,  
In flowre of youth some yealded breath.

What future harmes insude I shewd to other wights,  
And wanted skil for to prevent my present pensive plights.  
Why did I leave my native foyle,  
In forreine land to have the foyle?

Thy love (O Jafon false!) to winne I sparde no paine,  
Although Medeas loyaltie be guerdoned with disdaine:  
The goulden fleece thou wert to blame  
To beare away, I wonne the same.

But lordly lookes full oft, and slippry service eke,  
To harmeleffe ladies have beene vowde to catch the suters  
And then depart from plighted othe: [seeke,  
Their sugred woordes yeelde sealdome trothe.

Where be the carelesse vowes and feareles othes thou sweare,  
When I imbarckt from Colches coast, the mountaine waves  
Where is thy faith, for goulden fleece [did teare?  
To crowne mee queene of famous Greece?

Might not thy traytrous mind, in lue of friendships lore,  
 Forfake me (wretch !) among my friends, but that with faile  
     Thou me convaydst to place unknowne,      [and ore  
     Amonge wyld beastes to make my mone ?

Who gainst their savage kinde do worke me (wretch !) noyll,  
 But seemes for to lament my case, or else the gods y will  
     My lothed life should lengthened bee,  
     To guerdon my iniquitie.

*The forsaken Lover pretilie nippeth his Ladies inconstancie,  
 for that (as he thought) shee matched with his baser in  
 accompt, whercin coulerable he discovereth both  
 their names.*

The gallie slave which still doth stirre the ore,  
 If haplie hee his wished haven espies,  
 With restlesse toile doth plie to be on shore ;  
 Haile in a maine, my mates ! hee cheerely cries :  
 But when with rough repulse from blissefull bay,  
 Hee is inforst on seas againe to stray,

Unhappie wight, then drownde in deepe despaire,  
 Powres forth his plaintes with fLOUDS of brackish teares,  
 With whome I now do claime a partie share,  
 Which [*the rest of the line is wanting in the original*]  
 Imbarkt in hope, where will the stearne did wylde,  
 Thy faith was guide which, falsed, me beguylde.

My failles of fighes, my tackle framde of trust,  
 With blisse and bale thus armed was my barke ;  
 Now vaunst on high, now throwne downe to the dust,

Now fraught with joy, now forst to care and carke ;  
Yet quiet calme at length of friendships lore  
Did seeme to guide my shivered ship to shore.

And entring in the narrowe brooke of blisse,  
Triumph (quoth I) Dame Fortune hath the foyle,  
The mends is made that quiteth every misse.  
Adventrous boy, now reape thy fruits of toyle,  
But trust to top of Fortunes fickle wheele,  
Thy faith did slide, and I began to reele,

For bitter blastes of rage and deepe disdaine,  
My ankers lost, my ship so fore they shooke,  
That I againe was glad broad seas to gaine,  
To scape the flats within thy blisselesse brooke ;  
And whilst in hope I winde and weather waite,  
A haggish barke I sawe to passe thy straight.

Agrievd wherat, through hate I houg the lip,  
And sayd, too true that waves and women gree,  
Which faves the boate, and spoiles the gallant ship ;  
So ladies love lightes oft in base degree :  
And then I vow'd, from which I will not swarve,  
To haunt you both no more than neede shall serve.

*The Lover attributeth his curable wound to chaunce,  
by loving long.*

Long have I lost my libertie,  
Alas! through love (long) have I so.  
(Long) have I stoode in jeopardie,

In loving (long) through pyning woe,  
 Whose constant truth long hath ben tryde,  
 Though (long) his suit hath ben denyde.

My batterie (long) the brazen wall  
 The cannon shot doth cleane deface,  
 The longest trees in time doe fall,  
 Which (long) before bad Boreas base :  
 The little brooke in running (long)  
 Doth turne into a river strong.

Then may it be I loving (long)  
 My pyning corps by (long) delay,  
 Can (long) abide the furie strong  
 Of ghastly death, which (long) doth stay  
 His lingring stroke to have it fo,  
 That loving (long) should worke my woe.

*A Sonet, wherein is showne the straunge effectes of love.*

In care I joy, my mirth is mov'd by mone,  
 With flouds of want I weare to ebbe my wo ;  
 Appayd I rest in restlessse grieve to grone,  
 By fainting hope my friendly hap doth growe :  
 In waves of bale I bathe in wished blisse,  
 My wealth in woe, in paine my pleasure is.

But how these hang, if so she search my harme,  
 These fewe suffice the fame to shew (my sweete) :  
 To rayse her joy my felse I wholly arme,  
 To freee or fry as she shall deeme it meete,

I bound am free, and free I yeald her slave :  
That's my delight that she desires to have.

And fith my sport doth make my soveraigne coy,  
And mirth she finds to thwart my faith with frumps,  
I fad, am glad my noy may force her joy,  
My sowre her sweete, my dole may cleare her dumps ;  
Yea, life I wish this were to do her good,  
Each day to waste a drop of guiltlesse blood.

*The lover, wearied with a number of delayes, sues unto  
his Ladie for pitie, or otherwise her speedie denyall,  
by death to worke a speedie dispatch of his  
languishing dayes.*

If pitie may prevaile to pearse your hart with ruth,  
Sweete maistres, lend your listning eare to heare your  
servants truth,  
Whose faith hath chose you judge, and jurie if you please ;  
If not, depart shal trye this cause your deintie mynd to ease.  
The whole record is writ for rasing with my teares,  
My witnesse is my withered corps, ny famished with feares :  
A thousand sighes, besides, in open court will sweare,  
You are the faint which with my heart I honour, love, and  
feare.

Difdaine that workes delayes, mistrust that moves my mone,  
No witnesse hath to hinder right, but false suspect alone ;  
Yet boulftred up by scorne, they scoffe my loyall love,  
And kept me play with forreine frumpes, til prickt by neede  
to prove,

If pitie could procure your heart my harme to rue,

I found remorfe was preaft to heare the plaint before your  
view.

And now, good lady, note my witnesse and my woe ;  
If I deferue your love for love, give verdite yea or no,  
For daunted with delayes, for hap or harme I jumpe,  
And knowe you once if fullen will my faythful love doth  
frumpe.

I will not languish long in curfed Cupides flame,  
Death in despight shall rid me dole, and you shall beare  
the blame ;

But if with soveraigne grace you may your servants state  
Yeald recompence of love betimes, least liking comes too late  
To coole his flaming harte, by Cupide set on fire,  
Through heate whereof a *Whetstone* colde consumes with  
hote desire.

*The thought of wonted joyes doubleth the miserable  
mans grieve.*

I that whose youth was lul'd in pleasures lap,  
Whose wanton yeres were never chargd with care ;  
Who made no flight, but reacht the pitch of hap,  
And now besieg'd with grieve at unawares ;  
How can my hart but bleede to thinke on this?  
My joy with *was*, my woe is joyned with *is*.

With *is* ? (Oh, yea !) and ever wil be so :  
Such hell is thought to muse on joyes forgone ;  
For though content would faine appeafe my woe,  
This myrthlesse note continues fresh my mone.  
O, deare delight ! with whome I dwelt in joy,  
Thy sowrest sweete my sorrowes would destroy.

Destroy it would ; but, oh ! those dayes are past,  
When to my wil I found dame fortune wrought :  
My fancies cleare with cares are over cast,  
Yet bootelesse hope will not forsake my thought,  
But still proroges my griefe, that else would dye  
To vaine effect when I my toying spye.

*The hap and hard fortune of a carelesse lover.*

My hart on hoyh, with carelesse mind I raunging freedoms  
felde,  
Blind Cupide, by areft unwares, to Beautie bad me yeald :  
What ! yeald (quoth I) at Beauties becke, as Venus slave to  
ferve ?  
May he whome freedome alwayes fed by bondage stoupe  
to sterve ?

No, Cupide, no ; with me go tell, dame Beautie beares no  
fway,  
Nor pleasure with her painted sheath can make me Cupide  
pray.  
This answere made, with winged feete he tooke his flight  
away,  
And did impart to Beautie straight his rest I would not bay.

With anger fraught who foorth with wild an armie should  
be had,  
And captaines, having charge themselves, in armour should  
be clad ;  
Her selfe she plasfe in formost rank, with Pleasure in her hand,  
And Lady Love elected was hygh marshall of her band.

Faire Venus in the rereward went, her sonne in ambush lay :  
Thus Beautie and her warlike crue did mearch in battle ray ;  
But I, poore I, which feard no force in freedoms leafe at  
large,  
Pursude my sport with carelesse mynd: of *Love I took no*  
*charge.*

But all too soone I heard a sound of dub, dub, in my eare,  
And therewithall I fawe in fight tenne aunchents to  
appeare ;  
Which pouddred were with pyned hartes in bloody colours set,  
Which forst me flee to wifdomes wood, to scape Dan Cupids  
net.

But (craftie) he in scoute there lay, who first gave charge  
on me,  
And brought me bound to Beauties barre her prisoner for  
to be :  
Then stinging love enforst me pray, Dame Pleasure plead  
my case,  
But Beautie sayd, in vaine I fude in hope of future grace.

For martiall law forthwith (quoth she) thy hart in bale  
shall bounce.  
Therwith she chargd her marshall high this sentence to  
pronounce :  
To bate thy pride, which wouldst not stoupe when Beautie  
bent her lure,  
Thy casting shall be clods of care, *saunce* hope of happie  
cure.



With flouds of teares thy dazeld eyes thy sickly cheekes  
shall staine,  
And fancie with his fleating toyes shall harbour in thy  
braine :  
Thy heart shall poudred be with paine, thy guts with grieve  
to boyle,  
Thy feething fighes shall scalde thy lippes to taste of in-  
warde toyle.

Thy intrales all shall parched be with flames of fond desire,  
The heauey peise of bodyes grieve thy pyned legges shall  
tire.

Despaire then was the hangman made, which doome did  
Beautie please,  
And I to bondage was bequeath'd, to live in little ease.

Wherewith the gem of Venus band, unprayd of her *bon gre*,  
Did beg me, wretch, at Beauties hand her prisoner for to be ;  
And, after vowe of loyaltie, did let me goe at large ;  
Yea, further payd my farewell fee my bondage to discharge.  
In lue whereof at her commaund my service, loe ! is preft,  
As homage due for saved life, yea more, her slave I rest.

*The absent lover, in pawne of his constancie, sendeth his  
heart to his Ladie.*

Receive, deare dame, as gage of worthy love,  
This pyned hart, bepoudred all with teares,  
Whose poefie is, *No fate my faith can move* :  
A rare accorde, in prime of roving yeres.  
When fancie sets a thousand thoughts on fire,

When faith is choakt with fmoke of filthie change,  
 When folly fumes, when flameth fond desire,  
 When raging lust beyond his bounds doth range,  
 When every bayte beguileth brainficke youth,  
 When newe found love the olde exileth still,  
 When fugged wordes are fauced with untruth,  
 What straunge consent subdude my wanton wil ?  
 Forfooth (sweet wench) this stay thy vertue wrought,  
 Thy rare report this metamorphose made ;  
 And lest my youth should wrong thee with som thought,  
 I use this helpe all vaine desires to vade,  
 In abfence, loe ! to leave with thee my hart,  
 That al my joy may live where thou doeft reft.  
 I likewise use, to free thy hidden smart,  
 By fecretre fighes which flies from covert breft,  
 My hart to fend to joyne in ayde with thine,  
 That thou mayft joy, although in paine I pyne.

*The lover, neither greatly favoured nor openly refused,  
 compareth the wretchednesse of his estate unto the  
 paines of hell.*

Full fearefull is the talke of Tantals grieve,  
 Who hunger ferves in fea of deintie fare,  
 Which falles to eb when he should find reliefe,  
 And flowes againe, his hope with woes to ware ;  
 And how in vaine poore Sifyphus doth mone,  
 To mountaine top who ftill doth roll the ftone.

And reaching thus the point of all his paine,  
 For joy he leapes, downe falles his fruites of toyle :

Straight backe he runnes to fetch the stone againe ;  
A new he rolles, but reapes his former foyle.  
These be their plagcs which light in Sathans trap,  
To wish and want, to hope and have no hap.

If then it be a hell in doubt to live,  
Myselfe by prooffe can blafe thereof the paine,  
Who findeth grace where scorn but late did grieve,  
And fead with hope, with hate is sterv'd againe ;  
For all his suite who can no answere knowe,  
If his sweete maistresse loves him, yea or no.

If secrete *yea* this item would but give,  
I love in hart where most in shewe I hate ;  
To free suspect thus straungely do I live,  
To plight my fayth where scorne doth faine debate,  
Unto my smart it were a sweete reliefe,  
Then should my lute found notes of joy, no grieve.

Then would I laugh to see my lady pout,  
And smyle when most she wroung her mouth awry ;  
A signe of fayth should seeme each thwarting flout,  
And jealous feare farre from my hart should fly,  
Although in armes my foe did her imbrace,  
If once she fleard with fancie on my face.

If open *no* would will my suites to cease,  
I know the worst, and so adieu to smart ;  
A hastie death my sorrowes could appease,  
Or languor would soone pierce my pyning hart :  
Thus death were worfe, how so my fortune fell,  
But now, alive, I feele the paines of hell.

By gleames of grace I reape a hot reliefe,  
 With stormes of scorne I freefe againe with feare :  
 Thus fouds of joy do fall to eb with grieve,  
 And doubtfull hope defired hap doth weare :  
 In favour most, I move her still to love ;  
 Soft ! she replyes, I must your patience prove.

I feare to say, be plaine with yea or no,  
 Least in her pettes *no* please her peevish thought,  
 And scorne with all my joyes do overthrowe :  
 So forward haste with backward speed were bought.  
 Thus am I forst to daunce attendance still :  
 God graunt for al in fine I get good will !

*G. W. to the signe of the brazen bell.*

And not without defart I thee a tyrant call,  
 Which, save a scorne, thou madst of me to eache mishape  
     art thrall :  
 Thy credite is the church, O false unfriendly bell !  
 When as thou foundest the marridge joyes, or ringst the  
     carefull knell.  
 The fouldier in distresse by the[e] alarum makes,  
 And when good hap doth him advaunce, thy fides he  
     rudely shakes,  
 Digressing from his state to toyle of baser chaunce.  
 A thrall thou art to Hick and Steven in every morris  
     daunce.  
 The hinde doth decke his horse with belles to make him free ;  
 The harmeleffe foole upon his cap doth make a scorne  
     of thee,

Besides, to savage beastes a servile slave thou restes,  
The deintie dog in ladies lap is jueld with thy jestes.  
The mounting faulcon lost bewrayes by thee her stande,  
By thee the hobby dares the larke before he well be mande.  
Of yore this phrafe I learnd, when things ne framed well,  
A capcase for the foole to call a cockscomb and a bell,  
Then canst that thus arte scorned, besides thy servile  
    strokes,

A tryumph make upon his teares, whom love ne lust  
    provokes.

To like thy maistresse lookes, and love her as his life,  
Who wel is bent to quite thy toyle when stinted is his strife :  
He sure would thee advaunce from brasse to glittering golde,  
If that by pearcing peales thou wouldst his sorrowes once  
    unfolde.

Thou seest what fighes I fende, and howe my suites be payd :  
Thou seest my maistresse smyle with grace, and graunt she  
    earst denayd,

Thou seest me Cupids thrall, her love in league with hate ;  
Thou seest my blisse is wayd with bale, when wrath doth  
    weave debate ;

Thou seest my greatest ioyes are counterpeisde with paine,  
Thou seest my myrth is mixt with mone when jealousy  
    doth reigne ;

Yet when she smyles thou spar'st my sorrowes to deface,  
And when she frownes thou fearst to speake to winne her  
    wonted grace.

Well, sith through feare or scorne thou lettst me languish  
    still,

I present now will plead for grace to winne my wished will.  
And first, good tong, prepare to tell a lovers tale,

Sound forth my joyes, advaun't by hope, by dyre de-  
 spaire my bale ;  
 And when mistrust infectes my ladies hautie hart,  
 Then, scalding sighes, give you the charge to shew my  
 ceafelesse smart.  
 But if she list to toy, and smyle with friendly face,  
 With easie force then, armes, assay thy maistresse to imbrace.  
 Then sorrowe seeke revenge upon her ruby lips,  
 Then wounded hart receive the cure of cruell Cupids nips.  
 Thus forward vauce your selves the maister griefes to wray :  
 The silent man still suffers wrong, the proverbe olde doth say ;  
 And where adventure wants, the wishing wight ne thrives.  
 Faint heart, hath ben a common phraze, faire lady never  
 wives.

*The lover blameth his ladies mistrust, wherein is figured  
 the passions of an earnest lover.*

What fancie fond did force your mynde,  
 My deare, to judge me so unkinde,  
     As one of wits bereau'd,  
 To breake the bonds of loyaltie,  
 As one devoyd of honestie ?  
     No, no, you are deceavd ;  
 For where such perfect amitie  
 Is linckt with true fidelitie,  
 By no meanes Junos jealousie  
     A funder may it part :  
 For since with you I fell in love,  
 Assigned by the Gods above,  
 My heart did never seeke to prove  
     From yours once to start.

For prooffe to try what I have sayd,  
Marke how my flesh away doth fade,  
    And inward parts doth fret ;  
For who can hide the flanking fire,  
But that it will shewe foorth his ire  
    By vertue of his heate ?  
So those ypearft with Cupides dart,  
Cannot fo clofely cloake their smart,  
    But that they muft complaine :  
Their fcaling fighes their forowes shewe,  
Their colour, fading too and fro,  
    Beares witneffe of their paine ;  
Their fowre fitting in fecret nokes,  
When others laugh, their lowring lookes,  
Declares them caught in Cupides hookes,  
    And fare as men forlorne.  
Their often making of their mone,  
Their folemne fitting all alone  
In places fecret and unknowne,  
    Still curfing they were borne,  
Are tokens true, the poet fayth,  
To whome thefe turtles vowe their faith,  
    If fayning we may trust.  
Certes, thefe torments all men greeve,  
And therefore fure I do beleeeve  
    Their fayings to be juft.  
Wherfore to guerdon loyall love,  
My deare, fuch fancies from you move,  
    As Envie late did faine ;  
For truly I proteft to you,  
The heavens fhall fall ere I untrue

My loyaltie will staine :  
 And time, I trust, will so provide,  
 When elvish Envie shall her hide,  
 From bale to blisse truth shall us hide,  
     To top of Fortunes wheele :  
 Where we, to banishe fell annoy,  
 Stil live repleate with blissefull joy,  
 Still lauding of the blinded boy,  
     Whose force we oft did feele.  
 Till time obtaines that happy day,  
 Let no conceite your mynd affray,  
     In judging me untrue :  
 Which blessed houre shall hap with speede,  
 Or else my will shall want his meede ;  
     And thus, sweete wench, adue.

*The infortunate lover determineth rather desperately to  
 end his sorrowes, then to proroge them with  
 bootelesse hope.*

The trayterous mate, by law adjudg'd to dye,  
 If feare of death should worke this foule effect,  
 In hope *saunce hap* his secrete to escrye,  
 Or flaunder forge to peach the unsuspect,  
 Proroging thus his life by dallying death,  
 Besides his guilt with shame shuld stop his breath.

In desperate frayes, where raunsome is denyde,  
 Bafe were the minde in hope of grace to yeald,  
 Whose courage else might daunt his enemies pride,  
 And so by force with fame to win the field ;



For where our wrong doth worke our overthrow,  
In vaine we hope to weare away our woe.

And why shuld I with hope persuaide my thought  
To bath in blisse, past bondes of my defart,  
For my base hap my love to high is fought,  
Whom favour none, but frownings overthwart,  
Alas! can reape at my sweete maistresse hands :  
I love, she hates, and thus my fortune stands.

With withered woe my life I weare away,  
Where often I heare, thundring in my thought,  
Through love of her, my friendes and foes to fay,  
Upon my selfe I wilfull murther wrought :  
Then, sith my death this strange report shal shape,  
In vaine for grace till later gaspe I gape.

Nay, wretche, divorce delayes from wished death,  
Cut through the thred which care consumes to slowe :  
Thy mounting mind despiseth servile breath,  
And canst thou yeald to fortunes overthrowe ?  
Thy dome is death, by ladies scorne decreed,  
Needs must thou dye, then best to dye with speede.

Some friend wil write on my untimely tumb,  
With faithfull zeale I so my goddesse serv'd :  
My life, my love, my living, all and some,  
I reaft, and left, before my fancie swerv'd ;  
And when my fuit her mov'd to angry moode,  
To worke amends I sacrificde my bloud.

*Verses of complaint, devised for a well meaning lover,  
to move his maistresse to pitie.*

Now cease, good lady, cease to weave my further woe,  
Where scorne hath worne my joyes to eb, let pitie force  
them flowe.

[To] you, I sue and serve, to you I waile and weepe,  
[For] you my restlesse eyes doth watch, when other men  
do sleepe.

To you my fighes I fend, which makes my heart to bleede,  
For you my teares, like Tiber streames, from dazeled eyes  
proceede.

No wealth I do enjoy, but that I wish you part,  
No grieve doth gaule your daintie minde, but I do ease  
your smart.

To rowle in bagges of golde in choice I would detest,  
In faith, for to injoy your love, and harbour where you rest.  
If you I might injoy, I, now forworne with woe,  
To former joyes would be restorde, in spite of him sayes noe :  
No torment then should vere, or nippe my heavie hart ;  
All gulfes of grieve shall soone be damde which drownes  
my joyes in smart :

Of age I should triumphe, and death I would defie,  
And fortunes force I could withstand, for all her crueltie.  
In you to save or spill, in you to make or marre,  
In you it restes to end my woes, or cause my further care.  
Twixt life and death I stand, twixt hope and deepe  
despaire,  
Till loving lines for pyning woe returnes a luckie share.

*The complaint of a gentlewoman, being with child,  
falsely forsaken.*

What gulfes of griefe may well receive  
The teares which I in vaine do spend ?  
What faithlesse wight durst once deceive  
By falsehoode soule so firme a friend,  
With losse, who wrayes how well shee lov'de,  
When choise for chaunge his fancie moved ?

Though reason would I should refraine  
His blame, my shame for to bewray,  
Good ladies, yet my pinching paine  
Injoynes mee here the truth to fay,  
Whose wretched plight and penfive state  
Surmounteth farre Queene Didoes fate.

What meanst thou, wretch, from joy exilde,  
To yeald unto his fained teares ?  
With carelesse vowes why wert begilde,  
And fearelesse othes the traytor sweares ?  
Ere nuptial rites, why didst thou trust  
His faith, and yeelde unto his lust ?

Thou Jason false by perjurde flight,  
Thou Theseus thefte decyphereft plaine,  
I Dido wretch (thou Troyan knight)  
Here equall griefes in breast sustaine.  
I justly say, which wordes I rue,  
All men be false, and none be true.

The fruites ysprong by our desire,  
 My wealth thou waste might move thy heart  
 To graunt the rightes which love require,  
 And search a falue to cure my smart ;  
 But sith thy faith thou doest forgoe,  
 Come, death, and end my wretched woe.

Yet, ladies all, beware by mee,  
 To rue sweete woordes of fickle trust :  
 My heaped harmes let warning bee,  
 How filed talke doth prove unjust,  
 And rule your love by reasons lore,  
 Least future plagues you do deplore.

*Against one which wrote a slanderous libell in  
 dishonour of a Ladie.*

Yhacht thou wert in envies nest,  
 Whose murthering tongue might not suffice  
 To woorke a ladies great unrest,  
 But that with penne thou didst devise  
 Vile vice to paint in vertues place,  
 Her spotlesse life for to disgrace.

Whose sacred head, with wifedome fraught,  
 Is guided by Dame Pallas skill ;  
 Her deintie minde Minerva taught  
 The good to love, to leave the ill ;  
 Then may it bee, shee doth deserve  
 Report from reasons lore to swerve ?

Noe, no, thou wretch and viper vile,  
From natures lawe which doſt rebell,  
The world doth know thy giltie gile,  
In dungeon darcke hence forth now dwell,  
For all men doth thy fight repine,  
From manly actes which doeſt decline.

The heavens do frowne with earthly foode  
Thy carren corpes ſhould nourisht bee,  
Thou onely byrde of vipers broode,  
And bitter braunch of rankors tree ;  
A harpie for thy filthie factes,  
For God and man abhorres thy actes.

Unſeene henceforth, thou caitife, couche,  
Thou murtherer vile of others fame,  
How durſt thou once preſume to touche  
The honour due unto her name,  
And make report that Dian chaſte  
Faire Venus knightes in bedde imbraſte ?

Allotting to her harmeleſſe tongue  
All ruſticke ſpeech, with Stentors voice,  
Diſdayning them whom love hath ſtonge,  
For that with chaunge ſhee makes her choice ;  
Not carefull of her curious charge,  
But gladly rowes in everie barge.

How may it bee ſuch fertile ſoyle,  
Well tilde and ſowne with happie ſeede,  
Can chuſe in recompence of toyle,

But yeeld thee fruites of Venus meede ?  
Why worke I her so great abuse,  
For giltlesse fact to frame excuse ?

My paines herein deserves no praise,  
For all men knowes more then I write ;  
But thou that didst this rumour raise,  
If that thou darst to show thy might,  
As truth maintaine thy flaundrous wordes,  
Committing triall to our swordes.

Who readie am her to defend,  
Till wounded corpes, with bloud begord,  
Of worldly woes do make an end,  
By froward force of flaundrous sword,  
Or [to] recant to make will I,  
And for offence her mercie crie.

*The unfortunate lover is perswaded his mishap to  
grow by destinie.*

Yet was not Hellens face, ne Parris, faire,  
Untimely which did weave the Troyans woe,  
For former faultes the Gods agreede in ire,  
With future panges their vengeance downe to throwe,  
And making choyse, as instrument withall,  
That Parris love should [be] king Priames thrall.

Such heaped harmes within the Heavens beene,  
For one mans ease to caufe anothers care,  
Unfriendly so the fates mens happes do spin,

In partiall wife to yeelde eche wight his share :  
Then, love, why should I curffe, or skorne lawe,  
Or blame the dame one whom I stande in awe ?

Her vertues rare, her pearlesse beautie bright,  
Her Pallas witt, I, joynde with Sabas skill ;  
My restlesse eyes, which covets so her sight,  
Are not the fates which forceth mee this ill,  
For hier sprites devised long agoe  
My youthfull yeares should passe in pyning woe.

*The discommodities of forst marriages, by the example of  
Venus and Vulcan : supposed, for the more plaine ex-  
playning of the inconveniences, to be written to a covetous  
carle, having but one onely daughter, refused the offers  
of diverse gentlemen, some beeing of good worship, and  
married her unto an old croked coffing crust, for his  
great wealthes sake.*

In prime of pride, when Venus minde to Junos rites  
aspirde,  
A wealthie cruste to catch her up her father then desirde ;  
Perusing well his subjectes states, who best might be her  
feare,  
At length hee chus'de a Croydon chuffe to wooe his  
daughter deare ;  
Whose wealth, I do confesse, was great, y gott by endlessse  
toyle  
At smithes forge, with daily heate his apish face did broyle.  
This gallant squire a wooing rid, his face bee grimde  
with dust,

And coming to her fathers house this daintie dame he buft :  
Who at the first this lady bright some monster thought  
to bee,

Retyring backe affright shee was his uglye shape to see ;  
But in the ende her fathers threatens, and Vulcans gifts  
full brave,

Did force her daintie minde to yeelde this crabtree peece  
to have.

The marriage rites in hast were wrought in presence of  
them all,

Then hee this pearelesse dame conveyde unto his rus-  
ticke hall,

Whereas, the rest solemnised, her friends they did depart,  
The which once done, then streight begonne the summe of  
all her smart ;

For hee fell to his former toyle before the dawning day,  
Where bouncing blowes on stythie smit the sturdie Steele  
to tame,

(Debard of rest) did force her wish to tast of wedlockes game.  
And as it is no newes to tell at all, nor seeming straunge,  
How lovers they do never lacke whose mindes bee bent  
to chaunge.

Here mightie Mars, ycleaped God of warre and battell ray,  
Enforste to yeeld as Cupids thrall, and eke his heftes obey,  
Determined to give attempt, to fraught his heart with blis :  
Though conquest hard, yet glorie great, quoth hee, the  
guerdon is.

Before her eyes his sieg he plantes, like Phœbus rayes  
that shan,

Affault hee gave, shee did resist, hee made no batterie than.  
But one repulse his valiaunt heart in no respect amafde,



Hee shot againe, the bulwarkes fell, and all the walles  
were raifde.

The fort thus wonne, as hee did wish, hee trode on pricking  
thornes

To gaine the spoile of Vulcans toile, and arme his head  
with hornes :

The which without resistaunce great hee joyed at his will,  
But jelousie the gulfe did force to feare and dread that ill.  
Which in the end when true hee found, hee framed by  
his arte

A chaine to tie thefe lovers fast, so that they might  
not starte,

And then for all the Gods hee sent, to see this laugh-  
ing game,

Where they, in meede of pleasures past, received open  
shame.

Loe ! here the bitter fruites wherewith such mariages be  
fraught,

Where wealth doth winne the womans will, and vertue set  
at naught.

Such chaunce may hap to the old snudge, inforst by  
greedie gaine,

Where pence possesse the daughters love, the man thee  
doth disdaine.

And so fare well : at this my verse, mee thinkes, I heare  
thee snuffe,

But doggrell rime were farre to good to greete a dunghill  
chuffe.

*The forsaken lover sheweth to what intent he weareth tawnie;  
bewraying the bondage that wanton dames  
bring their thralles unto.*

My fancie once in fayre carnation stoode,  
And, trueth to say, I lived in delight,  
But loe! (such is the fruites of wanton moode)  
Both dye and dayes are chaunged with despight.  
In tawnie now I forced am to goe,  
(Forfaken wretch !) my mystresse scorne to shoe.

And would to God, who notes my wretched weedes,  
Would wisely shunne the baites that beautie lay ;  
Her sweete receites an ill digression breeds.  
Once bound ynough, her thralles must needes obey :  
Yea, worfe then that (though love seeme nere so hott)  
When all is done, forfaken is their lott.

This is the badge that Cressids heyres do give ;  
They lure with grace, and loose with deadly hate :  
Beware of them, you that in freedome live,  
If not, behold a patterne of your fate :  
Even I my felfe do weare this tawnie hue,  
To shewe I serv'd a Cressid most untrue.

*The rejected lover determineth either to purchase his ladies  
speedie reconciliation, or else desperately to die.*

Of thee, deere dame, faine would I learne the trueth,  
If hee that bringes the innocent in band,

Ar (so betrayde) who flayeth him saunce ruth,  
Is thought herein to have the bloudieft hand ?  
If hee that doth the faultlesse first betray,  
Then, cruell, note the wordes that I shall fay.

I am the man that longe can hardly live :  
You with your scorne betrayde mee to despaire,  
Then though my hand the deadly wound do give,  
The murtherer it wilbe said you are ;  
But if you shame such fowle report to prove,  
Now yeeld, sweete wench, or never graunt to love.

Behold the blade that shall confirme my faith !  
My woes consent in wanton yeares to die :  
I live to heare but what your aunswere faith,  
Once lapt therein my life or death doth lie ;  
For trust mee now, I (wretched) have decreede  
To winne your love, or else to die with speede.

*The lover, being wounded at the Bathe, sues unto his  
ladie for pitie.*

I bathing late, in bathes of foveraigne ease,  
Not in those bathes where beauties blisse doth flowe,  
But even at Bathe, which many a guesst doth please ;  
But loe mishap ! those waves hath wrought my woe.  
There love I sawe her seemely selfe to lave,  
Whose fightly shape so fore my heart did heate,  
That soone I shund those streames my selfe to save ;  
But scorching fighes so fet mee in a sweate,  
That loe ! I pine to please my peevish will,

And yet I freefe with frostes of chilling feare.  
 Thus in extremes I live and languish still,  
 Without releefe, my restleffe woes to weare :  
 I blame the bathe as brucer of my bale,  
 To give mee dregges when others drinke delight ;  
 Thus to the streames I tell a senseleffe tale,  
 Time to beguile, when absence spittes her spite.  
 But now perforce I sue to thee (sweete wench) ;  
 With teares I pleade for pittie and for ruth,  
 But if thou scornst my scorched heart to quench,  
 Doe but commaunde, and death shall trie my truth.  
 This blemish, then, by thee, the bathe shall gett,  
 Which many one to health hath helpt of yore,  
 A meane to mashe men in dame Beauties nett,  
 And cannot give a salve to cure their sore ;  
 Which if you shame, then say no more but foe,  
 I yeeld to love : those woordes will ease my woe.

*The Lover to his Ladie in durance.*

Abandon care from daintie breast,  
     bewaile no more your fate,  
 For why the Gods to pittie dreaft,  
     will chaunge his stormie state ;  
 And graunt you joy at your desire,  
     though rancor rage like Aetna fire.

*Her aunfweare.*

The proverbe faith, whilst grasse doth growe,  
 For want of foode the steede doth sterue :

So hope perplext with pining woe,  
From reasons lore so oft doth swerve,  
That dyre despaire doth winne the forte,  
Where hope for succour should reforte.

*A description of Jelousie.*

A fearefull thought, which never doth remove  
But when in armes hee holdes his heartes delight ;  
A wrangling hate where once was passing love,  
Oft cold with hope, yet never quenched quite ;  
More cleare in sightes then woordes this woe is feene,  
Sowne by suspect, but rooted with debate ;  
Wacht with mistrust whilst that the eare is greene,  
Through ripe, mowne downe with syth of mortall hate,  
Is jelousie.

*To a disdainfull Da<sup>m</sup>.*

Disdainful dame, why didst thou scorne the wight that  
wisht thee wel ?  
May peevish pride a harbour have where beautie doth  
excell ?  
No rascall here did seeke to sport, or joyne with gentle race,  
Though hautie looks (thy forme except) were showne in  
basest place.

The haggard gill despiseth oft to pray on princely fowle,  
To straggle out at carren crowe, and checke with uglic  
owle.

Thy gadding trickes pursues her trade with vauntage in  
defect;  
Haile fellowe mett with basest fort, the best thou dost detect.

Beleeve how that thy forme was framde by fonde Narcif-  
sus glafe,  
Dame Beauties giftes full fickle are, and fade as doth  
the grassse;  
Thy goulden haire to hoarie graie will chaunge their glit-  
tering hue,  
Thy Lays life, and luring lookes, no doubt thy bane  
will brue.

Thy face, so fresh in prime of youth, will wrinkled be  
with age,  
Then taunting tongue from scorneful nipps dame Nature  
will assuage :  
Thy mountaine breasts, which beares such bredth, thy pride  
in princely gate,  
Thy graces al in tracte of time wil chaunge their former  
state.

Then shalt thou feele the force of scorne, what fruites from  
pride proceede,  
The ace of hartes will haunt the stocke, thy chiefeest helpe  
at neede.

*The Lover in praise of his Ladie.*

Apelles, O thou famous Greeke!  
Thy praise unto my eares doth founde,

Since thou so farre abroad didst seeke  
In countries through the world so rounde,  
Till thou hadst drawn forth Venus shape,  
Whose beautie past Syr Paris rape.

O! that thy fortune had beene such,  
To light whereas my lady lives,  
Whose glittering beautie is so much,  
As to thinke on my heart it ryves;  
For Venus shee doth passe as farre,  
As doth the sunne each shyning starre.

Eche gift which nature could devise,  
By arte my Ladie E. retaines;  
A sacred head, which to surmise  
The trueth, all other farre it staines:  
Her haire bee of so glistering hewe,  
As gold they staine to outward vewe.

Her christall eyes, her sugred tongue,  
From whence such pleasaunt wordes do flowe,  
That lyking binds both old and younge  
The ground to love where shee doth goe,  
Her cherrie cheekes so fresh of hewe,  
Her veynes much like to azurs blewe;

Her rubie lippes, her snowish necke,  
Her proper chin, her christall breast,  
Her pleasaunt veynes, whose pappes do decke  
Her comely corpes so finely preast,  
Her slender armes, with milke white hands,  
Would catch the Gods in Cupids bands.

Her other partes, so finely wrought,  
Doe passe my wittes for to recite,  
For why it seemde dame Nature fought  
In court eche gorgious gearle to spite,  
When first of mould shee did her frame,  
Shee is so beautifull a dame.

Noe marvell though the Græcian king  
Did shape his course through fishfull floud,  
From hatefull Troy his wife to bring,  
Or els in Phrygia leave his bloud,  
If halfe such beautie in Hellen were,  
As is in this my ladie faire.

If Briseis beautie were so bright,  
Her comely syces so exceld,  
None may blame Achilles flight,  
When raging love his heart compeld  
To leave his lord amid his foes,  
A falue to searck to cure his woes.

Nor yet Ulysses none may blame,  
Though frensie hee himselfe did faine,  
Because without reprochfull shame  
Hee would avoide the Græcian traine,  
The which to Troy their course did shape  
To fetch againe Syr Paris rape ;

If that the beautie equall were  
Of chaste Penelope, his wife,  
To match with this my lady rare,  
For whom I hazard would my life



Amid a troupe of Troyans fell,  
My fancie shee doth feede fo well.

*An aunswere to a Gentlewoman, by love constrained to  
sue to him whom of late she scorned.*

Nie driven to death by raging love, reviv'de by happie  
meanes,  
I smile you seeke that erst you scornd with those your  
silver streames.  
Now time performes, my words prove true, when as I was  
your thrall,  
Your sugred joyes in flowting me would turne to bitter gall.

Else not the name of Goddesse juft dame Venus doth  
deferue,  
Unlesse her servauntes shee advaunce, and makes her foes  
to sterue.  
Your scalding sighes, let witnes be, what sorrowes I  
sustainde,  
When as with pitious plaintes I shewd the panges that  
most mee painde.

But thou, spronge up of tygers feede, ingratefull dame,  
I say,  
When as with teares I fu'de for grace, wouldst smile and  
goe thy way.  
Now let mee laugh a while, I pray, to see the[e] plunge  
in paine ;  
This is the salve to cure the smart that thou art like to gaine.

For why the childe, but younge once burnt, the fierie flame  
 doth dreed,  
 So I, once bounde and now am free, will taft no lovers  
 meed.

*The contemptuous lover, finding no grace where hee faithfully  
 favoureth, acknowledgeth his former scorne, used toward  
 love, to be the onely cause of his miseries.*

In bondage as I live, attacht with Cupids mace,  
 Exilde from joy, bereft of blisse, past hope of future grace,  
 My selfe is judge, I do deserve  
 Without reliefe in paine to sterue.

I smilde, when I was free, at those which settred ware,  
 But I (God wott) with beauties baite was caught in Cupids  
 When least I thought of such a woe, [snare.  
 My choice in chaunge was fleating foe.

But now with soaking sighes to one I sue for grace,  
 Whose prefence when I do approach, she straight doth  
 shunne the place.  
 My fight, my sighes, my teares nor truth,  
 Her stoanie heart can move to ruth.

Yet love, that lives by hope, afresh enforced mee to prove,  
 With pen to pleade what bashfull tongue difmayed was to  
 But loe in vaine to her I write, [move ;  
 For love my guerdon is despight.

I serve a froward faint, a tigers whelp I troe,  
Shee finiles to see mee wade in smart, her wish my wretched  
And yet in truth shee blamelesse is, [woe.  
My onely fault inforceth this.

She is but instrument, my selfe the very cause,  
Why I consume with cureles grieffe for scorning Cupids  
Wherefore (sith love is sworne my foe) [lawes :  
Divorce mee, death, from lingring woe.

And then for others heede this fillie boune I crave,  
That I uppon my timelesse tombe this epitaphe may have :  
*The thing that causde mee here to lie*  
*Was scorning love at libertie.*

---

*EPILOGUS.*

For wantons heede heere wrayed is the thrall,  
Of loving wormes, how both they freefe and frie,  
How sweetest thoughtes are sawft with bitter gall.  
How care them cloyes that live in jelousie,  
What yll successe stolne marriages ensue,  
How forst consentes field beare a loving hart,  
How sugred woordes to[o] late faire ladies rue,  
How vaine they strive that lovers seeke to part,  
How envious tongues are apt to sowe debate,  
How fancie bringes the stoutest mindes in awe,

How lovers wrongde from love do fall to hate,  
How ramping rigges regard no modeft lawe.  
How lingring love doth oft miflyking move,  
How gallants giftes fond women oft allure,  
How pride and eafe preferre mens thoughtes to love,  
How lawleffe luft all mifchiefe puts in ure.  
How ſcorneful dames (that fet mens futes at nought),  
Of ſuch as ſerv'd are glad to ſeeke reliefe,  
How loving thralles from fetters free are taught  
To ſhunne the ſnares that ſnarled them in grieve.  
And to conclude, in every page is wrayde  
A lightning joy, a life of lacke is love,  
Who loveth leaſt, which proves is beſt appaide,  
For womens mindes as wether cockes will move.  
Wherefore theſe toyes, who liſte to read aright,  
Shall finde *Loves woes* ; not how to love I write.

FINIS.

*The Arbour of Vertue,*  
A WORKE CONTEI-  
ning the chaste and honourable life of  
*a Bohemian Ladie: to the which is adjoyned*  
the complaint of two Hungarian  
Barons, that wagerd the spoile  
of her Chaſtitie.

*Wherein are the severall prayſes*  
of certaine Engliſh Ladies and Gentlewomen;  
being the tranſlation, collection, and  
*invention of George Whet-*  
*ſtous Gent.*

Formæ nulla fides.

To the right Honourable and vertuous Lady,  
*Fana Sibilla Greye, now of Wilton,*  
George Whetstons wifheth a  
longe and happie life.

RIGHT honourable and vertuous Ladie, *I find that our chiefest and greatest incouragement unto vertue is to heare the memorie of the vertuous continued with the carefull reportes of worthy writers; for that such testimonie is both a presdent for our lives, and also foreshewes after death our fames. Likewise it is as necessarie to register the lives of the leaude, that the terror of their punishments and infamie may feare us to offend. So that moved with these considerations (among a number my leasurable labours) I have faithfully (though not curiously) translated the modest and noble life of a Boemian Lady, with the fall of two Hungarian barons, which unadvisedly wagered the spoyle of her chastitie. Which simple toyle of mine, as a testimonie of the reverent dutie I owe unto you (under the title of the Arbor of Vertue) I humbly present to your Ladiship, to the intent that, when you are wearied with the dispatch of necessarie cares and causes, you may recreate your honourable minde with the mylde report of this Ladies good behaviours. Wholy assured that as you lively present her vertues, you wil likewise both defend her fame, and my honest indeavour, with the countenaunce of your regarded name. From my lodging in Holborne, the 15 of October. 1576.*

Your honours during life to dispose.

GEORGE WHETSTONS.

*The Argument of the following discourse*  
of Lady Barbaraes vertuous  
*behaviours.*

A Boemian knight, named Ulrico, married a vertuous lady, called Barbara. Ulrico, being a little nipt with povertie, woulde faine have supplied his want by service in the warres, which adventure he long delayed through the jealous fuspicion of his wives behaviour: notwithstanding, his imaginations quieted by the direction of a cunning negromancer, named Pollacco, hee craved intertainment of the king of Hungarie: the king (vouchsafing his request) imploied him in the warres againft the Turke. The warres ended, Ulrico (laden with honour) returned unto the kings court, where one day the lord Alberto, the lord Udiflao, and he, reasoned of womens behaviours. The Hungarian barons helde opinion, there was no woman fo chafte but might be won to wantonneffe: Ulrico (in his ladies behalfe) reasoned to the contrarie. In the end, they grewe into this heate of argument, that both the lordes wagered their landes to his, that if he durft abyde the triall, that the one of them within two monethes woulde obtaine bodily delight with his wife. Ulrico accepted of their lay, the wager beeing fet downe in writing: the king and queene were both witneffes of the match. Alberto gave the first adventure in thefe loving affaires to winne her to wantonneffe.

The lady, finding his humour, by policies (as a theefe that fought to rob her honour) caused him to be imprisoned ; where, to bridle his wanton affections, she made him to spin for his victuals. Alberto (in hope of libertie) discovered to the lady the whole wager, and how that the lord Udiflao would come about that enterprife ; who in very deede shortly visited her castle : whome she likewise made soorth comming, and in penance of his offence, hee reelde the thread Alberto spon. The king and queene, hearing of their successe, had the lady in high estimation, awarded Ulrico the lande, and banished the barons for their flanderous opinion.



## *THE ARBOUR OF VERTUE.*

---

As supreme head of Hungarie a king there whileome reign'd,  
Corvinus hight, whose worthy force a worlde of praifes gain'd :  
What law and justice once had made through rule he never  
broke ;

He cherisht friendes, he chaft his foes with many a sturdy  
ftroke.

Ymov'd through zeale, with clattering armes he stoupt S.  
Mahones pride,

The Turkish crue from Christian boundes he chaft on  
every fide.

This noble prince unto his spouse a gallant lady chufde,  
A matrone in her mayden yeres, fuch modestie fhe ufde :  
By whom fhe had three valliant fonnes, three vertuous  
daughters eake,

Which worthy ympes, in wifdomes lore, did live without  
their like.

Befides, with haps to heape his joyes, his subjectes greede  
fo well,

That foes could finde no hollow hearts againft him to rebell:

As vaffell to which noble king there was a Boeme knight,

A valiant and a ventrous lord, Ulrico was he hight.

In prime of force he plyde the warres, his parents purfe  
to eafe :

His parents dead, he home returnd his tenants pence to seafe.

But small was left to pray upon : his auncestours did desire

By dint of blade, not bagges of droffe, to honour to aspire.  
 Which when Ulrico wifely wayde, and wanted on account,  
 He bent him selfe, with haffard life, by service for to mount.  
 But loe ! by lot he hit in love ; a wonder small to tell,  
 Save that his ladies vertues did her beautie brave excell.  
 Her portion yet (God wot) was small, yet all in wifdome lay,  
 A dowrie little reackt upon, where churles doth beare asway ;  
 But beautie here affection rayfde, then vertue friendship  
     wrought,  
 These two conjoynd in seemely dame in love Ulrico brought.  
 The earth (quoth he) is fure the Lords, the fruites thereof  
     his wracke,  
 And may it be, the begger then shall clawe his servants  
     backe ?  
 O no ! no wight as yet hath seene the righteous begge his  
     breade,  
 Although the lewd through foule offence are often nipt  
     with neade :  
 And if I should for gaine (quoth he) unto some wanton bend,  
 Which venter into Cornewall would her honestie to send,  
 Ulrico (haplesse) then should be a common scorne of men,  
 Delight to dole, from pleasure paine should chaunge his  
     fortunes then.  
 To swimme in wealth he meanes not so to haffard his  
     delight :  
 He somewhat hath, and more may get by manhood and  
     by might.  
 Thy choise, if once thou winst thy choise, in spight of For-  
     tunes wracke,  
 Will save what thy adventures gaines for to relieve thy lacke.  
 Then maist thou live in forreine soyle, without a jealous  
     braine,

Then maist thou taste, at thy returne, sweete pleasure for  
thy paine.

Why standst thou then amafde (quoth he), thy honest suite  
to move ?

The silent man, the proverbe sayth, hath sildome hap in love ;  
Confesse that constant long thou liv'dst y linckt in beauties  
bandes,

And challenge freedome for thy truth at thy sweete maif-  
tresse handes.

This wayd, Ulrico hies in haste whereas his lady lives,  
And there her friends in her behalfe him intertainment gives.  
As time did serve he shewd his zeale unto his only joy :  
She likte his words, but more him selfe, how so she  
seemed coy :

His gallant shape, his vertues straunge, his honour never  
stainde,

His truth once knowne, the truth to tell, her love had  
foone obtainde,

And quickly eake, with friendes consent, them Junoes rites  
doth glad :

He had his will, and she her wish, and what would more  
be had ?

The nuptiall feastes yfinished, Ulrico with his dame  
Bids friends adewe, to castle his they do their journey frame,  
Where one doth rayse the others joy, one rids the others care,  
And thus, contented with their choice, in joy their dayes  
they weare,

Till neede at length Ulrico nips, who was in spending free :  
His rents but small, these two accounts will hardly well  
agree ;

And yet to poll his tenants poore his honest mynde doth  
greave,

What then, he faine would serve his leage, but loth his wife  
to leave.

See here how passing love is apt to rayse a jealous feare  
Withouten cause, we so do dread the thing we hold full  
deare.

Ulricos mynd despiseth want, yet dreads to seeke reliefe  
In absence, leaft his ladyes chaunge should worke his  
greater grieve.

And thus in silence long he mournes, and ebs his joyes  
with woe,

Till secrete sighes and heavie lookes his inward harmes  
forefhewe :

Which haply when his spouse espide, to cleare his cloudes  
of scare,

Sweete heart (quoth she) unto thy wife thy hidden sor-  
rowes share,

So shall thy cares abridged be, so shall I knowe thy mynde,  
And haply in my counsell thou some comforte sweete  
maist finde.

These words Ulrico likte so well, as straight he tels the truth,  
Of present want, of meane to wealth, in order as infu'th.

Mine owne (quoth he) you know my state, or present lacke  
withall,

Our charge is great, our myndes are high, our living is  
but small ;

Of force we must our braverie leave, or seeke some way  
of gaine,

And vayling to the valliant mynde is sure a matchlesse  
paine.

This is the meane to mend our want : to serve my fove-  
reine leage,

Who now is bent with might and maine the Turke for  
to besiege :

Thofe warres, ere this, I well haue tryde, under Ci[ci]lia Count,  
Thofe warres, I trust, fhall force thy feare with wealth and  
fame to mount.

But ah ! (aye me) I loth, yet would unfold what makes  
me stay ;

But fith, sweete wench, love is the caufe, allowe what I  
fhall fay.

Long wifht, at length I won thy love, O gem of al my joy !  
As loth I am to leave thee now, leaft abfence make thee coy :  
I call to mynd fayre Helens moode, who trudg'd with  
Trojan knight,

When as her lord was forft from home with forreine foes  
to fight.

The ruffling rout at Ithaca, Ulyffes farre from home,  
Doth force a thoufand fearefull thoughts within my head  
to rome :

Then Penelopes conftancie this dread would gladly weare,  
She plaft alone, without her leake, afrefh doth raife  
my feare.

The fpeach of womans meekeneffe eake, my thoughtes  
doth run among,

And ftraight my thinkes I motions heare, that do Ulrico  
wrong :

In mynd I viewe what batterie is againft thy beautie bent,  
In thought I fee what fharp affaults in fugged wordes  
are fent ;

What fearelefse othes, what carelefse vowes, do flee to foyle  
thy fame,

In fine thou forft, with yealding will, doth blot thy name  
with blame.

Then rage I straight, the[e] (harmlesse) gainst, as thogh these  
toyes were true,

And straight I checke those raunging thoughts with reason  
that infue.

Ulrico, fye ! why wrongs thy wife so fouly with mistrust,  
Whom hitherto thou couldst not finde in worde or deede  
unjust ?

Whose modestie thou seest abhorres with rufflers for to prate,  
To save thy wealth whose mynd to worke gives wanton  
youth the mate,

Whose life with foule and leaude offence report could  
never spot ;

What cause hast thou, Ulrico, then, her fame with feare  
to blot ?

To breake this brall, faire Barbara (so was this lady namde)  
With prettie nippes, with pardon mixt, this answere foorth-  
with framde.

Well sayde (quoth she) first faine you feare, to free my  
shrewd mistrust

That choise and chaunge in wanton court wil make you  
prove unjust ;

But simple I accept your shewe, and faith I trust to finde,  
But to my lord, if so he please, I yet will shewe my minde.  
I long ere this have wayde our want, and thought on  
meanes of gaine,

And sure I sawe the way for wealth was as you did explaine ;  
Yet durst I not unfold the same unto my loving lord,  
Before his words foreshewd his thoughts with mine did  
wel accord.

By service you shall credite winne, by service likewise fame,  
By service you shall riches reape as you deserve the fame :

By service, favour with our prince, acquaintance in the court,  
You sure shall finde : slacke not these helps, your wife doth  
you exhort.

If God with children bleſſe our life, their youth from  
vices freed,

Your credite after in the court will stand them in some  
steede,

And in your absence I so well will to your causes see,

As you shall have reliefe abroad, sufficient left for mee :

Yea sure, to brave it with the best ; yet live within our  
boundes,

Such skyll I have to most avayle to rate and rent our  
groundes ;

And knowe you once, my heart is high, if living there to  
stretch,

Yet stoupe I will to please my lord, to live as rents will retch.

And thus, Ulrico, doest thou heare what thy poore wife  
can say,

In wealth, in want, abroad, at home, thy will she will obey.

Whose modest tale Ulrico heard with patience to the end,

And sayd, to use her sound advise long earst his thought  
did tend :

And now I am resolv'd (quoth he) the warres, sweete wife,  
to ply,

Let worst betyde that may befall, I sure with fame shall dye.

Yet ere I go, my friends shall know my mynd and state  
at large,

But of my lande, my house and goods, none shall but you  
have charge.

And in this moode from friend to friend so long he did  
resort,

That at the length Pollaccos skill he heard by fonde report,  
Of whome was sayd, by secrete arte he could such wonders doe,

As none could worke an acte in thought, but he the same  
would shoe :

He could informe the loving worme if his faire ladie fainde,  
Or if she lov'd, yea, if she had her honour ever staine ;  
For ramping rigges to Venus joyes their nature proane  
that feales,

He could worke meanes of sport without a tympanie with  
heales.

Strange charmes he had to force them love, that late to hate  
were bent ;

He could foretell what hap, what harme, the heavens to us  
ment,

With thousand sleights of hidden skill which I omit to write.  
Yet turne I to Ulricos thought, when rumour did recite  
Pollaccos learning thus at large, who fayed in his mynde,  
To free my jealous head from feare a meane now shall I  
finde.

Pollaccos knowes if that my wife her selfe will faithfull shewe,  
Or if she doth her honour staine, I absent, yea or no.

If in this journey she be just, then dread for aye adue ;  
If she be false, I fellowes have whose wives are found untrue :  
Once feare yet frets my hart as fore, as if such fault were  
wayde.

With that Ulrico postes with speede to crave Pollaccos ayde,  
And comming to his homely house he doth Pollacco greete,  
And craves to speake a worde with him where he should  
thinke it meete.

They both unto a garden walke, and thus Ulrico sayde :—



Your speciall giftes in secrete artes, to me of late bewrayde,  
Compels me now (Pollacco friend) to crave your friendly  
might :

My fute is small, and yet be sure great gaine your paine shall  
quite.

In what I can, Pollacco sayd, I rest at your commaund.

Then use your arte (quoth he) I pray, to graunt this poore  
demaund.

Truth is, I meane with speede to serve my soveraigne in the  
warres,

Yet jealous thoughts, I wot not why, with this accorde still  
jarres.

Sometime my ladies zeale in shewe doth banish dread with  
hope,

But straight againe mistrust doth give to fearefull fancies  
scope ;

And thus, to naught awayle, I weare my golden time in woe,  
Such is the force of passing love to feare for every shewe.

But now, Pollacco, to my suite : by arte I crave to knowe,

In absence mine, if that my wife be faithfull, yea or no ?

Let worst betide, yet so I shall my dread exile (quoth he)

Such feates you can, and therefore nowe let will with skill  
agree.

Pollacco, masde to heare this tale, to this effect replyde,

That science to her schollers yet such secretes had denyde ;

And how should I dissolve this doubt that learned judges  
dread,

Conceive the best, ne wronge the worst, saunce knowledge  
of the dead :

And therefore, Syr Ulrico, cease : your suite furmounds my skill.

What so (quoth he) of skill befallles, graunt but agreeing will.

Whereon Pollacco thus replyde : sith nyceness will not serue,  
I graunt I know by arte this acte, but use from lawe doth  
fwerve.

Yet breach of lawe I hazarde will, to free Ulicos dout.  
Stay here (quoth he) ; to worke this feate I will now go about.  
Anon he comes, with picture framde much like Ulicos wife :  
So long (quoth he) this forme keepes faire she lives an  
honest life ;

If yellowe, tempted then she is ; if blacke, with merrie gayles  
Unto the Cornish mount, god buoy, in hast her honour sayles.  
This knowne (appayd) Ulicico sayd, in hope thy words are  
true,

Holde here thy hyre ; my hart is easde, and so, good friend,  
adue.

Away he goes, and to his wife his household charge commits,  
Which done, while winde and whether serv'd, unto the seas  
he gets.

Such speede he made, as foone he at Albe Regale lands.  
The king there lay, Ulicicos suite who shortly understands,  
And gladly entertained him, yea, gave him pay in peace,  
Which grace when foes infort in fight did double force in-  
crease ;

As prooffeere long appeared plaine. The Turke began to turre,  
Which causde the king to cry alar'm, to chafe this gracelesse  
curre.

The valliant wightes, in armour dight, their forward myndes  
do shewe,

Each thing prepard for souldiers use, to warres these gallants  
goe.

Mustapha Basca had the charge of all the princes power,  
Ulicico was his Colonel, preferd in happie houre.

Post haste they made, untill they came within their enemies  
fight,

Then, buſtling to their bloody tooles, they ſhewe good willes  
to fight.

At trumpets ſound the horſemen ſling, the ſhot to ſkyrmiſh  
fall,

The archers, with their feathered darts, both horſe and man  
doth gall.

The furie of the forward wightes to handie ſtroakes them  
bring :

Here houlbards hewe, there bloody ſwords, on battered tar-  
gets ſing.

Som faint with wounds, ſom flee for feare, ſom fight to ſave  
their friend ;

Thus eyther ſide king Harrie knockes both doth receive  
and lend.

The battell long continued hote, each would faine victor bee,  
But to be ſhort, for all their force, in fine the Mahounes flee.

The Turke his pryde abated well, and all things quiet made,  
Muſtapha Baſca and his charge returned with honour lade.

The ladies nowe (with many a kyſſe) receive the ſovereine  
lords,

And every man to ſee his friend a *buon venu* affordes.

In court there doth no triumph want theſe captaines to delight,  
At juſtes ſome uſe their force in ſport that late did fiercely  
fight ;

Some makes report of wreakefull warres, the bliſſe, and eake  
the bale,

Some loytrers in their ladies lappes doth tell a wanton tale :  
Some have an ore in others boate, ſome colours do expound,  
And ſome doth note their heavie lookes whom Cupides  
dart did wound.

Syr Ulrico, among this crue, some exercise did use,  
 To whome at length Alberto sayde, Syr knyght, I can but  
 muse

That you that have a ladie faire, two yeares from her have  
 stayde :

You knowe a womans force (God wot) a long is easly layde,  
 You knowe that love, with leasure joynde, makes wantons to  
 be bolde.

She hath her will, health, wealth, and ease, she rules and not  
 contrould :

With all these helps she sure will wish to taste some wanton  
 joy ;

Then if she have her wish at will, thinke you she will be coy ?

Whereto Ulrico thus replyde : I answere not for all ;

But sure my wife will constant be, what fortune so befall.

She is no gadder farre from home, she helps not beauties  
 blase,

Her words and workes are modest both, she gives no youthes  
 the gafe :

With honest exercises still she fancies fonde preventes,

To heare my good successe abroade her carefull mynde  
 contents.

Syr knyght, quoth Udilao then, since so you love your wife,

Befhewe me, if that my reply do sowe sedicious strife.

You have enough, what would you more ? let others have a  
 snatch.

Alberto sayde : Will he or nill, she would in corners catch.

And to be short, both lordes affirme, that ladie liveth not,

If that a wife and valiant knight her honour can not blot.

Ulrico did deny it flat, they still affrmd it true,

And thus they pleade, untill the queene their controversie  
 knewe :

Who for that thefe barons fo wrought a flaunder to her feft,  
Their foolifh, rash, and judgement falfe ſhe ſharply did  
detect.

Alberto (fuming at this cheacke) this anſwere made the  
queene.

Not for to move your grace to wrath our argument hath  
beene;

Yet if Ultrico like the match, my lande to his I lay,  
How that, ere twice the moone hath caſt her horned head  
away,

I battell will his browes fowell, as hornes thereon ſhall growe,  
Provided that his wife afore the wager doth not knowe:

And further, if I win her love, his ladie ſo he uſe,

As if that ſhe her honour did in no reſpect abuſe.

The yong lord Udiflao would the ſelf ſame wager try.

Ultrico armde him ſelfe to take their proffers by and by:

Indentures to aſſure this match ingroſſed were in haſte,

The covenants as before expreſt were in the perchment plaſte.

The king and queene gave free conſent the wager ſhould be  
laid,

Th' indentures ſeald by either part, and all things ſure are  
made.

It was agreed Alberto ſhould the battering tyre lay;

If lady Barbara did reſiſt, Udiflao ſhould aſſay

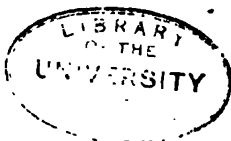
With ſharpe aſſault of wanton wordes to batter downe her  
praiſe.

If two monethes ſhee could make defence theſe lords their  
ſiege ſhould raiſe,

And loſe their living for their hire, which ſmal miſliking  
breedes.

See, ſee, the fonde effectes of hope! Alberto forward ſpeedes,

Y



And spies in fine the castle walles wherein this lady lay :  
Who safe arrived at his inn, streight chaungde his riding ray,  
And clothd a newe, as pleasd his minde, it was not longe  
ere hee

To see Ultricos castle hyde, his heartes delight to see.  
To purchase welcome first he tould Ultricos happie state,  
And, having causes in those coastes, hee durst not passe  
his gate,

Before hee had to her his wife those welcome tidings shard,  
To finde occasion to returne how shee, his lady, fard.

Dame Barbara (joyfull of these newes) requested him to take  
In worth such intertainment as her power was to make.

The lord Alberto made no bones to be his ladies guest,  
But like a courtier brave and bould vouchsafed her request :  
Till supper time with honest talke shee wisely held him  
tacke,

When suppe hee should, of daintie fare shee saw he had  
no lacke.

Alberto (feasted like a prince) prickt forth with pleasaunt  
braine,

Affayed many times to fall into some loving vaine ;  
Dame Barbara, though faine shee would have broke this  
botelesse prattle,

Least he should thinke his welcome heard did hould him  
tacke in tattle,

Which courtesie he construed thus : *The dame that is content  
To listen to a tale of love, to love will soone consent :*

Forgetting how of force they must some such discourfes  
heare,

Or to to coy, their friends forsake, which manners will not  
beare.

But leave I that : Alberto thought his match was meetely sure,

And still to stoupe this modest dame hee threw his wanton lure :

Hee flattering questions moved oft, shee pretily answered all ;  
At length, into his loving sute hee soberly did fall.

And with a sighe, Deare dame (quoth hee) admitt my faithfull zeale,

Who forst through love, must needs unfould that faine I would conceale.

Your beautie, birth and comely shape, report so hie hath prised,

That, trust mee, as I heard you namd, in thought I thus surmised :

This lady staynes fyr Paris rape, in face, in forme and hew,  
And as hee lov'd through brute of fame, so I in faith do you ;  
And try who list, love wounds so fore, if hee empayreth health,

His thralles can hardly be restord by reason, witt, or wealth.  
Their soveraignes grace must be their salve, naught else can work their rest,

Unlesse they will abridge their dayes, of both the bads the best.

I love, I graunt, beyond my reach, for to recant I strive,

But love I must, and loth I am to live and die alive.

My helpe is on my selfe that I untimely murder try,

My woes consent, yet have I vowed in your sweete sight to die.

Despaire hath sped me to this place, my sorrowes to appease:

My tale is tould, you knowe my trueth ; preserve mee if you please.

This loving zeale, so sharply shovne, did strike the lady mute :

Her answer now was farre to seeke, shee hated so his sute.

Alberto, that did note this chaunge, in wordes, in lookes  
and all,  
Thought how his shape and friendly shoes had brought her  
hart in thrall ;  
And therefore to untie her tongue, hee flily stole a kisse.  
She litle said, and yet she thought there was no woe to this,  
And as shee musde, shee found a meane his follies to reprove,  
And yet the feate must needes be wrought with fained  
shewe of love ;  
Which shee so finely counterfets, as if shee lov'de in deede,  
Or that her cause of straungenes late of passion did proceede.  
Alberto, thus advaunst with hope, afresh now pleades  
for ruth,  
She stands not greatly on his fute, but falls to faine  
his truth.  
The knight (by prooffe of pleasures past) when she this  
issue tooke,  
Thought sure with fugged wordes she had devoured Cupids  
hooke ;  
And (as he thought) to free suspect for othes he spared not,  
That neither chaunge, or any chaunce, should him with  
falshehood blot.  
Fewe wordes to waste, she faind at length shee was content  
to love,  
And pointed both a time and place a pleasaunt tast to prove.  
But leaft by absence from your inn, quoth she, suspicion grow,  
I nowe bequeath you to your ease ; when to returne you know.  
Alberto, lours'd with thoughtes of joy, unto his lodging goes,  
Who thinkes eche houre a yeare till that the morrowe  
morning shoes.  
Well, yet at length the houre came that flattered him  
with grace,



Who all too haftie hide him felfe to his appointed place.  
Arrived there, a pretie minx (directed wel before)  
Unto a lodging brought this lord, and locked fast the dore.  
When he was fafe, awaye ſhe went, for joy Alberto hopt,  
But fee, a chaunge ! too late he ſpyde he was in priſon popt.  
The windowes made of yron barres, the walles of ſtone  
and clay,

A bed he found, but farre unfit he thought for Venus play.  
Is this a place of joy ? (quoth he) O no ! I am betrayde.  
He had no ſooner ſpake theſe words, but came faire Bar-  
baras mayde,

Who at a grate Alberto calles, to whom ſhe uſde theſe  
words :

This is the courteſie, fyr knight (quoth ſhe), my ladie you  
affordes.

Fiſt, like a theefe ſith that you fought to rob her of  
her fame,

She hath in priſon layde you faſt, your lawleſſe love to tame :  
And further (to allay your heate) unleſſe you daily ſpinne  
This diſtaffe laden full of flaxe, your fare will be but thinne.  
This fayd, the diſtaffe in ſhe throwes, and bad him thus  
adieu :

My tale is tolde, you knowe your taſke, nowe worke as  
pleaſeth you.

Alberto, at theſe ſorrie newes ſtraight to this choller waxe.

Shall I from martiall exerciſe fall nowe a ſpinning flaxe ?

Shall I that liv'd at libertie, in priſon thus be pend ?

Shall I be ſys'd of meate and drinke, that late ſo much did  
ſpend ?

And ſhall a ladie foyle me thus whoſe hart the ſtoutest  
quaild ?

There with he strove to breake the doores, but small his  
force availd.

His grieve but greene, with termes of hate he blam'd this  
ladie oft,

And supperlesse so went to bed, which was not very soft ;  
But in respect of other plagues, he thought the hardnesse  
small,

Who tyred with tormenting thoughts, a sleepe did quickly  
fall.

When he had sleapt the night away, and cares digested well,  
Sharpe hunger so assayld this lord as he to spinning fell :

His goutie and yll shapen thredes so moved him to smyle,  
That well he likt the exercife, his sorrowes to beguile.

At dinner time dame Barbaras mayde was to Alberto sent,  
To share his lowance like his worke, to whome this courtoll  
went,

And rudely calles to see the yarne he had that morning  
sponne :

Alberto (eger of his meate) deliverd what was donne.

By Saint Marie (quoeth this queane) your hufwiverie is good ;

And after she had frumpt him well, she fetcht his forrie foode.

A weeke or more, these hungrie meales in worth Alberto  
tooke,

In hope of grace, which came so flowe as he his hope forfooke.

See yet desire of libertie, see nowe the fruites of neede,

See here how theeves their fellowes peche, see, see, how hope  
doth feede !

Alberto for dame Barbara fendes, to whom he shewes at  
large

The wanton wager, words, and workes, as I have given in  
charge,

And how that Udiflao would, ere long, attempt the like :  
Which straunge discourfe the ladie did into a wonder strike.  
Oh God ! (quoth she) what caufe give I, men should fufpect  
my life ?

I never clim'd beyonde my reach, I am a loving wife ;  
And comes there yet another lord, that would my vertues  
ftaine ?

Well, let him come, he shall abide hard penance for his paine.  
This fayde, she wild the gaylor fee Alberto spinne apace.  
His newes thus recompenced were ; whome nowe I leave a  
fpace,

To shewe what rumor in the court in every corner rounge,  
Some fay Albertos joyes were fuch, as loth to part he founge.  
Ulrico oft his image viewd, to fee what hue it bare,  
And all the while it yellowe seemd he liv'd in perilous feare ;  
But when it turnd to white againe, what fo the courtiers fay,  
He knew Alberto had the foyle, and he had won the day.  
The other competitor thought his fellowes joyes too great,  
So that to have a fhare with him, he pofted till he sweate,  
And pofting thus he at the length Ulricos caftle spyde,  
And making then more hafte then speede, poft hafte he  
thether hyde ;

Who fafe arriv'd where he did wifh, to make his welcome  
more,

He had an errant readie ftampt, yea two or three, in ftore.  
He firft commended to this dame her husbandes happie health,  
His speciall credite with his prince, his fame and heapes of  
wealth,

And how on caufes of his owne, into thefe coaftes he came,  
And how he heard in happie time his friend Ulricos name ;  
And alfo how not farre from thence did dwell his ladie faire,

And how he, bounde by courtesie, to see her did repaire.  
The ladie smiled in her mynde to heare this currant scuse,  
And yet, dissembling what she thought, she friendly did him  
use.

Yea, courteously she crav'd he would his causes yet adjourne,  
And at his friend Ulicos house with her awhile sojourne.  
Her gentle offer to accept this lord was nothing nice,  
And yet, ere longe, her curtesie he bought at too hie price.  
Well, both (contented, as it seemd) into the castle goe,  
Where, as faire Barbara glads her friend with welcomes  
great in shoe :

She talkt, she walkt, shee satt, she stoode, as likt this  
gallant best,

Yea, many a straunge discourse did passe betweene her and  
her guest :

In fine, to towle this lord in love, a fighting shee began,  
And asked how Alberto farde, as if she lov'de the man.  
The lord Udiflao did take this motion in good part,  
Who smyld and said, in secrete thought, Alberto had her  
heart :

And for to strike her in a mase, quoth hee, I wott not well,  
Since last he vew'd these countrye costes where as my  
frend doth dwel.

Faire Barbara, as though she feard, this lords welfare did  
faine ;

And is hee not (quoth shee) returnde unto your court  
again ?

This lure thus throwne, to worke some hope in Udiflaos  
breast,

The lady broke the prattle off, and fell to feast her guest.  
The lusty Hungarian lord likt well her kindnes showne,

Yet still he for aduantage stayde, to make his passions  
    knowne,  
Whose subtiltie, when shee espide, t'imbolden him the more,  
Against her will, her eyes did seeme more wanton then  
    of yore ;  
And trained thus to treade of love, at length his tongue  
    found scope ;  
She made it nice, yet not so straunge, but he might féede  
    on hope.  
Hee feeding still on showe of grace was loth to leave  
    the feeld,  
She faring as shee likt his talke by peece meales gan  
    to yeeld.  
In fine, she fainde how that his fute had wonne her to agree,  
And how shee would sometime that night her lovers lodg-  
    ing see ;  
Untill which time this frolicke lord committed her a dieu,  
A fainde good night shee likewise gave, and wild her fer-  
    vaunts shoe  
Him where he should that night be lodgde ; whose lodging  
    was prepard  
Next chamber to the prifon where Alberto hardly farde.  
Well, Udilao went to bedde, full fraught with secrete joy,  
And still he lookt when his faire dame would kepe her  
    promife *foy* ;  
But all in vaine he gapt for grace, she glad she had him  
    catcht.  
Yet see the fond conceites in love ! in hope the night he  
    watcht,  
He hard no noyfe, no moufe could feare, but streight in  
    thought he smild :

O welcome, lady! (quoth his heart) but when he was beguild,  
 He Sopor blamd for charging her with to much drowfie  
 sleepe,

But of his faultes and wager fond at all he tooke no keepe.  
 Wel, al this night, with fancies toft, no sleepe lodgde in  
 his breast,

When morning came this comfort came to fet his heart  
 at rest :

Dame Barbaras mayde brought him a reele, and yearne  
 Alberto made ;

She tould him he should reele the fame, for that he had  
 affaide

To robbe her lady of good fame, to her then life more deare :  
 If he refufde to doe his tafke, he should have forrie cheare.  
 Loke you for neither meate nor drinke, before your worke  
 be donne ;

And fyr (quoth shee) t' incourage you, the thread Alberto  
 sponne :

Hee is your neighbour ; fare you well, I can no longer stay.  
 These forrie newes Udislao nie out of his wittes did fray :  
 Alberto toke his pennaunce ill, but he did tenne times worfe ;  
 Hee rag'd, he rav'd, the ladies scorne, himselfe, and all  
 did curfe,

But what for that ? how so he did himselfe agreeved feele,  
 One of these evils hee needes must chuse, to sterue or else  
 to reele :

And of both bads the best he chufde : in fine to worke  
 he fell ;

His rash attempt had this successe, which he deserved well.  
 Nowe that this vertuous dame hath gott the conquest  
 of her foes,

These lordings pennance for their pride she to their servants shoes ;

In whose behalfe, her bountie here, I must of force commend :

They wanted not for daintie fare, how so they fast were pend.  
These barons men (at libertie) streight posted to the court,  
And of their lords imprifonment there make they large report.

These newes of note about the court went flinging every where,

So longe as both the king and queene these gallants fortunes heare.

The king, to learne the certaine truth, to Lady Barbara sent  
His chauncelour, and other lords, where as they found fast pent .

Lord Alberto and Udilao, Alberto spinning thread,  
And Udilao reeling it, with fretting well nie dead.

The lady shewde the newe come lords the matter all and some,

And how to tame their lawlesse love the barons did this dome.

The chauncelor what earst is scowne returned to the king,  
Whose pleasure was he should with him with speede both parties bring.

They all arrived at the court, the king judg'd out of hand,  
Ulrico had the wager wonne, and he should have the land.  
And more against the spoiled lords with justice to perfever,  
In penance of their lavish tongues they were exile for ever.

Faire Barbara, for foyling them, did to her honour mount :  
She was the chiefe about the queene in credite and account.

Whereas she lived many dayes, and helde her wifh at will,  
Nowe being deade, in worthy fame, her vertues liveth still.

*Virescit vulnere virtus.*

*The complaint of the Lorde Alberto and Udiſlao, the two  
Hungarian barons, that unadvisedly wagered their land  
to winne the vertuous Ladie Barbara to wanton-  
neſſe: who having the foyle (beſides the loſſe of  
their livings) for their ſlaunderous opi-  
nions were condemned to perpetuall  
exile.*

Come, gallants, come, by both our falles take heede ;  
With our fonde faults you moſt infected are :  
You worke more wrong in ſlaunder then in deede,  
And yet in deede your flatterie worketh ſcare.  
Learne, learne by us, too lavifh ſpeech to ſpare ;  
Large offers though faire ladies ofte intice,  
Thinke there be dames that wil not vaile to vice.

Fiſt mende your owne, ere others faults you blame ;  
See that your life before you teach you trie ;  
Flucke out the beame that blindes your fighte with ſhame,  
So may you finde a moate in others eye :  
What yet you note reprove not openly.  
Obſerve this courſe, heare, ſee, and ſay the beſt,  
For lavifh words procureth much unreſt.

Had we but wayde that halfe experience ſhewes,  
We might have liv'd in honour, as of yore,



The want we waile, and warne you by our woes,  
The least of which your hearts would much abhorre ;  
For what may be, then this a mischief more ?  
Once lustie lords, now prisd at lowest rate,  
And free men borne, to live in banisht state.

What noble mynde, whose hands could weapons use,  
Would brooke his handes should eyther reele or spinne ?  
To feede on crustes what foole would not refuse,  
Whose courtest fare a messe of meate hath bin ?  
In this distresse perforce we lived in,  
Too hard a plague, say you, for fault so small :  
We thinke not so that have indurd the thrall.

For who at full may value honest fame ?  
Whose wound so deepe as his that slaunders carvd ?  
Our slaundrous thoughts suspected every dame,  
Our slaundrous touns sayd all from vertue swarv'd ;  
For which exile we worthily defarv'd.  
She usde us well (whose praise we fought to spoyle)  
In huswives trades for meate to make us moyle.

Our lande we lost, by lawe and wager both,  
He wonne it well that ventured for the same,  
But worfe then these (the which to shewe I loth)  
Our follies leave a memorie of shame,  
Unto us both a corsive to our name.  
Well, what is paste too late we call againe,  
Sufficeth now we warne with prooffe of paine.

And knowe ye first, what raisd this slaundrous thought :  
Forsooth our lives in loytring daliance spent,

We other doomde by faults that they had wrought,  
And joynd with this their spoyles by fonde consent,  
Which yealded bound vnto our loving bent,  
Did make us thinke, at every wanton whoope  
To lures of love a ladie faire would stoope.

What yet we thought our touns did fore recoyle,  
In slaundring them our lives for to accuse,  
For who so vaunts of any loving spoyle,  
Confesseth howe him selfe he doth abuse,  
The greatest vice that worthy mynds may use.  
Deservfng wel, their worth who should not praise ;  
Deserving ill, much lesse a thousand wayes,

Oh stay we here ! what meaneth our advise,  
When we, God wot, so much of counsell neede ?  
And how againe shall we unhappie rise ?  
Alberto speake, what way shall we proceede ?  
And art thou mute ? Udislaoes hart doth bleede,  
Oh (men forlorne) how wretched is our state,  
Whome heaven and earth oppresse with heapes of hate !

Who will esteeme our manhoode and our might,  
By ladies force to carde, to spinne, and reele ?  
Where so we live all women will us spight,  
And cause they have with such disdaine to deale,  
Yet plagues ynow we else in penance feele.  
O flaunder ! thou on us these [ills] hafte brought,  
Foule fall the cause thou harboredst in our thought !

Had wretched we for treason banisht bin,  
Some would have ru'de our miserie and mone,

But flaundrous speach is such a hatefull sinne,  
As flaunders falls lamented are of none :  
In bookes of shame their faults are rolld alone,  
Their names are scornd, their prefence ten times more ;  
All filthy vice that all men thus abhore.

This resteth, then, for us unhappie men,  
To leade our lives in houltes and uncouth woods,  
A hollowe cave, to make our homely den,  
To foyle hunger with apples, hawes, and buds ;  
For nobles borne, God wot, but forrie foodes.  
There we, poore we, must rue our harmes alone,  
Or monsters make companions in our mone.

O friendly death ! our worldly farewell give,  
From hated fleshe our loathed life divorce.  
Spare them, good death, the which in pleasure live,  
And use at once on us thy matchlesse force ;  
To thee alone our woes fues for remorce,  
When all is done our helpe remaines in thee :  
Then strike with speede our forrowes for to free.

*In praise of the right H. the Ladie I. S. G. of Wilton.*

Where love affects, or flatterie forgeth praise,  
There fayles no will faire ladies fames to wray ;  
But art I lacke such parciall notes to raife,  
Truth guardes the checke in what I write or say,  
And warded thus, when all their wit is showne,  
I boldly vaunt (although in barren verse)  
This ladie staines, their ladies everie one,

She shewes in workes what they in wordes rehearse :  
 Paft natures reach (a gift in great imprife)  
 Her faultleffe life puts flaunder to his shifts,  
 And yet ſhe hath what nature could deviſe  
 To ſet a glosſe upon her gallant gifts ;  
 Beſides all this, ſhe hath ſuch fortune lent,  
 As both commends, and doth her ſelfe content.

*In praiſe of my L. E. R.*

The pearles of praiſe that decke a noble dame,  
 Exceede the price of any juellers ſhowe,  
 Yea, beauties gifts are but a glosſe of fame,  
 In vertues ſoyl theſe precious juels growe,  
 And that the dame, whome I do here commend,  
 Hath ſtore of both my able prooſe attend.

A paſſing wit is lodged in her head,  
 The which is deckt with haire of golden hewe,  
 Her modeſt eyes are ſild with gaſes lead,  
 And yet they ſtaine bright diamonds in viewe ;  
 Her words of worth doth win her tounge ſuch praiſe,  
 As when ſhe ſpeakes the wiſeſt ſilent ſtaye.

Beſides her ſhape, which ſightly is in ſhowe,  
 Her mynd is with theſe noble gifts poſſeſt,  
 Her bountie doth beyond her beautie goe,  
 A care ſhe hath to eaſe the thrall diſtreſt :  
 Thus is ſhe deckt, and this is ſhe, I ſay,  
 That weares and beares theſe pearles of praiſe away.

*In praise of my L. Cecil of Burleigh.*

The cruell warres that Nature long did move,  
By force to plucke good vertue from her throne,  
Appeafd in peace, to shewe the fruits of love,  
Of precious mould, kynde faults to worke anon,  
And having shapt this seemely dame of clay,  
For vertues helpe she sent her straight away.

When vertue viewd dame Natures worthy skill,  
With great delight she kift this ladies face,  
And then (to shewe that Nature wisht her will)  
She posted to her treasure house of grace,  
Her golden shewes, where she, good ladie, spoyles  
To decke this dame: thus was she both their toyles.

And with these gifts into the world she came,  
Whereas she doth in worthy credite rest;  
Yea, fure her life so beautifieth her name,  
As envie graunts (who fildome fayes the best)  
Her wit, her weedes, her words, her workes and all  
So modeft are, as flaunder yealdes her thrall.

*In praise of Maiſtrefſe M. H. now Bridges.*

Beautie with brags of late wild vertue yeald her thrall,  
But foone the Gods, to ſtay their ſtrife, a parlement did call,  
And fame with thundring tromp was wild their ſubjects cite,  
By credite of their thralls to ſhew who was of greateſt might.  
Beautie againſt this day her prowdeſt ſhewes prepard,

A A

And fure a troupe of gallant gyrles her seemely felfe did  
gard :

Their spangels wrought a gase, eche dame in feathers flautes,  
Their straung attyres, their cuts and cost, foreshewd their  
scorneful vaunts.

They looked all askaunce, when beautie claymde her right,  
That loe ! the Gods amafed were to see so proude a fight.  
Anon good vertue comes, with traine of bashfull dames,  
Whose modeft lookes wrought more regard then beauties  
blafing flames.

A silence now was made, that they their futes might move,  
Both ladies sue for foveraigne rule, and thus their titles prove :  
Proud beautie vaunts on powre, poore vertue on defart,  
And, by your leave, for all her bragges, the worft had  
beauties part.

Her shoves were blemisht much with furling and fuch like,  
Which knowne, beautie (through feare of foyle) into a mafe  
did strike.

Who, gafing rounde about, faire Brydges did espie,  
Whose seemely feature, forme, and shape, did much delight  
her eye ;

And, fcorning other prooffe, she Bridges calld in place ;  
Who (to fett foorth her fightly felfe) apeard with bashfull  
grace.

Quoth beautie, See my toyle ! you Gods, now judge aright ;  
Halfe part with you, quoth Vertue streight ; my gifts adorne  
this wight ;

For bountie guides her thought, which beautie farre excells,  
And pittie rules her noble heart, where pride in beautie  
dwells :

To love and lawleffe luft, where beauties lures doe traine,

She winns a calme, yet friendship firme, with showe of chafte  
disdaine.

A meane contents her minde, where beautie is extreame,  
What botes thee then, good Beautie, thus to strive against  
the streame?

She onely shall fuffice, if thereto thou agree,  
To showe and prove, by dome of Jove, the best of thee or  
mee.

I will (quoth Beautie) stand to that that Jove awards.  
Jove, waying wel their worthie worke, thus both their toile  
rewards.

Hee ruled, Vertue should be al wayes best in name,  
Yet Beautie during Bridges life should sway in equal fame.  
Loe! thus betweene these dames the bloudie frayes did seace,  
But Bridges bore the praise away for making of this peace.

*The praise of Mistrresse A. C.*

If Troyians stoute that fought in Hellens band,  
Small wayd their lives their lady to preserve,  
What doubt, what death, what hell should mee withstand,  
To worke C. will the captaine that I serve,  
Who doth in deede as farre sayre Hellen passe,  
As good doth bad, or gold the correst brasse.

For first she hath in feature, forme and face,  
What Hellen had, or beautie could devise;  
And therewithall she hath so chaste a grace,  
To hold them backe with fancies sonde that fries,  
That (loe!) they choose to pine in secrete paine,  
Before their futes should move her to disdaine.

She shoves them grace that forrowes their amis,  
Beyond desert her bountie doth reward,  
Her modest minde by vertue guided is,  
Her sober lookes doth worke a rare regard :  
Although in court her rume is hie, shee knowes,  
Yet likes shee not to feede on curious shoves.

A care shee hath (which shoves a loving wife)  
To love and like but what contents her fere ;  
With these good giftes commended is her life :  
Such one is C. whom I have praised here.  
Even shee is shee, denie it who that dare,  
That doth both kinds, and vertues jewels ware.

*In praise of Mistrresse A. H.*

Vaine is the vaunt that runnes beyond desert,  
Small is the praise that proove will not commend,  
Shame is their fall that mounteth fames by arte,  
Truth is the gard that writers doth defend ;  
And trueth I have my naked verse to clothe,  
But skill I want this pearelesse peece to praise ;  
In fairenes who doth passe the dame, in troth,  
Whose beautie wrought the Troyans bloudye fraies.  
Withal to shove what nature did pretend  
In framing her an endlesse fame to finde,  
She wrought such meanes as vertue doth commend,  
Her gallant shape, with worthy giftes of minde :  
What would you more then faire and vertuous both ?



That both she is, but search where shee doth live,  
(Beyond my reach) report their telling troth,  
This modest mayde a matchlesse praise doth give.  
Loe! this is al (though further would my will)  
I write of her, for want of able skill.

*The faucie pefaunts present unto his sovereigne mistress.*

Lady, receive thy pefaunts gift in gree,  
(Whose will is much, although his worth be small)  
A gift it is that best befeemeth thee,  
Whose vertues hould thy beauties rare in thrall;  
So that, sith that you live without a match,  
*Garde* you your fame with this well meaning watch.

Thinke that you live in gase of envies eyes,  
Whose sight doth search in secretst thought of minde:  
Thinke false suspect about you still hath spies,  
Will forge offence where they no fault can finde:  
Thinke deepe disdaine would blot your life with blame,  
For that alone you weare the pearlesse of fame.

And yet, fayre dame, (incountring all their might)  
These following rules, if you imprint in minde,  
Your envious foes shall pine away with spite.  
First choose a friend, whose wordes in workes you finde;  
With courtesie a straunger intertaine,  
But loving futes cutt off with chaste disdaine.

Thinke fugred wordes as Syrens songes do wound:  
All is not gold in sight that seemeth gay;

In carelesse trust is ever treason found :  
 Then, shunne the baites that philed tongues do lay  
 With proude revenge racke not your yeelding foe,  
 Left nettles doe amonge sweete flowers groe.

Mount with your minde by vertue to the skies ;  
 Vaile not your eares the myfers mone to heare ;  
 From all extreames, in spite of envies spies,  
 In calme delight your dayes so shal you weare.  
 Thus (sovereigne) ends your faucie pefsaunts songe,  
 Accept it well, or else you do him wronge.

*EPILOGUS.*

Loe, ladies ! heare (if you can use it well)  
 An Arbour fenst from burning fire and frost ;  
 A place it is where pride shall never dwell,  
 Nor fortune worke a mase, doe shee her worst ;  
 A place wherein the worthie dame should live,  
 Whom no extreame may change from vertuous thought :  
 Even such a place, my Muse (faire dames) doth give  
 To you, the which with double toile is wrought.  
 Here may you see, by lampes of other lives,  
 A president to live in worthie name ;  
 Here may you see, when death your dayes deprives,  
 In spight of death remembraunce of your fame.

*Virescit vulnere virtus.*

# The Ortchard of Repentance :

*Wherein is reported the miseries of dice,  
the mischiefes of quarelling, and  
the fall of prodigallitie.*

Wherein is discovered the deceits of  
all fortes of people.

Wherein is reported the fouden endes of  
foure notable Coufiners.

With divers other discourses necessarie for all  
fortes of men. The whole worke the  
invention and collection of  
GEORGE WHETSTONS Gent.

*Formæ nulla fides.*

*TO THE RIGHT WOR-*  
*shipfull, Sir Thomas Cicill, knight,*  
GEORGE WHETSTONS  
wifheth advauncement to honor,  
according to his wor-  
thineffe.

---

RIGHTE worshipfull, waying howe deeply bothe my good mother, and all her children are bounde unto you for received friendships, among the rest (acknowledging your desire of my well doing) I have sought howe (for suche benefites) to avoyde the vile vice of ingratitude, an offence so horrible, that the Lacedemonians punished it with death; and resolved that a thankfull mynd was all the recompence that both you did expect, and I could make; and also assured, that if any of us (won with your counseling precepts) intertained convenient times with profitable and vertuous exercises, the newes wold be as acceptable to you, as our indevours beneficiall to us. So that, to satisfie you in both (as touching my owne selfe) I humbly submit unto your learned censure this one part of my unlearned labors, intituled the *Ortchard of Repentaunce*. My intent (as concerning the worke) I am assured deserves an honest report, how so the homely handling thereof content curious judges. But for that I am assured, that no man writes without some reprehension, I am nothing dismayde with such nice find-

faultes misliking. Sufficeth me, if the learned and wel disposed, take my paines in worth : among the which, I chiefly seeke to please your worship, the authoritie of whose patronage will bothe defende and commend my travell, desiring you to take it as a testimonie of the faithfull zeale I beare towardses you ; and being encouraged with your favourable acceptance, I will not faile (God willing) to enterprife some worke that shall better deserve your countenance, content the reader, and commend my paines. From my lodging in Holborne, where I dayly pray for the prosperous health and hap, both of you, and your good lady. The 15 of October  
1576.

Your worships most bounden,

G. WHETSTONS.

## THE ORTCHARD OF REPENTAUNCE.

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*The honest minded mans adventures, his largesse, and his  
farewell to the world ; a worke discovering the sub-  
tilties of all sortes of men.*

Repyne not, friends, to view the forme of scorne,  
Skew not to see a figure fresh of ruth,  
A crooked peece with withered age forworne,  
In drouping dayes whome beggerie purfuth,  
A forrie crop for seede of all his youth,  
Who moylde, who toyld, who gaped after gaine,  
When losse enfude ; a poore reward for paine.

2. Though straunge at first my tale may seeme in fight,  
Yet, wysely wayde, the cause appeareth playne,  
Why backward hap my forward hope did quite,  
Why losse I found, where I did looke for gayne ;  
Why povertie I reapt in lue of paine ;  
For trye who list, and he by prooffe shall see,  
With honest myndes the world will hardly gree :

The kingdom  
of the world  
described.

The devils  
officers.

3. Which of it selfe a kingdome is of sinne,  
The devill is prince, whose pomp doth never fade ;  
Deceite and craft his chieftest counsellors bin,  
Extortion foule his treafurer is made :  
Covetousnesse is merchant of his trade ;  
Vile usurie his racking rents doth rake,  
As auditour account doth briberie take.

4. Within his court these vipers beareth sway :  
First false suspect high chamberlain they call,  
Who raps them down which mount by honest way.  
Disdaine controuls the wightes which be in thral ;  
Then grudge, the garde, doth place them in the hal ;  
Mistrust and spight doth dayly watch and ward,  
And malice is the captaine of the garde.

5. Envie and Hate, the prefence doore doth keepe,  
Which elvish elves dame Vertue still deryde,  
Or if she knocke, the fottes will be a sleepe.  
Next to the diuel the court doth Lecherie guyde,  
On whom attends dame Pleasure, Lust, and Pryde :  
What office beares the glutton with the rest,  
Or drunken sot, to shewe it were a jest.

6. Debate and strife, the coastes doth dayly scowre,  
Well meaning mynds to see they do repyne ;  
Though fortune laugh, the world on them doth lowre :  
Her subjects sleepe, and snore like fatted swyne,  
When hunger stervde with want the vertuous pyne.  
No wonder though they leade this lothsome life,  
For worldly rule with vertue is at strife.

7. But I too long do tyre you with this tale,  
To wray the rule the worldly wretches have,  
Who bath in blisse, when others boyle in bale,  
Who do commaund, when others gladly crave ;  
Yet shame and all they leave to fill their grave.  
I ment, and meane, to shewe his overthrowe,  
Whose honest mynd became his chiefeft foe.

His first ad-  
venture in the  
court.

The flatterer  
thriveth in the  
court.

Note.

An unkind  
recompence.

8. I first by cost did seeke in court to mount,  
A needfull helpe in court to purchase grace ;  
But fowly short I fell upon account :  
I quite forgot to flatter and to face,  
The thrall to scorne, the best for to imbrace.  
I su'd, I serv'd, I did attendance daunce,  
And still, I thought, defart would me advaunce.

9. I lookt aloft, and brav'd it with the best :  
The charge mine owne, no countnance did I lacke,  
Whilest pence were ryfe I was a welcome guest :  
I ayded those whom spitefull scorne did sacke,  
Which one advaunst were first that threwe me backe.  
With conges kynde the gallants would me greete,  
With cap and knee the meaner did me meete.

10. The sneaking cures by bryberie layd a traine,  
A myle to catch before they fell the crumbes :  
I thought defart perforce would fasten gaine  
On me, which gape but gained nought but plumbes,  
For former graunts still nickt me oore the thumbes ;  
The drawlatch thriv'd, my selfe who helpt to grace,  
As well as he which bare the proudest face.

11. Ne envie I of either part the thrift,  
Since fortune smylde upon the silly lot :  
I thought aloft no doubt she would me lift ;  
So spent in hope, for feare I spared not,  
By cost I sayd that worship still was got ;  
But I so long did spende upon the store,  
That all was gone : then could I spend no more.



12. Then countnance straight with fower face did frowne,  
And credite next began to slip aside,  
Disdaine and spight with speede then threwe me downe.  
In this distresse whom earst I helpt I tryde,  
Who gave good words, but no reliefe applyde :  
Thus, quight forfooke, I in the briers stucke,  
And cryde perforce a vengeance of yll lucke !

Forfake brave-  
rie, and leue  
thy credite in  
the court.

13. I thought mishap my fortune did withstand,  
And meere good hap to others gaine assignde :  
I little thought that item in the hand,  
Remembrance was, a friend in court to finde ;  
Or some for some could leade a statly mynde,  
Ne flatterie, I did feare, should be prefarde,  
Ere service true had reapt his full rewarde.

14. I could not thinke the court two faces had,  
In favour faire, fresh, sweete, fraught with delight,  
When in disgrace the wrongside turnes as fad,  
Sullen, fowre, sharpe, the shewe of deepe despight,  
As fyrens songs bewitch the simple wight :  
I quite forgot, in short, to shewe you plaine,  
The proverb old, faire words do make fooles faine.

Description of  
the court.

15. I simply ment, but subtly was beguilde.  
A crocodile deceives with fained teares,  
But pray obtaind, it turnes to monster wilde.  
With fayned friends, in fine, even so it fares,  
Which snarled be in froward fortunes snares :  
They crouch and creepe til they have that they wish ;  
In your distresse they wey you not a rush.

Fained  
friends.

16. But certes, they which never tasted bale,  
 Persuaded be that all men bathe in blis,  
 So sure he thinkes, truth seemes each sugred tale,  
 Whose honest mynd did never meane amis ;  
 The speach of craft he counts a mockerie is :  
 Both losse and gaine (he faith) doth fortune give,  
 And still he hopes on after hap to live.

17. My selfe the prooffe, which reactt my courtly fal,  
 A backward blast, a fit of froward fate.  
 Some other way to hap she would me call,  
 With double mendes to vauance my poore estate :  
 As gleames of joy do follow cloudes of hate,  
 Thus lights I held (bewitched with faire wordes)  
 Or bushes beate while other lymde the byrdes.

18. I still reliev'd the wights that were distrest,  
 Although they would they could do me no good ;  
 Which cold excuse soone cutt off my request :  
 A night cap, fure, or else a lyned hooode,  
 Befeeinde my skonce. I sware by sweete S. Roode,  
 Which, like a foole, on would and could did feede,  
 When simple I with deede reliev'd their neede.

Miserie can  
 hardly winne  
 the vertuous to  
 vice.

19. These hathards hard might honest mindes defile :  
 What harvestt worse then weedes to reape for corne ?  
 But though the lewde do laugh if fortune smile,  
 And frowne as fast, if that the fyxfen scorne,  
 Yet wealth, ne woe, no friendly minde can turne :  
 For happ they leave no honest way unfought,  
 But feedes on hope by value of their thought.

20. Wel, thus perforce, I left the costly court :  
Hie time to trudge when coine and clothes were spent.  
The fouldiers gaine was rounge with sweete report,  
By them which wist not what their losses ment.  
At ventures yet to see the warres I went,  
Refolv'd by them to rise or leese my breath,  
For servile life I worse despisde then death.

21. Appointed well, and fouldier like arayde,  
I left my friends, and throngd amid my foes.  
Although at first the thundring shott mee frayde,  
In fine, saunce feare I lent such lustie blowes,  
That foone my fame throughout the campe arose :  
With better pay to credite then I grue,  
And thus a flaunte to care I badde adue.

His seconde  
adventure in  
the warres.

22. In desperate frayes gave charge my band and I,  
By manly force our eager foes to foyle :  
Not one then flie, but rather chus'de to die,  
And where they foyld, I let them fleece the spoyle ;  
For trueth to say, that tythe deservde their toyle.  
I never nickt the poorest of his pay,  
But if hee lackt, hee had before his day.

23. They cheerisht thus, when neede inforst them fight,  
On foes they flewe in face of all the shott,  
As wolves the sheepe doe spoile or fore affright,  
Their enimies foe did flie, or goe to pott,  
Such lyll they layde upon their pates, Got wott.  
Sith fame I reapt thus by their restlesse paine,  
I could not choose but let them gleane the gaine.

A good capi-  
taine makes  
good fouldiers.

24. Such was my hap to reach the honour still,  
 In hie attemptes I gave the overthrowe.  
 Thus fortune long did frame unto my will,  
 But I forgot how soone shee playes the shrowe,  
 Even where of late shee favour most did shoue :  
 I overflipt the time that serv'd for thrift,  
 As though the warres ne did their chaunces shift.

25. In poore repastes, whose courtesie is such  
 To leave to cut, till lurchers old have carv'd,  
 They seeldome say shall surfet of too much,  
 Yet haply may with want be hunger starv'd.  
 Who so in spoile so stayes till all be serv'd,  
 Besides his blowes an easie burthen beares :  
 Each for himselfe, where souldiers shift and shares.

26. But whilst I stode in fickle fortunes grace,  
 And swam in wealth, of want I never thought :  
 I toke no heede how age drewe on a pace,  
 Or brused bones at home for safetie sought,  
 To live uppon the gaine that youth had caught,  
 But when I could, sith then I would not thrive,  
 When faine I would, then could with me did strive.

Sowre fauce  
 of sweete war.

27. For when the warres my chiefeest strength had worne,  
 When wounded flesh did faint at bloudy blowes ;  
 When fortune thwart her fawning face did turne,  
 When faithfull friendes were rest by by raging foes,  
 When foule debate amonge our souldiers rose,  
 When treason foyle where force could never speede,  
 When hollowe heartes did droue away at neede.

28. When thus of warres I felt the sower taste,  
Which seemed sweete by speach I heard of yore,  
Forworne with toile, I homewards trudgft in haste,  
My skinne well paid with woundes and brufes fore,  
But sure of pence, I had but slender store :  
Thus did I spend the time that servde for thrift,  
And left old age in drowping dayes to shift.

29. Yet simple I did thus persuade my minde,  
How that the warres do naught but honour yeeld,  
And cost in court did cast mee farre behinde,  
My way to thrive was tilling of the feeld ;  
A charge, God wott, unmeete for mee to wield ;  
A farmer fresh, I fell then to the plow,  
And coste abridgft, yet cares I had ynow.

His last adventure in the countrye made him a starke begger.

30. I then did trust the trueth of every fwayne,  
And thought that I a fight of lubbers kept,  
When others housd, my hay lay fowft in raine,  
My corne did shead before the same was reapt,  
Or spoild with beastes, whilst lasie Robin slept,  
I bought at worst, yet fould I under foote ;  
A poore increase can spring of such a roote.

Y'll fervaunts.

31. Thus long with losse the farmer stoute I playde,  
Till out of house and home pure neede mee preft.  
With beggerie bitt then was I fore dismayd,  
To trie my friendes yet I my selfe addrest,  
With squaymish lookes, who intertainde their guest  
With sower shoves : my want could well endure,  
For small reliefe then none was better sure.

An old proverb, beggers must be no choosers.

In what con-  
tempt the rich  
have their  
poore friends.

32. In what I could my hofst then did I please,  
With quippes, and nippes, who cutt mee ore the thumbes ;  
But floutes in faith could not mee fo difease,  
That from the borde I gathered not the crumbes ;  
For poore men pincht are glad to pray on plumbes.  
Hayted and baited time thus did I weare,  
Hard lodgde, worfe clothd, not cloyd with coftly fare,

This compa-  
nion was craft.

33. And fettered thus (God wot) in chaynes of woe,  
I fleeping once, mee thought before my vew  
A mate I fawe, that earft I did not knowe :  
God fpeede (quoth hee) ; quoth I, the like to you.  
Acquainted thus, fuch friendship did infue,  
As I to him my former fortunes shoe,  
My hap, my harme, my want, my weale, my woe :

34. Which to difcourfe a tedious tale I tould,  
Which well hee marckt, and fmyled in his thought.  
Good friend, hee faid, thou waxeft very ould,  
For whom forefight fome fuccour fhould have fought ;  
But well I fee thou youth hath fpared nought ;  
Yet all thy life thou moyldft and toyldft for gaine :  
Hard was thy hap, that loffe ftill aunfweard paine.

35. No fortune yet, but follie in thy felfe,  
That loffe thou reapft in recompence of paine :  
Thy courfe was wrounge, a pace to prowle up pelfe,  
For falfehoode must, or flattery compaffe gaine,  
Or elfe, in faith, thy moyling is in vaine :  
Deferte is dafde, with dyrefull envies driftes,  
And honeft mindes are put unto their shifts.

36. But listen well, and I will shortly shoue  
How that thy want in drowping dayes shall die.  
The way I know how every state doth growe,  
From bafe degree to wealth and honour hie;  
Thy conscience yet must beare with briberie,  
With falsehoode, fraude, feare not to use deceites,  
To fishe for wealth those are the sweetest baites.

Lewde coun-  
sell.

37. If thou doest love a faithlesse priest to bee,  
If courtiers life in thee hath lyking wrought,  
In merchauntes fraude if thou wouldst deeply fee,  
If lawyers gaine doth tempt thy greedie thought,  
If through the warres aloft thou wouldst be brought,  
In countrie cares if thou wouldst beate thy braine,  
If cheters craft, thou weanft, is full of gaine.

38. If by these trades releese thou meanst to reape,  
Doe thus and thus, and thou with wealth shalt swell.  
With that hee wrayed of huge deceiptes a heape,  
The least whereof would send a man to hell.  
At which amafde, (quoth I) Good frend, farewell,  
I like thee not; thy counsell is full evill:  
I lived well, I will not die a devill.

39. At which adue my mate to sigh I sawe,  
Who forrie was hee had bestowde such talke  
On mee, whose tale to no deceite could drawe;  
And in this chafe away the man did walke;  
And waking then, I up and downe did ftalke,  
Who in my selfe did finde a hell of thought,  
To see what wyles to compasse wealth are wrought.

Note.

Defire of goods  
draw our  
minde from  
goodnes.

The remem-  
braunce of  
death, hinder-  
eth us from  
wickednes.

The godly con-  
temne riches,  
compassed by  
deceite.

40. Defire of wealth forthwith my heart did wound,  
My honest minde did blame my greedie veyne ;  
Thus in my selfe a heape of harmes I found,  
Afraide of fraude, yet glad to compasse gaine :  
Thus both I blamde, and thankt the coufiners paine ;  
But as by chaunce, I looking in my glasse,  
Mee thought I saw how death by mee did passe.

41. With that (quoth I) away with golden glee !  
Avaunt defire of greedie gathering gaine !  
Wouldst thou him binde which whilome lived free ?  
Away ! goe trudge, thy toying is in vaine :  
The world I scorne with my sweete Christ to raine,  
No subject I of Sathans empire ame,  
Christ is my leage, to serve the devill I shame.

*A Larges to the world.*

The know-  
ledge of de-  
ceite is neces-  
sarie for the  
good.

A large larges.

The cleargi.

42. My knowledge yet, unto the world yknowne,  
May haply warne my friends to shunne this baite.  
Amonge the lewde this seede is hugely sowne,  
They daily take this bitter sweete receite ;  
For why, their foode is rapine and deceite.  
My larges yet to all I franckly give,  
Within this world that have defire to live.

43. The cleargie they no worldly creatures are :  
They coft contemne, their weedes but homely bee,  
Heaven feedes their foules, their paunche hath pouer fare,  
They goodes despise, but what with Scriptures gree,  
To helpe the poore whose want they daily see ;  
Well, these I see, esteemeth not my gift ;  
To get their thanks, and have I neare a shift ?



44. Yes, yes forsooth (wel fare the fruits of fraud)  
They wedded are (a needefull helpe gainst sinne)  
Their sonnes full oft defireth more a gaude,  
Then at their bookes their fathers fame to winne,  
Their daughters scorne to knit, to card, or spinne :  
They gentles are, as brave as is the best,  
They royst in filkes, and gad to every feast.

45. With smal expence this pride is not maintaind,  
And when you die your lyving bids adue.  
If naught you spare, their braverie then is staind,  
They must forsake their wonted courtly crue,  
Or make some shift, though shame thereof insue :  
Which to prevent, this counfel craft doth give,  
To proule for them, whilst you in wealth do live.

46. Scorne you the Pope ? scorne not to clawe his coine ;  
His titles leave ; leafe not the selfe same gaine,  
(You colours have) how so you pence purloine.  
Decayed schooles you may erect againe,  
You may relieve the needie myfers paine,  
With many moe, whom penurie doth pearce  
For lacke of skill, which scapes my worthlesse vearse.

47. The courtier hee will thanke mee for my gift.  
Hee spendeth much, yet little hath to spend ;  
Some say, this course doth seeldome compasse thrift,  
Yet freely here his state for to amend,  
To bragge it out in bravery to the end,  
The courtier younge a lesson loe ! I tell :  
The elder fort doth knowe the forme full well.

The courtier.

48. For credite fake you needes muft bravely ferve,  
And credite wonne is quickly worne away :  
Get up your crumbes, therefore, ere grace doth fwerve ;  
Fawne still on them that beare the greateft fway,  
Attendaunce daunce when others plie their play,  
The mightieft please, how fo their mindes are ledde :  
For wifeft wittes with fome conceites are fedde.

49. With lawyer foone fee thou thy felfe acquaint,  
Which knowes what giftes are in the princes handes,  
What lyes conceald by reafon of attaint,  
What fee, what farme, amonge his leages landes,  
Drawes to an end, that clarkly underftandes,  
What office yeeldes a gaine above the reft,  
What penall lawe to begge for thee is beft.

50. Who finely drawes a pattent for a neede,  
And pattents fee you alwayes have in ftore,  
A time may ferve, when haply you may fpeede,  
Which fitted not fo well a yeare before ;  
And by the way, this care have evermore,  
Well to forefee to whom you wray your minde,  
Leaft in your futes you flender favour finde.

51. Your charge is great, fhift therefore for your felfe,  
For facion fake yet flatter to their face,  
But ufe no courfe in prowling up of pelfe,  
And if mishappe doth throw one out of grace,  
Bee readie preaft to preafe into his place ;  
For why, your joy comes by your neighbours thrall,  
Then be not nyce to rife where hee doth fall.

52. The fouldier stoute, whom fortune still doth tosse,  
To shadowe fraude forsothe hath synest shoe :  
His sweetest gaynes are lawste with lower losse,  
Yea, life full oft to reach releefe must goe :  
Here faintes his friend, there fightes his mortall foe,  
Here bulletes towze at unawares him meete,  
There hawlberds hewe, here bilmen doth him greete.

The fouldier.

53. If in this dole hee chaunce to reach a rap,  
In faith, at home hee findes a could releefe,  
Best therefore then, whilst fortune fittes for hap,  
Hee shift for one, for feare of future greefe :  
The fouldier once is never tearmde a theefe,  
How so hee wronges, how so hee spoyles and spends,  
And reafon good, his life oft makes amends.

54. The poorer fort yet seeldome compasse thrift,  
To helpe whose want Maft. Craft doth use this way,  
(A prettie helpe) for such as love to shift ;  
To watch and ward to filche his fellowes pray,  
To sacke the wight that gladly would obey,  
To spoile his friend, as one hee doth not knowe,  
If ought be said, hee toke him for his foe.

55. But now to you which have both charge and fway :  
You must be brave for fame and credite sake,  
Yet must you pinch no fouldier of his pay,  
Left nipt with neede (poore slave) his heeles hee take,  
In heate of blowes before his head doth ake ;  
What then ? (well kept) a few will do more good,  
Then store of lowtes, which feare to loose their blood.

56. Dead payes will helpe to cheerish all the rest,  
 And likewise you shall finde therein some gaine ;  
 And when to filch your souldiers are adrest,  
 Fleese you their pray, then chide them for their paine  
 For stragling out from reldue of their traine ;  
 Ne spare to spoile when force doth faile your foe :  
 Take time and tide, leaft fortune play the throe.

The lawyer.

57. The lawyer hee, with doubtles that dulls his braine  
 For tenne yeares space, his time in studie spends,  
 Ere practife his doth purchase stoare of gaine ;  
 Too long a plague, so long to fawne on friends,  
 And spend on stoare in hope of after mends ;  
 And therefore, fure, *deceite deserves no curse*,  
 For working meanes meane while to fill his purse.

58. And yet, in footh, a grote will buy his gift,  
 A booke of notes, remembraunce 'tis to ease,  
 Wherein is writ full many a prettie shift ;  
*Post facto* stuf, and *non est factum* please,  
 By larger grauntes, the lease away to fease,  
 Conditioned releases how to frame,  
 By former wordes the latter for to lame.

59. Such quilletts nyce, when thus you noted have,  
 Some practife needes must print them in your thought ;  
 Set such at lawe, in words as late but strave,  
 And when they both in backhouse ditch are brought,  
 To poule them both let some devise be wrought .  
 Forget not this when writings hit your hand,  
 (If youthes them owe) with doubtles to lame his land.

60. With hope of gaine his greedy minde elfe move  
 To voyde some graunt, or worke some leafes wracke :  
 A leafe of trust then muſt the title prove,  
 At leaſure yet this timeleſſe truſt turne backe,  
 Your intereſt ſmall, his greateſt right will ſacke ;  
 For once in prooſe, this proverbe ſtill doth laſt,  
 A little lyme *a foule will fetter faſt.*

61. Phyſicians now, that weyes how weake wee are,  
 Newe cures muſt ſearch, our griefes are now ſo ſtraunge :  
 Old Gallens drugges our time unfitteth farre,  
 Augmented then, his cures abroad ſe muſt raunge ;  
 For healthleſſe men on every hope will chaunge,  
 But once reſteynde, be ſure thou uſe this courſe,  
 Another blame, although thy ſelfe be worſe.

Phyſicians.

62. See your receites ſome lightning yeeld at firſt,  
 To worke conceites within your patients thought ;  
 Perſuade him ſtill his paine is at the worſt,  
 Yet heale and harme, till wiſhed gaine be wrought ;  
 But for the poore, ſee ſome releefe be fought,  
 And for your paines, let rich men (greeved) pay :  
 No cure performde, your cuſtome will decay.

The practice  
 of a lewde  
 phyſician.

63. But now to you whom office doth aduance,  
 For your behoofe I (forſt) imploy my paine ;  
 You come *devaunt*, uppon a ſorrie chaunce,  
 Yea, ſtocke you ſet uppon a tickle maine,  
*Durant le vie* no longer laſtes your gaine,  
 And ere you ſway, ſome thouſand pounds muſt flee,  
 Which is not rayſde (in haſt) uppon your fee.

Officers.

One officer by  
honestie disco-  
vereth the de-  
ceites of the  
lewde.

64. In tenne yeares space, five hundred ma[r]kes a yeare  
Unto his heire ; who purchase not to leave,  
Shall sure be blamde of myfers every where :  
If truth cause lacke, most fay, the rest deceave ;  
If all be false, few will such faultes conceive.  
Once wronge you must a thousand for this gaine,  
How voyde you then the penall statutes paine ?

65. You are forbid inroulements for to rafe,  
To fit your friend, or soile your hated foe,  
To fave old feales, to give forg'd writtes their grace,  
To chaunge records, a frendly turne to showe,  
For once you may both helpe and overthrowe :  
Yet use you must both meanes by flie devise,  
But frosted bee, for feare of slippery yfe.

A notable  
cloak.

66. Provide a cloake to couler stil your crime,  
Then worke your will, Apollo oft doth sleepe ;  
But if your wyles do come to light in time,  
To fave such misse some carelesse fervaunt keepe,  
Plague him with blame when you the profite reape :  
What if sharpe checkes do put you in some feare,  
The gaine remaines the tauntes in time doth weare.

Gaylors.

67. Mas. gaylor needes must taste of this my gift :  
Extortion cryes, against his yron fees.  
What then ? in hould this is your onely shift,  
With shackles huge your prisioners to displeafe ;  
Thus pincht (good foules) they will pay, pray, and please :  
Pence pought ne dreade, although they stoutly crake,  
To use redresse poore prisioners *unde* lacke.

68. Now gallants learne, whom bravery still confumes,  
To royst in filkes, to flaunt in coulers gay,  
To pranke your wives up in their pecockes plumes,  
To snuffe, to scorne, to looke beyond your sway,  
To finde a mint, to feede your mindes with play,  
To hauke, to hunt, to boast, to braule, to fight,  
Which are the thoughtes that feede you with delight.

Younge gentlemen.

69. This coft is more then carelesse youthes forethinke,  
But coft, ne care, their hautie mindes can vaile ;  
Syth not, see fines, your farmers cofers shrinke.  
Of timber trees then strike the loftie faile,  
The bodies next will serve for bord and pale :  
If all these helps your charge will not defraye,  
But still your names in merchauntes journalls staye,

70. To flote your mindes, if house and land must flee,  
To two or three the same give, graunt, and sell,  
*Cave emptor*, to thy assuraunce see :  
Hap well, hap ill, some speedeth pretie well,  
The rest must take their fortune as it sell ;  
Shift you for one, the world to fraude is bent,  
Coyn stays your friend, when fleering wordes are spent.

71. Come, merchaunts, come, and take in worth my gift,   Merchaunts.  
Whose lynxes eyes in younge mens state do prie,  
Their losse your gaine, their spending is your thrift,  
They broche your bagges till all their lyving flie :  
But holla hoe ! a bug is usurie :  
Hee houldes you backe, from three times tenne to take  
On morgage good, leaft no returne you make.

72. What resteth then ? your coyne will rust faunce use,  
 And statute loane cannot content your thought :  
 Well fare a shift, both lawe and them t' abuse,  
 You know in prime, each thing is easly wrought ;  
 The dog to draw, the horse to order brought,  
 The skilleffe youth is wonne with every gaude,  
 The reason is his thought is free from fraude.

Religion with-  
 out devotion.

73. To worke this feate, see that you use this course.  
 When dolefull knell doth bidde a churle adue,  
 Send streight to know on whom death usd this force :  
 Not to this end your neighbours fate to rue,  
 But of his heire in hast to have a vew ;  
 If hee be younge, well left, and easly wonne,  
 To feede his vaine see wordes and workes be donne.

Crosbytinge,  
 a cufnage un-  
 der the couler  
 of friendship.

74. Some prettie summe on small affuraunce lend :  
 If youth be slow, at leasure bid him pay,  
 Some times bestowe good counsell as his friend,  
 But helpe him to ech toy to make him gay,  
 To pay for all, at length, will come a day ;  
 By peccemeales thus in lash hee wilbe brought,  
 In daunger once, let this devise be wrought.

Note this  
 policie

75. Get some to rest, and vexe this thriftlesse youth,  
 Not at thy sute (although by thy consent)  
 To free himselfe from catchpoles litle ruth,  
 For thy goodwill to thee his minde is bent,  
 To mone his state, his time and coyne mispent,  
 To faine thy heart to his behoofe is fixt,  
 Then let advise with prettie tauntes be mixt.



76. But to conclude, lend him his turne to serve,  
Yet binde him sure, leaft hee do slip away,  
In statutes, which lands, goods and body sterue,  
Twentie to one, hee forfeits at his day :  
The vauntage then will double usauce pay,  
Extent on land, the sale will flaunder foe,  
That fee, in fine, on easie prise will goe.

Be dangerous  
to enter into a  
statute to a  
marchaunt.

77. You burgofes, which sell the costly stuffe,  
That wares to ebb our gallants goodes and land,  
This lesson learne, and utter wares ynough,  
Beyond the price of paying downe in hand :  
His state and stay, first wisely understand,  
Close fited then, deliver him thy ware,  
But binde him sure, if thou his paiement feare.

Burgofes.

To take ware  
on trust, a  
notable usurie.

78. If day hee breake, let *commens* be no leache,  
No forget once the citie custome gives ;  
In the hoytinges an outlawes note him teache,  
Beare with his talke, his crakes, and yreful tauntes,  
Lawe will him stoupe in spight of all his vauntes :  
Collusion thoe, this dealing some do reake,  
Yet jumpe thou thus a penal law to breake.

A worthie  
custom in  
London.

Selling wares  
on credite,  
collusion.

79. Come, scriveners, come, the frie of all abuse,  
Deceite beseemes you best of any men ;  
Why blush you so ? you neede not frame excuse,  
You are to helpe a thousand with your pen,  
Chetors, counfers, merchauntes, your selves like men :  
Good reason ; you have store of subtil skill,  
Sith you are meanes each misers bagge to fill.

Scriveners.

80. Bee sure you have the groundes of lawe by rote,  
 What wordes unlose, and what as fast do binde :  
 Eche quillet nyfe fee that you neerely note  
 In paper booke, as tendes to fraude you finde,  
 In morgages, leafes, covenantes unkinde,  
 Conditions, bondes, feoffments, graunts, & *cetera*,  
 In some one point the craftie jacke still play.

Monie takers.

81. For craft is that that doeth you credite gaine,  
 Rich Burgofes your chiefeft clients are.  
 They lay the plot, but you muft take the paine ;  
 Monie takers to meash in neates of care,  
 They fast, farewell, fuch will no vantage spare.  
 Thus fith your trade doth tend to falsehoode vile,  
 Good reafon you acquaint your felfe with guile.

Coufiners.

82. This monftrous mate had neede of thoufand shifts,  
 To feede the thoughtes of thofe whose forme he beares.  
 A lawyers head hee hath, full ftufft with driftes,  
 A fimple looke, to free rash youthes of feares,  
 A flatterers tongue, to feede beleeving eares,  
 A harlots face, to witch with wanton fight,  
 A tyrauntes heart, to wound the harmleffe wight.

83. A fcriveners fift, a lackyes legge to trudge,  
 A merchauntes minde, to mountaines that afpires,  
 A gluttons throte, to shewe hee is no fudge ;  
 What gaine may be ungleand this monfter then defires ?  
 What youth unspoilde, whose wreake this feend confpires ?  
 And fith this mate fo manyes turne muft ferve,  
 This courfe, for cheates, craft willes him to obferve.

89. First, flatterie, thou must pry abroad for pray,  
Thou wily must eache gallauntes state escrie,  
Companion like with them thou needes must play ;  
If able youth *dice neede* to nip thou spie,  
Unto his helpes be sure thou have an eye,  
And one some lost, drawe neare and note his mone,  
And proferre him supplie on easie lone.

90. Now, merchaunt, hide thy hooke in golden baite,  
In plaine Johns name yet let this dealing bee,  
His simple shoue will couler soule deceite ;  
To make false deedes let maister lawyer see,  
To get them seald use scriveners policie,  
To meash him sure let flatterie still affay,  
But be not yet to eger of your pray.

Note this  
policie.

91. With friendly show first worke him in conceite,  
Then, epicure, thy bountie let him feele :  
To witch his witts make mystresse Mynxe a baite ;  
Hee snarled once, ryng out the counsers peale,  
To forge, to rafe : such stuffe then make him feale  
As over soone will put him to his shift,  
Noe force for that, hee might have eyde his thrift.

92. But fraude bewrayde, if wronged youth complaine,  
Then, tyraunt, start to save the rest from shame.  
To stay his sute by catchpoles lay a trayne,  
With actions huge his crased credite lame ;  
In prision popt, there is no laughing game ;  
There friends do faile if monie ebbeth lowe,  
His sute is cold, his lawyer wilbe flowe.

By the impri-  
soning of the  
complainant,  
the counsiner  
agreeth with-  
out open  
shame.

Right coufi-  
ners stand  
uppon their  
credite.

93. Hee, nipt with neede, and reft of freedome both,  
As one halfe dead, in haft will fue for eafe :  
Firft make it coy, as men to greement loth,  
His flaundrous plaint fo doth your trueth difpleafe,  
As trial muft this foule report appeafe ;  
In fine, yet come, and ere you goe agree,  
And featherleffe let my yonge maifter flee.

Make shiftes.

94. An other fort of cheating mates there are,  
By neede inforft, that fues to craft for ayde,  
Whom thriftleffe life hath wrapt in heapes of care,  
In prifon throwne, of succour cleane difmayde ;  
Whofe wealth is worne, of friends whofe way unwayde,  
Whofe hautie heartes gainft thraldome yet do fperne,  
Neede workes for thefe fome shiftes to ferve their turne.

Counterfet  
astronomers.

95. If any fuch ripe witte or learning have,  
Want joinde with craft this counfell doth beftow,  
(To flaunte it out, in outward shew full brave)  
To faine eche acte, yea, thought by art they know,  
A falve for love, fooles fortunes for to shoe,  
Goods ftolne or loft with a vengeaunce for to fetch,  
Or faine thou art for every grieve a leach.

Phifitians.

Baudes.

96. But at the firft, to make your cunning knowne,  
A baude or two fend pryinge round about,  
Where loving wormes, or fickly wightes are throwne :  
Old churles fome have, fome love and reape a flout,  
Some ficknes catch by keeping revell route.  
To wightes thus griev'd, though slender helpe you give,  
Ufe shewe of skil, in hope to make them live.

97. If fortune hap to hitt some heartes desire,  
You neede no trumpe your knowledge for to spred,  
But, by the way, give mother Bee her hire,  
Then wil shee prate to bring a patch to bed,  
And vouch for prooffe how such and such have sped,  
Although, in trueth, this shifting is but theft ;  
Your coates for this the hangeman silde hath rest.

98. You holy gyrls, the hindmost in my gift,  
Be formost yet in fraud and foule abuse,  
While beautie lastes, in blooming yeares to shift,  
For your behoofe this counsell craft doth use ;  
To make it nyce, large offers to refuse,  
Alooft to stand, if *Vobis* (rich) do sue :  
The more you flee, the more he followes you.

Courtelans.

99. If carelesse boyes your coynesse cannot brooke,  
Such gallants win with outward shew of grace,  
They swallowing up with sugred bayte the hooke,  
With carelesse toyes their fancies can not chafe ;  
And when you stoupe their hote desires t'imbrace,  
Looke to your match : the world is full of wyle,  
And well you wot, how sugred words beguile.

100. Still have an eye to beauties vading blafe,  
And pry for dames which soone in prime will be :  
On painted stuffe though often gallants gafe,  
The wily fort your fursling straight will see,  
To fit their turnes sticke not to play the bee ;  
Scorne not for gaine in age to holde the doore :  
They once were yong that were your baudes before.

Painting, may  
helpe a cour-  
tesan, but ther  
end is a baude  
and a begger.

101. And now (my larges given) farewel foule guile,  
 Farewel (O world!) no wile shal make me rich.  
 My mynd abhorres welth won by falhoods vyle,  
 To mount by fraud, I loth such loftie pitch,  
 I can not scratch the harmeleffe ere they itch;  
 If due defart, proude Flatterie pyneth still,  
 I lift not sawne, play hypocrite that will.

His farewell  
 to the world,  
 a degreſſion  
 that ſhewes  
 a[n end]  
 of all this  
 covetouſneſſe.

102. Fare wel, fare wel (O world!) farewel againe,  
 Thou now, God wot, from wonted courſe doeſt reele.  
 The clergie once in preaching tooke great paine,  
 Whoſe words in works bare witnes of their zeale;  
 Moſt now in words, but few in works reveale,  
 They teach with tounge, when thought on tything is:  
 O wicked world! thy wealth is cauſe of this.

103. O world accuſt! in court thou ſetteſt pryde,  
 Whoſe mynions are fraude, flatterie, and diſdaine;  
 They pyne defart, before his truth be tryde,  
 They forge offence, well meaning mindes to ſtaine:  
 They caſt at al, yet ſildome loſe amaine.  
 Wo worth the world! thy braverie works the wracke  
 Of ſuch in court as well deſerve and lacke.

104. The ſouldier ſtout, foreſeeing ſmall reliefe  
 For ſervice doone, if ſpoyled home he comes,  
 Is forſt to play, no ſouldier but the theefe;  
 When fortune fits to gather up his crumbes,  
 For once at home, poore ſtore of pence he thumbes.  
 O world! thy wealth with rulers worketh ſo,  
 As what they have, they hardly will forgo.

105. The lawe, first made to weede out wrongs for right,  
To yeald amends unto the poore opprest,  
Is wrested nowe for favour or for spight ;  
Nowe monie so corrupts the lawyers breast,  
That daying is for poore mens suits the best :  
Yea, such effects in worldly mucke doth lurke,  
As judges harme where helpe they ought to worke.

Arbitriment  
best for poore  
men.

106. Fine fare and flouth diseases strange do breede,  
And grieved wights will spare no cost for ease ;  
But golden fees so doth physicians feede,  
As feelde or nere, they rich mens paines appease :  
With drinks and drugs, they still do them displease.  
O wicked world ! thy welth first wrought their grief,  
Thy wealth againe doth hinder their reliefe.

107. Desire of gaine make offices so leape,  
As solde they be, not given who best deserves ;  
Who buyeth deare feelde thrives by selling cheape,  
Who wrongeth yet from honest getting swerves ;  
No force for that, fewe nowe such course observes :  
Thus pelfe (O world !) first makes the *doner* toule,  
To leavie mendes the *done* needes must poule.

108. Each pleafant paine, each sweete inticing fowre,  
O world ! thou workst our wanton yeres to witch,  
And not content we should our selves devour,  
But churles thou sett'st to clawe us ere we itch :  
Thou burnst the byrde, and baftes the bacon flich.  
O spiteful world ! thou hap frank harts doft grutch,  
And grievest churles by giving of too much.

Ufurie a newe  
trade of mer-  
chandise.

109. The merchant once bent all his care to seas,  
In forreine soyle he fought desired gaine ;  
Then was his toyle to common wealth an ease,  
And he deserv'd his wifh in lue of paine,  
But nowe at home he findes a sweeter vaine :  
Sance venter nowe he will in wealth abound.  
Foule fall the wight this second trade that found !

Coufiners not  
with out  
friends of  
calling.

110. The reachlesse heede youthes have in large expence,  
To flaunt it out their cost, no care to thrive,  
Inticeth churles with shewe of good pretence,  
In prime of pride their maintnace to deprive ;  
For lymed once, small bootes (the wrong'd) to strive :  
Right coufners have such helps and friends at neede,  
As ftraunge it is to see how cleare they speede.

111. Thy pryde, O world ! doth breede such wanton thought,  
As most men nowe receive dame Venus hyre,  
To stoupe faire dames such sharp assaults are fought,  
Such proffers large, such wiles to winne desire,  
As wonder t' is what fortes are set on fire :  
Who sinneth not is such a gnawing bone,  
To raise this sieg that fewe will throwe a stone.

112. Fye on the world ! fye on thy foule deceites ;  
Fye on thy fraude, thy flatterie, and thy pryde !  
Fye on thy shifts, thy subilties, and sleites ;  
Fye on thy cloakes thy filthy crimes to hyde :  
Adieu, adieu ! I can thee not abyde.  
And thee, O God ! for evermore I laude,  
For keeping me untainted so with fraude.



113. For though I have consumed my dayes in thrall,  
Now death drawes neere, my count is quickly made ;  
And well I wot, death doth all sorts appall,  
The prince, the poore, yea men of every trade :  
Who lewdly lives with recknings huge is lade ;  
Thus worldlings grieve, where mine doth eb, doth flowe,  
A forrie sweete to end with fowre woe.

A comfort to  
the godly in  
miserie.

114. Through conscience I feele no thought of hell,  
I conquer'd have of dreadful death the feare :  
Where is thy sting, where doth thy furie dwell ?  
Where is thy force (O Death !) wher is thy speare ?  
Assault say I ; that with my Christe I were !  
I ready am, but evening, noone, and morne,  
The divell, the world, and all their works I scorne.

A bolde  
challenge.

*Envoy.*

115. You worldlings, chiefe to you this tale I tell,  
God graunt my words be to your woundes a leache.  
The fruites of fraude, untold, you knowe too well,  
Yea, better then my naked Muse can teach ;  
But to this end this dririe plaintes I preach,  
That henceforth you to getting have such eye,  
As you may live as though you dayly dye.

116. And least the lewde should wrest my worde amis,  
I do exempt the good of every trade,  
The which, I trust, will not repine at this ;  
To shew thy praise this checking verse was made :  
The clergie first, at whome a glaunce I had,  
Of them there be great store of preachers good,  
To shewe the truth that will not spare their blood.

117. There are in court that live in worthy fame,  
 And well deserve renoune and credite both :  
 Some officers will take no bribes for shame,  
 Some laweyers are to fowe diffention loth ;  
 And citizens, with whome I feemde so wroth,  
 I needes muft graunt (how fo my Mufe did square)  
 Of every trade a number honeft are.

118. The fouldier now, whom I do honour much,  
 (How fo I toucht) their faults that do offend,  
 I graunt we have of noble fouldiers fuch,  
 (As maimes to fame) that will thofe vices fhend :  
 I blame none fuch, the reft I with amend.  
 Phyficians good (as many fure there be)  
 Will not repine the lewde reprov'd to fee.

119. How fo I toucht fome fcriveners faults at quicke,  
 There are of thofe I knowe of honeft fame :  
 Such have no caufe againft my Mufe to kicke,  
 Nor yet the lewde, that wifely weyes the fame ;  
 I blafe abuse, yet touch no creatures name :  
 Yea, to be fhort, I nypt no fort of men,  
 That truly can with malice charge my pen.

*Veritas non querit angulos.*

*G. W. opinion of trades (as touching gaine) written to his  
 efpeciall friend, maifter R. C.*

Mine owne good friend, fince thou fo faine wouldft know,  
 What kynde of trade doth yeald the fureft gaine,

My judgement, now, of some I meane to showe,  
And after toyle, which quiteth best thy paine,  
The merchant he, which cuts the mounting seas,  
With course direct, as lyes his best availe,  
The Spanish marte whose mynde sometime doth please,  
With further reach some hoyft their hovering faile.  
Some passe Maroccoes straights, by painefull toyle,  
Some seeke to reape the fruites of Ciprus soyle.

But how or where they come with oken blockes,  
Their lives, their goods, doth rest in Neptunes handes,  
In rage some times who rolles them on the rockes,  
Or driven unknowne, they sinke on Sillaes sandes ;  
The gotten gaine they lookt, thus haplesse lost,  
In lue of toyle, them selves be quite undone.  
Now unto him which furrowes on the coast,  
And hazzard gaine on waltering waves doth shun,  
Who gropes the oxe, who sheares the sheepe for gaine,  
Is often doubt with dewes of rotting raine.

The handie craft, who wins his breade by toyle,  
With sweate of browe he gropes for others gaine ;  
He tyles the ground, he sows with feede the soyle,  
When others reape the harvest of his paine,  
To lodge the lord who buildes the stately hall,  
Yet glad to couch in cabben clad with reede,  
For others joy who lives him selfe in thrall,  
Who kills the sheepe, yet of the head doth feede ;  
His summers toyle doth serve for winters store,  
From hand to mouth, good soule, he hath no more.

The captaine he, which climbs for high aduance,  
By piercing blade imbrude in enimies blood,  
In martiall shewes who formost leades the daunce,  
His souldiers trainde in warlike order good,  
The pyke men plasste to stay the horsemens rage,  
The musket wilde, aloofe to soufe them downe,  
The byll men fresh when handie stroakes must gage,  
When gallants having charge doth cry *Aloun!*  
Then tantara! he bids in battell ray,  
Be mearching, mates, in hope of happie day.

But when to joyne the bloudie trumpe doth founde,  
The horsemen fling to breake the pikemens ray,  
The roaring gunnes doth terrifie the grounde,  
The feathred flightes the enimies face doth fray,  
The currier swift doth rid the skonce of ake,  
With streames of bloud the joyning vallies flowes,  
And wounded wightes for life their heeles doth shake;  
Who scapeth then, next brunt may go to pot:  
Thus daungerous standes the souldier state, God wot.

The courtier nowe, which hops up by degree,  
And haply heav'd to heighth of high renowne,  
If he do swerve from top of tickle tree,  
His courtly friends will helpe to throwe him downe,  
Who fawned earst then wrayes the forme of hate,  
He (honoured late) nowe glad to crouch and creepe;  
Yet envie vile, with spite and foule debate,  
So wreastes his guilt, that grace doth alwayes sleepe:  
Expençe and toyle is guerdond with disdaine,  
A bare reward in recompence of paine.

The clowne doth clawe more coyne out of the ground  
Then he whose skill doth reach the state of starres :  
Of yore though men, though learning, were renound,  
Wealth with those wits is nowe at mortall warres.  
By physickes arte, to credite many mount,  
Where lacke of skill doth murther many one,  
A forrie trust, tyde to so hard acount,  
To lende him pence that payes the death for lone ;  
And yet no doubt his gaine is gauld with griefe,  
When conscience his doth call him murdring theefe.

The three  
following, are  
the trade of  
surest gaine.

Great be the rents the clergie doth receive ;  
More great their charge the count if conscience take,  
If errors their, the simple doth deceive,  
For both their misse amendes their foules shall make :  
This desperate cure agrees not with my minde,  
Although the gaine doth tempr my greedie thought ;  
If so it be that mystes of fraude doth blynde,  
Or falshood faith from former grace hath wrought ;  
If trades of gaine be spyfte with deepe deceit,  
The lawyers hooke lyes hid in sweetest bayte.

It choketh fooles which hunger after strife :  
Suppose that craft doth fore abuse his skill,  
He fleas the purse, the others soule and life  
By learnings lacke, and error oft doth kill.  
He roystes in fylkes which merchants fetch a far ;  
Him glad to please the simple soule doth moyle,  
His sugred charme witch angels to the bar,  
His piercing pen the souldier oft doth foyle :  
For solace fake, if he will to the court,  
If any be, he soone shall see the sport.

F F

He little weyes, so lawe be on his side,  
 The thundring threatens which lordly might doth move.  
 If that his cause with countrie men be tride,  
 More harts he hath for feare then they for love ;  
 He often pulles a personage from the priest,  
 And overrules by lawe both might and right,  
 A kildowe, sure, whom no man dare resist :  
 Godshield, that I with such a bug should fight !  
 And thus thou hearst of trades what I can say :  
 The lawe for gaine doth beare the bell away.

*Formæ nulla fides.*

*H. C. answer to G. W. opinion of trades.*

I thought (my George) thy muse would fully fit  
 My troubled mynde, with heast of setled doome,  
 And tell the trade, wherein I sure might sit,  
 From nipping neede in wealthy walled roome :  
     But out alas ! in tedious tale  
     She telles the toyles of all,  
 And forgeth fates t'attend estates,  
     That feeld or never fall.

Bereaving so the hope that earst I held,  
 To finde at last a sight to set me sure,  
 In profites path my thriftlesse seete to weald,  
 Or walke the way that age might well indure.  
     Sith haplesse haps, or conscience crackes,  
     Or toyles of tedious waight,  
 She proves the fees of all degrees,  
     Each course with cares affraight.

And yet I smell whereto thy tale doth tend,  
And smyle to see thy queint conceit therein.  
I write not here thy meaning to amend ;  
Against thy wordes this answere I begin :

    In prime to touch the merchants trade,  
        Which furrowes fishfull floodes,  
    Whose hap, thou saist, is lightly hurt  
        With losse of life and goods.

Thou saist his ship sits sincking on the sande  
Of Sillas seas, or on Caribdis rockes,  
When nothing leffe, the sea more sure then land,  
Then fenced fortes, more trustie hollowe blockes.

    Let Neptune rage with wayward waves,  
        A figge for Aeoles windes,  
    By anchors stay in harbour gay,  
        The merchants succour findes.

As for the man that furrowes in the felde,  
Distrusting gaines that waltering waves afforde,  
The fees that oxen and fruitfull sheepe doth yeelde,  
And parched fieldes, and northren dewes accomde,

    His paines do passing pleasure quit,  
        When greenie landes appeares :  
    He smyles in sweate, when harvest heate  
        Dries up the corned eares.

The craftes man, he that lives by handie skill,  
By toyle and trade obtaineth needefull gaines :  
Ynough's as good as any feast, sith will  
And quiet mynde contented so remaines ;

He lives at rest in meane estate,  
 Contemning fortunes blaft,  
 While such as hye aloft do flye,  
 He sees to fall as fast.

The noble hart, whome nature pricks to prancke  
 In martiall fieldes, amid the clattering crewe,  
 For high renoune to furnish up the ranke,  
 Thy Muse to daunt (oh!) how the fame I rewe.  
     Sith pen, ne tong, nor minde can match  
     With due deserved hire,  
 The factes of those, which force their foes  
     By helmets helpe retire.

The courtier he, that hops for high degree,  
 At last attaines his wel deserved hap,  
 For service done he must rewarded be,  
 And gwerdon his the marke he leveld at ;  
     Which gotten, if he loose againe,  
     The fault ascribe his owne,  
 But fetled wits escape the fits  
     To carelesse courtiers knowne.

The masking mynd that mounts amid the starrs,  
 And wakes to write, by skill of planets course  
 Foretels of dearth, of plentie, peace, and warres,  
 Of temperate times, of hoarie Hyems force ;  
     Not only skill, but lasting fame,  
     When death deprives his dayes,  
 He reapes with groates, to garde his coates,  
     *Art thrives at all affayes.*



Physicians dregs who tasteth not betime,  
May come too short, if faintnesse feare to bleede :  
Mas' doctours drinke deserves this praise of mine,  
I never knewe the man it stoode in steede ;  
    Yet one kynde tale, and one kynde drinke,  
        One doctour sure hath got,  
    A tawnie velvet coate and pouch ;  
        What others get God wot.

Though rents be great that runs to clergies share,  
And more th' account their soules doth rest upon,  
Yet Christe his truth to preach if nere they spare,  
But feede the flocke, the account is cast anon ;  
    And in reward of service done,  
        At last appointed houre,  
    Where Christ doth reigne they shall attaine  
        To shroude in heavenly bowre.

The lawyer he, the man that measures right  
By reason, rule, and lawe, conjoynd in one,  
Thy roving Muse squares much with his delight,  
Whose only toyle all states depend upon :  
    For lawyer gone, good right adieu ;  
        Dick Swafsh must rule the roaste,  
    And madding might would banish quite  
        Tom Troth from English coast.

In corner close, mid bookes of crabbed sence,  
For ten yeres day sith fore he beates his braines,  
To finde the right of things from soule offence,  
Who can deprive such toyle of hoped gaines ?

In doubtfull doomes he reaves the right,  
 And throweth force along,  
 With doubtfull praise his fame to raise,  
 In fayth, thou dost him wrong.

*A briefe discourse of the discommodities of quarelling,  
 written at the request of his especiall friend and  
 kinseman, Maister Robert Cudden of  
 Grayes In.*

As manhood is a vertue great, where wisedome rules the  
 sword,  
 As great a vice it is to brall for every trifling word ;  
 The rayling speach, the feareleffe othes, the standers by  
 affright,  
 When quarellers, like curtall cures, do barke before they  
 bite ;  
 But if their brauling turne to blowes, his count comes very  
 scant,  
 For fixe pence strife to buy a sword and buckler if he want.  
 A reckning worffe to catch a licke, but worst the losse of  
 life ;  
 One of which evils lightly haunt the man which lives in  
 strife.  
 Who so is hurt doth feele the smart, who hurtes in feare  
 doth live ;  
 His foe to seeke a sharpe revenge some desperate stroke  
 will give :  
 If lucklesse blowe should pierce the hart, the one to death  
 gives place,

The other lives in slender hope to have the princes grace.  
Though suite of friendes his pardon gets, appeale doth  
    pinch his purse.  
But gnawing of the conscience guilt then all will grieve  
    him worse.  
What greater spite then spoyled limmes, with houghed  
    legs to limp,  
Or with a wood or yron hand the maimed arme to ympe.  
This mone he findes at straungers handes a colde amends,  
    in fayth,  
A proper man as one shall see, see what mishap he hath !  
But they that know his bralles doth say, no force, it skilleth  
    not,  
His haffard hap hath hit the white at which his follie shot.  
His friends do count by this mischance how he doth  
    nothing loose :  
Who else would kyll, or sure be kilde, a forrie choise to  
    choose.  
But (ah !) good couse, at this my verse the reader smyle I see,  
Who sayes, behold how far from words his deeds doe dis-  
    agree :  
If halfe this reason rulde his rage, his rashnesse had not  
    caught  
A maimed hand (which true I graunt), nor tryall had me  
    taught  
The goodnesse halfe of such a lym, which by the losse I finde.  
But sith mishap would have it so, this shewes an honest  
    mynde.  
To warne his friends the vice to shun, whose prooffe bew-  
    rayes the woe :  
If late repentance wrought him helpe, he would no more  
    do so.

*The unhappie man contemneth Fortune, and cleaveth to  
Hope, assured once to reach good hap by vertuous  
Industrie, in the despite of Fortune.*

Sweete is the thought where hope perswadeth hap,  
Although the mynd be fed with faint desire :  
The dunghil drone would mount to honours lap,  
If forward thoughts to fortune could aspire ;  
The ventrous knight, whom valler doth aduance,  
First cuts off dread with hope of happie chaunce.

If hope of fame suppresseth not feare of death,  
In face of shot the souldier would not run ;  
Or recke so small the losse of lively breath,  
If spoyle thereof a slender glory won :  
Nor merchants would to seeke out forreine foyle,  
If hope of gaine ne recompenseth their toyle.

The murderous mate, the traitour, and the theefe,  
By conscience guilt that bathes in bitter teares,  
In hope of grace doth sucke out sweete reliefe,  
Which weares to eb their flowing tyde of feares :  
Then, sith she feeds the wights forworne with wo,  
Why should I faint, though Fortune be my fo ?

Whose thought doth climbe by vertue, not by vice,  
To whom perforce proude Fortune yeldes a thral,  
Suppose (fly hap) may hinder my device,  
Feare feedes the heart that faintes for every fall :  
If first come short, then frame a newe account,  
The forward mynde a thousand wayes may mount.

Thou seeft that doultes, whome only hap aduance,  
Dare overrule their betters farre in wit,  
Which vailde their hope to every forrie chaunce,  
What may be, then, whose hap with skill is knit ?  
Bare fway by will, as well in wrong as right,  
Grudge may his foes, but not withftande his might.

Yet hardly men by vertue do aspire :  
Spight fowes fufpect, till their defart be tryde,  
But once aduauft is that the wife desire,  
In fauour they for fortunes chaunge provide :  
Then though at firft thou light in envies trap,  
Small were thy losse, which never earft hadft hap.

If fo it be, in hope I forward fet  
To raunge the world, as fortune fhall me drive,  
A happy toyle, if credite fo I get,  
As fure I fhall ; for what is he alive,  
But hath good hap, within fo large a fcope ?  
God and Saint George, fend fortune as I hope !

*How great a follie the conceit of excellencie is.*

Where as dame Nature hath bestow'd a speciall gift of wit,  
And learning won by travell long with natures lore is knit,  
If wifdome then do rule his tounge, the tryall of his skill,  
A paffing praise among the wife, no doubt but win he will ;  
But once infect with fonde conceit, how he doth others paffe,  
So feeding on his painted fpeech wil prove a paffing asse.  
Or if he seekes by reason's rule the scoffer to disgrace,

Which makes a scorne of founde advice, and loves to floute  
and face ;

Or when his equalles lift to sport, to wASTE their sharpe  
annoy,

His glorious tounge is gravely bent to countermaund their joy.  
If once they do espy his veine, their vice they will him take,  
Then fots will straight be on his top, the residue sport  
to make.

If argument his betters move, howe so the same doth growe,  
If he defende or prove with them, before their mynde  
he knowe,

Too malapert they will him recke, and so their tale adjourne.  
Thus too familiar speach in him unto contempt will tourne,  
Where haply else, to try his wit, them selves will him  
request

To shewe his reasons and his mynde, which side he liketh  
best :

For ofte the best the baser choose, and leaves the high estate,  
But knowes againe when to be strange, lest he should prove  
checke mat[e.]

In honest myrth is wisedome seene, as time thereto doth fit,  
For gravest heads must have a meane for to refresh their wit:  
Fewe wordes they say, in order plashte, the wise mans tale  
doth wray,

And silence is an answer fit the noddies tounge to stay.

But over haste in seeking praise some myndes perswade  
the[e] stil

Their knowledge silence will conceale, what then availes  
their skill ?

When as betweene the both extreames a modest meane  
doth lye,

For to direct the wifemans tong, as needes the use shall try.

*Against ingratitude.*

Periander of Corinth, sometime prince,  
A lawe ordainde ingratefull chuffes to paine,  
Which was on prooffe, who could a churle convince,  
To reape rewardes, unrecompenft againe,  
To levie mendes he should no longer live.  
For why (quoth he) fuche men deserves no grace,  
As gladly take, and grudge againe to give ;  
A needefull lawe this shamelesse fect to chace,  
For what may be a viler fault then this,  
To be unkinde to father or to friend,  
Or how may men amend their foule amiffe,  
Which scornes the wightes which dayly them defend ?  
A farmer once a frozen fnake did finde,  
With pitie mov'd who layd her by the fire ;  
The fnake reviv'd did shewe her felfe unkinde,  
But what enfu'd ? he flue her for her hire.  
A morall rule ingratefull wights to warne,  
How thanklesse they do quite a friendly turne.  
But out alas ! those varlets be so stearne,  
That viper like, they lawe and dutie spurne.  
We dayly fee the parents painfull toyle,  
Their restlesse care their children well to traine :  
We likewise fee how thanklesse children spoyle  
Their parents goods, or wifh them dead for gaine.  
The good man oft the friendlesse childe doth keepe,  
And fosters him with many a friendly grote,  
Who seekes his spoyle, when he is found asleepe,  
Or gives consent to cut his maisters throte.

We see some men advaunft to honours hye,  
 By helpe of such which once did beare a sway,  
 Which quite forget what feathers forst them flye :  
 If founders theirs by froward chaunce decay,  
 The traitrous mate, whose prince doth cal to grace,  
 Is subject straight to sowe seditious strife ;  
 No marvell, then, to root out such a race,  
 If Corinth king ordained losse of life,  
 But if in ure we nowe should put his doome,  
 Ingratefull gnufes each gallowes so would cloy,  
 That scarcely theeves to hang shuld have a roome  
 To ease the iust, whom dayly they annoy :  
 Yet doubt I not some meanes would be preparte,  
 To cut them off, for both may well be sparde.

*The evill fortune of a covetous person, and what profite  
 ariseth by the death of a churle.*

A desperate wight, his fortunes soule to free,  
 (By wilfull death) to rid his cares did choose,  
 But as he trudgd, to totter on a tree,  
 Untimely there his loathed life to loose,  
 (A rare good hap) a pot of golde he found.  
 The gold hee rapt, his rope hee left behind :  
 Anon a carle came sneaking through the ground,  
 In steede of gold a rope who there did finde ;  
 Which haplesse sight so nipt him at the hart,  
 That loe ! for woe hee pissed where hee stode.  
 At length (quoth hee) this cord shall cure my smart,  
 And so hee hung himselfe in fullen moode.



The fight were fayre, if every bough did beare  
Such kinde of fruites, till caren churles were choakt,  
Whofe deathes inforce a thoufand well to fare,  
Their lives the poore a many wayes hath yoakt.  
The wormes rejoyce upon a churle to gnawe,  
The poore man then, whom hee did pinch of yore,  
Hath pennie dole and meate to fill his mawe ;  
Where fcarcitie was, forthwith appeareth store.  
Pray for his foule, the common people crie,  
As for his life, the world full well may spare :  
His hordes of gold about the houle then flie,  
Catch who catch may, his goods a hundred share.  
His heapes of corne to every market failes,  
Which clofe hee kept in hope of fome deare yeare,  
And where hee sparde the parings of his nailes,  
His fonne may fpend and make his friends good cheare.  
If fuch increafe comes by a carrens death,  
Who would not wifh a cord to ftop his breath ?

*A briefe description of death.*

Death is a piller to the prince,  
true juftice to uphold ;  
A terrour to the trayterous mate,  
his fecretes to unfould ;  
A ftedfaft ftay to common weales,  
a webbe of worldlings woe,  
A father to the harmeleffe wight,  
unto his friend a foe.

*An Epitaph upon the death of Henry Cantrell, of Lincolnes  
Inne, Gent.; by his friend R. C.*

Sith vertuous life death never may deprive,  
But liveth (ay) amidde the glorious crew,  
Lament not, then : our Cantrell is alive,  
In heaven on highe, with chaunged life a new.  
Then death no dole, sith life therein remaines,  
But glad, hee gone to blisse from worldly paines.

From wreake of woe, from cutt of cares anoye,  
From fainting frends, from dole of doubtful dome,  
From vaine delights, the counterfet of joy,  
From sobbing sighes, whence forrowes seedes do come,  
From dread to die, sith death doth cleare us quit;  
Lament not, then, good Henrie Cantrells hit.

The dalying dayes, that here wee lead alonge  
An earthlie mould, fills up the sacke with sinnes ;  
Here mirth with mone is alwayes mixt amonge,  
To fowre our sweete here fortune never linnes ;  
Hence pleasure packes, no joy can here remaine,  
No fwalowed sweete not purgde with pills of paine.

Then laude the Lord, lament no whit at all,  
Though it has pleafd his will and heavenly heft,  
From wretched us this happie youth to call,  
For (sure I say) his foul him liked best.  
Thus best hee calls, and leaves the worst alone;  
His mercie such our heaped sinnes to mone.

*How great a vice it is either for the vertuous, or valiaunt man,  
to accompanie himfelfe with men of bafe condition,  
when as (acknowledging his dutie) hee  
may adventure into the com-  
panie of the beft.*

Where vertue may, or vallor one aduance,  
To bafe his hap a loute to live belowe,  
Or credite feeke with men of meanest chaunce,  
A fearefull hart a dunghill minde doe showe ;  
On thornes no grapes, but fower flowes doth growe ;  
Even fo by fottes, no fame, but fhame doth rife,  
A faire catch for fuch to count thee wife.

The forward minde doth covet this at leaft,  
To preafe, where hee is pooreft of the traine,  
And not to live with thofe (himfelfe) the beft,  
For fure hee fhall a lowfie kingdome gaine,  
Where under him do none but beggers raine :  
By learninges lore who doth the idiot fchoole,  
In fine, will prove himfelfe a paffing foole.

The higheft trees doth keepe the under fpray  
From Phoebus gleames, from fugged dewes that fall :  
So mounting mindes aloft doth beare the fway,  
When meaner wittes doth live belowe in thrall ;  
They fucke the sweetes when fottes do gnawe the gall,  
They wrong by might, their will makes right a mome :  
Who prickes at fuch but feeldome fhooteth home.

Such is their force where credite beareth sway,  
A perfect tale although the wronged tell,  
Their thwarting speech what they mislike will stay ;  
The wronged wight with wrath may haply swell,  
And pleades a fresh, though not so passing well :  
Then, faulſe knave, how mallapeart hee is,  
Away go packe ! your purpose you shall mis.

But if the sot, which in their favour stand,  
Do stammer forth a patched tale of lyes,  
Their helping speech will force him understand,  
The way and meanes afresh for to devise,  
To frame his talke, from shewe of trueth to rise :  
A vertue straunge their wordes can bring to passe,  
That fooles seeme wise, the wise in shew an asse.

What freer life then others to commaund ?  
What happier state then for to live in rest ?  
What greater wealth then what a man demaund ?  
What credite like the countnaunce of the best ?  
For thralles it were a heaven to reach the lest,  
But they aloft whom vertue doth aduaunce,  
If more may be, injoye more happie chaunce.

Who will not, then, both seeke and double seeke  
To reach this hap with hazard at the first ?  
The foreward wight, though fortune give the gleeke,  
Afresh will toyle, till that his hart doth burst :  
If still hee frowne, in faith, the man is curst ;  
A fall (faith he) who recketh such a losse  
An asse shall ride, and no hie sturring horſe.

For prooffe againe, the huge and mightie oke,  
Whose withered roote from falling cannot stay,  
But downe hee comes by sturdie Boreas stroke ;  
His fall, God wot, doth crush the under spray.  
Even so it fares with those that beareth sway ;  
If by mishap they wrapped be in thrall,  
The poore doth beare the burthen of their fall.

For where as mindes by mischief e raise too hie  
Sedition sowe, their native soile to wring,  
When princes might doth make such rebels flie,  
The leaders chiefe, well horst, away do fling,  
When pesaunts stay, and *Sursum corde* sing :  
They sue for grace, safe in anothers land,  
When toyling thralles are trussed out of hand.

If in abuse of both their states be best,  
Although the best in faith is very bad,  
Deserving well, they are farre better blest :  
They roist in filkes, when clownes in raggs are clad ;  
They have their will, and what can more be had ?  
Who will not then, how so fly hap faith nay,  
Seeke out this chaunce, if vertue faves hee may ?

*An Epitaphe on the death of the right worshipful maiester  
Robert Wingfield, of Upton in the countie  
of Northampton, Esquier.*

To shewe their cause of dole, whom Wingfields death doth  
pearse,  
Good Muse, take thou a little paine his vertues to rehearse.

H H

Hee wel was knowne to spring from houle of auncient name,  
Yea, leave his armes, and blafe his actes, and you shall see  
the fame.

His zeale to serve his God, his care to save his foule,  
His stoute contempt of Romish ragges, their taxe, their  
tyth, and toule.

The Gospell that hee lov'd, his life that showde no lesse,  
Bare witnesse that in words and workes the trueth he did  
professe.

Beleeve his blessings else, which hee receyv'd from hie,  
The first long life in happie health, till age inforst him die :  
And then this comfort sweete, to free his age from feares,  
Hee sawe his children live and like in credite many yeares.  
Sufficient wealth hee had, ynough hee thought a feast,  
Hee had ynough, hee spent ynough, and with ynough  
deceast.

His credite with his prince continued from his youth,  
(A sight most rare) in office plaist hee trust returnde with  
trueth.

Full fiftie yeares and twoe a justice place hee usde,  
For common peace, and profite both, hee seeldome paynes  
refusde :

Hee weeded wronges from right by law, and not by ame,  
Hee kept this cource, to helpe the poore, the lewd againe  
to blame.

His life upright and just, he joyde in no mans thrall,  
His dealings were both lov'd and likt among his neigh-  
bours all.

His bountie at his bord, his store for every sort,  
The hie, the lowe, the riche, the poore, wrought him a rare  
report.

And thus long time hee liv'de in credite and in love,  
Till death, to worke his joy, our grieve, his force began to  
    prove :

But yet hee sicknes sent, for to forewarne him first,  
Whose honest minde, whose conscience cleare, straight bade  
    him doe his wors't.

And so with hope of heaven unto the grave hee vailde,  
Of which hee glad, his friendes as sad, if sorrowe ought  
    prevailde.

*Vivit post funera virtus.*

*An Epitaphe on the death of the right worshipfull  
    maister John Ayleworth, Esquier.*

If men may waile their losse, that death hath ridde from woe,  
Then give mee leave to weepe my fill, my sorrowes so  
    to showe :

And though to bathe in teares small botes, now hee is gone,  
Yet none can leave so firme a friend, and showe no signe  
    of mone.

When brainesicke I a bruse with over bravery caught,  
Hee first did cure my neede with coyne, then soundly thus  
    mee taught.

Bee stayde : for rowling stones do sildome gather mosse :  
I tryde his ayde, I likt his wordes, and still shall rue  
    his losse.

His losse not I alone. but thousands more lament,  
His children, friends, and servaunts poore, with brackish  
    teares are sprent.

But oh ! you sillie poore, whom neede doth nip and pearce,

With hart, with hand, with might and maine, your heapes  
of woe rehearse.

Crye out of cruell death for reaving your reliefe :

You are the wightes that have (God wott) the greatest  
cause of griefe.

When hunger faintes your heartes, when you with cold  
shall freeze,

The lacke of Ayleworths foode and fire your starved limms  
to ease.

When might would marre your right, his counsell found  
and sure,

His open purse to pleade your cause, the paines he put  
in ure.

When you (poore soules) shall misse with him that was  
your stay,

Then shall your griefes appeare as greene as hee had dyde  
to day.

These were his fruites of faith, these almes hee did of zeale :  
Hee wayde no shewe, his woordes in workes the Gospell  
did reveale.

*Exhortatio.*

O life of much availe ! O worldlings it infue !

So shall you not be ledde by gold, but gold be rulde  
by you ;

So shall you keepe him bright, that mouldeth in your chest,  
So shall the world speake well of you, your conscience so  
in rest.

The sweetest joyes of all, though death your farewell give,  
So, so ; your soules with his in heaven, your fames on earth  
shall live.



*An Epitaphe, in the order of an admonition, written on the  
death of his verie friend, John Note, of Grayes  
Inne, Gent. Untimely slaine the  
2. of November 1575.*

With teares in thought imprint, both frem and knowen  
frende,

Three speciall notes of much availe, by *Notes* untimely ende.

1. Note first his honest life of every fort was lov'd,

Learned hee was and vertuous both, his manhoode  
throughly prov'd.

A gallant witte hee had, the which hee governde so

As did content all sortes of men, when cause the use  
did show.

Hee had both health and wealth, his fortune was to hard,  
And yet, in spite of froward chaunce, Fame shall his ver-  
tues gard.

2. His life would followed bee, his death forwarnes his  
friends

(A note of worth) of quarreling, that still with mischief  
endes;

And yet with such abuse I meane not him to tuch,

But this I say (hee prov'd it true) by once hee fought  
to much.

3. An other note hee leaves, the which to show I quake :

His speeding wound so reft his sence, as word hee never  
spake.

Gods pleasure in the cause I leave for to dispute :

Hee knewe his thoughts, wee knewe his life; then judge  
t'were better mute.

Yet learne you by his fate (if you examples feare)  
 You have no charter of your life ; then best you do prepare  
 Your selves eche houre to die, leaft you be *tarde* tooke,  
 You are here warnd with over prooffe : into your confcience  
 looke.

*Hora mortis incertiffima.*

*An Epitaphie on the death of his especiall friend, Thomas  
 Cornelius, Gent., slaine in the Prince of Orenge  
 his service in Holland.*

You lustie youthes that sometime were his friends,  
 Cornelius life here may you lively reade :  
 In spite of death his vertues never endes,  
 Whose worthie pathes are meete for you to treade,  
 'At home hee seeld in any quarels sell :  
 All fortes hee pleafd, hee ufde himselfe so well.

When Flushing frayes were rounge with sweete report,  
 Our English youthes post haft them thether hie,  
 Where as they found (Godwot) but forrie sport,  
 Farre from the speach that of the gaine did flie,  
 With whom in hope, who hap did well deserve,  
 Away hee goes the Orenge prince to serve.

And plaste at length amonge the drunken Dutch,  
 Hee quite forgot hee went to fight for pence.  
 The marke of fame was that hee fought to touch,  
 The which he hit, before hee parted thence :  
 With slender pay at first hee was content,  
 And yet his minde stil with the foremost went.

Though harebrainde youthes at fuch preferment fperne,  
And gape for charge ere they them felves can guide,  
Although hee had of friends to ferve his turne,  
Hee left fuch fute, till his defert were tride,  
In all al-arnes to fight hee foone was preft,  
In heate of blowes as forward as the beft.

That hee unfawe, fyld, skirmifhes there were,  
(Such paines hee tooke to fcale the fort of fame,)  
The coine hee had hee grudged not to share  
For their reliefe that fickly were or lame :  
Of every fort thus wonne hee worthie praife,  
From beft to worft that fery'd in Holland fraies.

Two yeares and more hee tafted fouldiers toiles,  
And did efcape when other men were flaine ;  
But keeping ftill a coile in bloudie broiles,  
(I fighe to fhew) God wot, he caught his baine.  
Who being dead, though no man may revive,  
Yet fhall my Mufe his vertues keepe alive.

*Mors honefta ignominioſæ vitæ præferenda.*

*Whetftons inveſtive againſt Dice.*

My Mufe to mount Parnaffus hill  
Which whilom tokft delight,  
Faure Venus joyes to fet to vew,  
And wray blind Cupids ſpite,  
Go fhrowde thy felfe in Limbo lake,  
This dririe tale to tell,

Of dice, to figure forth the frute,  
 A second shoue of hell :  
 There crave the ayde of wrathfull sprites,  
 The authors of this art,  
 And joyne with them such hellish impes,  
 As waytes to woorke our smart.  
 For sure their plagues to paint aright,  
 Befeemeth well the toile  
 Of him that pend the paines of hell,  
 How Plutoes thralles do broile.  
 The lustie youth, with lyving left,  
 Whose woe is wealth and ease,  
 To line his purse with powling fines,  
 His tenaunts pence doth fease :  
 Then doth hee beare a loftie faile,  
 As one that dreads no want,  
 These sneaking curs now raunge abroad,  
 To finde this novis haunt.  
 One bitten dog above the rest,  
 Doth great acquaintance crave,  
 Whose kindred blasfe, and friendship voucht,  
 Hee treates of counsell grave.  
 Trust me, good cus, trust mee, hee cries,  
 When first I left my guide,  
 This towne did weave my webbe of cares,  
 Before that craft I spyde.  
 Eche shifting slave did searce the meane  
 A mate to make mee meete :  
 Then hee the names bewrayes of some  
 Himselfe to make him sweete.  
 The lustie brute which feares no fraude,

A cheating  
 merchaunt  
 lokes like a  
 sneaking cur.

Crosbiting a  
 kinde of cou-  
 soning under  
 the couler of  
 frendship.

Doth count his cunning blift,  
Who thinkes he hath a faint in hand,  
Yet shakes fyr Sathans fist.  
Their friendship new, by greeting oft,  
Now grafted in their brest,  
His kindred coynde in coufners stanipe,  
Invites him as his gwest ;  
Who kindly thankes him for his cost,  
And craves amends to make,  
Then trudge they to some tabling house,  
Their hunger for to flake.  
Where daintie fare great store they finde,  
Their naperie faire and sweete,  
And gallants gay with conges kinde  
Their comming for to greete.  
A bounsing gyrlie they sildome misse,  
To furnish forth their messe,  
Whose chyrping tongue with pleasaunt speach  
Doth cheare her chofen gefse.  
There shall you heare described plaine  
Eche forreine towne and towre,  
Augmented newes of warlike frayes,  
Where fortune late did lowre.  
As cold as snow some couch their scoffes,  
And some to rayling preft,  
In plefaunt speach some play the k.  
And makes thereon a jeaft :  
And some so plainly figures forth  
The fruites of Venus court,  
That honest eares doth scorne to heare  
Their vaine and vile report.

The table  
exercife.

Their dinner done, they leave this speech;  
 The gamsters call for dice,  
 Where posting Jacke to rub the bord  
 Doth come even with a trice.  
 To you, you furies, now I leave  
 This foule abuse to wray,  
 Their foysting shiftes my Muse doth mase,  
 Their othes my pen doth fray.  
 Tenne mine! alowde some cogger cryes,  
 Three mine! some youth doth say,  
 Gods bloud! eleven (well sworne, in faith)  
 The caster cryes to pay.  
 Sixe is the maine, what do you sett?  
 Well tenne to fixe I have.  
 Two fines (Gods hart!) then for the house,  
 The boxer streight doth crave.  
 And nine, come ye and nine this crowne:  
 Well, chaunce at it I say,  
 Aumes afe (Gods wounds!) t'is not my lucke  
 Two maynes to throwe this day.  
 Some hypocrites do murder othes,  
 Faire gamsters for to seeme,  
 But of both evils to choose the best,  
 The doubt were hard I deeme.  
 Perhaps some gallant fortune hauntes,  
 Good hap his hand doth guide,  
 His purse aflote, within his brest  
 Doth lurke disdaineull pride.  
 Then roists hee in his ratling silkes,  
 And fortes with Venus dames,  
 Whose luring looks inforce his heart

The fearelesse  
 othes that  
 dicers use.

Murderers of  
 othes.

Monie lightly  
 wonne, is as  
 lightly spent.

To frie in Cupids flames.  
To traine him in, hee shall injoy  
Eche outward shew of blisse :  
In secrete sport they wilbe coy.  
They feare to do amisse.  
A sute of laune my lady lackes,  
Or else some trifling cheane ;  
A cawle of gold, and other knackes,  
My novis purse must gleane.  
The haggard, then, that checkt of late,  
Will stoupe to fancies lure,  
And inward bend at every becke,  
No storme shall chaunge procure.  
Her christall eyes shall still be fixt,  
To stare uppon his face ;  
Her daintie armes shall try their force  
Her lover to imbrace ;  
Her rubie lippes by stelth shee will  
Bee joyning unto his,  
With courage vaunst her friend to force  
To fall to Venus blisse.  
Then will shee play Galatheas part,  
To make his joy more sweete,  
By striving yeeld, who never thought  
From such devise to fleete.  
To frame excuse for late offence,  
The queane will cog apace,  
She will alledge his sugred woordes,  
His gallant giftes of grace  
So wrought within her horish minde,  
As naught availde defence

Luers to  
stoupe a  
curtisane.

A rape  
unpunishable.

Faire words  
makes fooles  
faine.

Like maister,  
like scholers.

For to withstand his sharpe assaultes :  
*Shee lyes, it was his pence.*  
 Naught craving for her kindnes shoven,  
 Save constancie in him,  
 Then shee that rues her chaftice spoild  
 In seas of joyes shall swim.  
 Which subtile speach doth force her friend  
 Within his minde to say,  
 In beuties shoue my choice doth passe  
 Syr Paris pearelesse pray.  
 Adventrous boye, now bathe in blisse.  
 In scorne of fortunes rage,  
 Thy good successe in former sutes  
 Good happe doth still prefage.  
 But all this while his purse is sicke,  
 It purgeth more and more :  
 Then runnes hee to his former vaine,  
 To cure his foudaine fore ;  
 Where coemates, if hee chaunce to lacke,  
 The devill is in the rome ;  
 The maister will supply the want,  
 Till more resort doth come :  
 Who chiefly in this hellish house  
 Doth God in peeces teare,  
 With quicke repentaunce then hee cries,  
 A beaſt hee is to sweare.  
 Which woordes more true is then his othe,  
 When most hee cogs and scowle,  
 For one may shape an oxes sconce  
 By patterne of his jowle.  
 My younge mans purse, that earſt was sicke,



Here reapes but small reliefe ;  
His newe receite doth scowre to fast,  
Cheape Side must cure his grieve.  
Then to the goldsmithes straight hee runnes,  
Where most his credite is ;  
Crackt angels there be currant coyne,  
Eight shillings worth a peece.  
Foure pound in twentie for a moneth,  
In faith is pretie gaine,  
The lender may well live thereon,  
The paiment is the paine.  
Then, as a man with love once matcht  
At length yet wonne the fort,  
His lady, yeelding to his lust,  
Doth thyrst for Venus sport :  
So doth this youth to be at dice,  
Thinke every houre three,  
One bone was sure the frame of both,  
In nature so they gree.  
Now fortune frownes, that late did laughe,  
To quite him for his scorne,  
Ill lucke doth chaunge his chaunce of gaine,  
Good lott is quite forlorne.  
One by and maine at every throw,  
His angell runnes astray ;  
He fretts and fumes, and stamps and stares,  
Hee leaves a maine to pay.  
His setters some they loofers bee,  
They will not so be serv'd ;  
They wilbe paid, Gods wounds ! his hart  
Forthwith shall els be carv'd.

A notable  
usurie.

Both infec-  
tions can  
hardly be  
cured.

There is no  
certaintie in  
dicers for-  
tunes.

Dicers  
quarrells.

With monie loft, his couler stirde,  
 Hee bids them do their worst,  
 And if they dare appoint the place,  
 Gods bloud ! hee wilbe first.  
 The box then at his bofom goes,  
 His dagger now hee drawes,  
 They parted are, they do agree,  
 Abrode to try them dawes.  
 Then Smithfield ruffians flocke apace,  
 And Fleteftrete hackfters hew :  
 The enimies meete, of irckfom hell  
 They do present the shew.  
 Draw ! draw ! the villaines kill ! they cry,  
 Then some do shewe their strength ;  
 Some thrust five yards, ere foe do come,  
 To keepe him out at length.  
 The broken blades they buffe about,  
 The more the cutlers gaine :  
 Some hops for neede, which faine would go,  
 Some lies in streate nie flaine.  
 Some flovins fleues will buttoned bee,  
 That downe theyr weapons fall ;  
 The barber waites, the wounded wights  
 Lookes like the whited wall.  
 To rue his hap on every side  
 His fained friends do flocke ;  
 His minion kinde to wray his wounds  
 Will now bestow her smocke.  
 Not all for grieve of his mischaunce  
 This kindnes they do showe,  
 But greedie gaping after gaine.

An il wind  
that drives no  
man to pro-  
fit.

Some vifite  
the ficke,  
more in hope  
of gaine then  
devotion.

If death should ease his woe.  
His daunger past by furgions art,  
They do present their bill,  
The which defraide (with other charge)  
His feeble purfe doth kill.  
He keeping home, when debtes were due,  
And payment none was made,  
Doth breede mistrust in merchants minds ;  
His credite ginns to vade.  
To sell his land full loth hee is,  
A thred hee fairely spinnes,  
To morgage it hee fully minds,  
To thrive hee now beginnes.  
Now blewberds bagges doth beare the fway,  
Old snudges smell him out,  
Good simple foules, they plainly meane,  
Yet traverfe every doubt.  
An hundredth pound they venter will,  
On land five hundreth worth ;  
In scriveners craft consist their lawe,  
Poore subtile men, forfooth.  
The ruddockes redde do tempt his eyes,  
The instruments be made :  
In faith, to sowre his sweete receite  
Before digestion had,  
Some unadvised statute hee,  
Without defesaunce wrought,  
Doth enter in : their gold to gaine,  
Their guiles he feareth nought.  
They perchment reape, hee gold doth gleane :  
Who toyles in straiteft yoke,

What enfues  
after mor-  
gaging.

A statute a  
perilous  
bonde.

A welcome  
guest.

Credite once  
lost is not  
easilie obtain-  
ed againe.

Bare words an  
yll plea against  
matter of  
recorde.

Necessitie  
tries frends.

For present state, I will not judge,  
Hereafter strikes the stroke.  
Now hee, for feare of sergeants sauce  
That sicknes late did faine,  
In every streete which fight presents  
His presence you may gaine.  
The mercers bookes for silkes bee croft,  
His debtes bee now defraide ;  
The remnaunt doth the dice confume,  
Of all which worst is paide.  
Redeeming day drawes on a pace,  
His monie cleane is gone,  
His creditors, through late mistrust,  
Forfooth will lend him none.  
Then doth hee trudge to Holdfastes house,  
His great distresse to wray,  
Of him to get a longer time  
His monie for to pay ;  
Who aunswers fayre, that God forbid  
My conscience I should stretch,  
To take aduantage of a day,  
(Oh false dissembling wretch !).  
The fained woordes hee simply trustes,  
The merchant did accord,  
As though bare wordes were good discharge  
For matters of recorde.  
Now is he forst to try his friendes  
His monie to provide,  
Where he on flocks may see them fleete,  
Which fawnd in his pride.  
Yet some there be for his distresse,

Whose harts with bale wil bleede,  
And findes the meane to lend him coyne :  
Well fare a friend in neede !  
Advaunst with joy, to pay his pence  
In haste now is he gone,  
But cut throte gives a cooling carde,  
For monie he will none :  
His lande is his, by forsaite plaine,  
Which is too sweete to lose ;  
For kindnesse yet he will be franke,  
He playes now with his nose.  
Holde ! twentie poundes, besides to drinke :  
How like ye of this match ?  
For five to have fiftene with him,  
In faith, is but a snatch.  
The youth againe will have his lande,  
Or else (Gods wounds !) he sweares,  
The pillorie for coufining him  
Shall moth eate both his eares.  
And in this chafe he doth depart,  
*Sub penas* for to fetch,  
Which raunge abroade in every streete,  
To catch the coufining wretch ;  
Who caught, his pranks of deepe deceite  
The youthlings plaint bewrayes,  
And shewes, ere time of forfeit came,  
He gave him longer dayes.  
To answere which, denying all,  
The craftie carle now speedes.  
With rough reply the plaintive soothes,  
His plaint of truth proceedes.

A cooling  
carde.

The gnawing worme of conscience vile  
 Now bites at Blewbeards brech,  
 He feares fol fa, in counfners cliffe  
 His eares too hye fhall stretch;  
 Which makes him trudge to finde his mates,  
 The frie of Sathans crue,  
 For to confult how to avoyde  
 The fhame that might enfue.  
 The packe of knaverie then they ope,  
 Their craftie bondes they viewe.  
 One fhifting knave a forfeit findes  
 To make their enimie rue.  
 The reft with open mouth doth crye  
 To catch poore counfenee,  
 By durance hard to make him yeald,  
 Which elfe would not agree.  
 Then lay they traines of comin feede  
 To toll this pigeon in,  
 Whose chiefeft feathers foone be pulde,  
 Once snarled in their gin.  
 The Counter ferves him for a cage,  
 Where breeding holes there be,  
 But lover lights, to fcape away,  
 This dove cote lackes, we fee.  
 For him that earft did raunge abroad,  
 This ayre is not fit:  
 The Bench, he thinks, more freedome hath,  
 For to refresh his wit.  
 More hafte then needes, he findes a meane  
 His caufes to remeeve,  
 And that the body come with him,

Lewde  
 counfell.

Cominagaunt,  
 alias a ferpent.

The writ doth charge the shreeve.  
Well mand then comes he to the barre,  
The judge commaundes away,  
Then tipstaves snatch him up in haste,  
They make ne long delay.  
Safe lockt they leave him under charge,  
Untill the court doth rife,  
Then guarded to the marshals house  
This lustie gallant hies ;  
Who passing through the porters lodge,  
Then findes no jesting game,  
For Burton with his booke of doome  
Requesteth him his name.  
Roger Woodcocke of unthriftes rowe :  
What ! gentleman or squire ?  
Ten grotes and two pence you must pay,  
I do but right require.  
Which payd, a while to viewe the house,  
He lets him go at large,  
But soone the vermine comes againe,  
To give the second charge :  
Your worship knowes the losse, sayth he,  
My maister should sustaine,  
If any prifoner should escape,  
Their ease his little gaine ;  
And therefore each of you he may  
By lawe in yrons lay,  
Yet he for pitie trusteth you,  
Your penance is to pay  
For them three halfpence in the pound,  
Your actions yeald thus much,

A gentle  
admittance.

A gentle  
perfuation.

The Kings  
Benche never  
without a subtil  
lawyer.

Which trifle for your ease to give,  
Your worship neede not grutch :  
Then may you in the garden walke,  
When you have payd your fees.  
Thus every way the poore is pincht,  
To plucke him on his knees.  
An answere faire the prifoner makes,  
Which doth content the time,  
Then he to seeke his fellow mates  
The stayres straight doth clime.  
Some subtile lawyer soone he findes,  
Who great acquaintance craves,  
To whome he shewes his lucklesse lot,  
Enforst by shifting slaves ;  
And lastly, to his skill commends,  
If yron fees be due ?  
Extortion plaine, the lawyer faith :  
His wordes be very true ;  
The statute here at large I have,  
Set downe for prifoners ease :  
The gaylor can by lawe receive  
A groate, no more, for fees,  
And in your other causes I  
The snudge will sharply yoke :  
But looke your counsell lackes no coyne,  
For monie strikes the stroke.  
Which monie killes the heart of him,  
Whome present neede doth pine,  
Yet he at first do share him fees,  
As though he had a mine,  
And, all on hoyh, he rashly reakes



His prifonment a fcorne,  
And vainely vaunts, to plague his foe,  
Till Saturday at morne.  
Corrections then be sharply given  
To them which monie lackes,  
Now Burton comes for yron fees ;  
My youth now stoutly crakes,  
If he extort where is no right,  
The statute to prepare,  
And sweares to make him pay the paine,  
And damage for his share.  
But here no lawe nor right do rule,  
Ne vaileth threats nor crakes ;  
With boltes and shackles on his fhins,  
His loaden heeles he fhakes.  
Where late was golde, an yron chaine  
Do well befeeme the necke,  
His wryftes, in fteade of braslets brave,  
With manacles be deckt.  
And nowe they will him coole his fecte,  
He cloyde with yrons great,  
For all his lawe is glad to pay,  
Yea, more then that, entreate.  
Thus he that thought Caribdis rockes  
By wifedome to efcape,  
By follie fell in Sillaes gulfe  
His greater griefes to fhape.  
How fpeedes he now in all his fuites,  
When all his pence be fpent ?  
Unfeed do lawyers ply his caufe,  
Till newe receit of rent ?

Saturday a  
heavie daye to  
needie pri-  
foners.

Might over-  
comes right.

Necessitie  
obeys not  
lawe.

*Nihil dicet a  
vauntage a  
coufiner  
seekes.*

Nay, Niclas *nihil dicet* fure,  
To nip him to the hart,  
In execution layes him up,  
For feare that he should start.  
He fast, his fained friends yet free,  
To see him be not rash,  
And Mynx, his minion, hath a mate,  
And leaves him in the lash.  
For, haggard like, she will not stoope,  
But where she gets her pray ;  
His coyne confumd, his courage coolde,  
In hope she will not stay.  
What restes nowe to this lucklesse man ?  
What pen his woes can wray ?  
Of friends forlorne, of freedome rest,  
And he at beggers bay.  
Thus gaulde with grieffe, his lawyer yet  
This slender shift doth use,  
And sayth that prifoners be opprest,  
And all men do refuse  
To ease their wants ; and therefore sure  
The best is to agree :  
He may the better plague his foes,  
Abroad when he is free.  
Which freedome so doth feede his hart,  
Whome present bondage nippes,  
That he, through hope before his hap,  
For joy now hops and skips ;  
And then in haft for Holdfast sends,  
Agreement for to make,  
But once or twise he must be praid,

*A miserable  
estate.*

*A nyce com-  
panion.*

Ere hee the paines will take :  
And then with one or two he comes,  
And up and downe he jets.  
Nowe do I smile to shewe the speach  
Betwixt these counterfets.  
The youth, that roughly rayld of late,  
A pitious plaint doth paint,  
The diuell him selfe in Christian shewe  
Doth counterfet a faint ;  
But after many wordes of grieve,  
That either part can say,  
The youth perforce the candle holdes,  
And beares the blame away ;  
And gladly yealdes him selfe in fault,  
Whose craving suite nowe is,  
That cutthrothe will releafe him of  
The penance of his mis,  
And take such order as they both  
In friendly league may live.  
The more that he in prison spendes,  
The lesse he hath to give,  
As though that conscience mov'd his mynd,  
The merchant doth lament,  
Through peevish pride and hautie hart,  
His pence and time mispent,  
And order takes his owne the gaine,  
The losse he leaves to him,  
Which thought, without dame wisdomes bark,  
In seas of joyes to swimme.  
From prison free, he nothing myndes,  
The statute to prefare,

The one  
through ne-  
cessitie, the  
other through  
hypocrisie.

The proverbe  
verified.

The lawe pro-  
vides a remedy  
for extortion,  
&c., but the

lacke of execution emboldeneth churles to breake them.

Nor for the coufning fhiftes he ufde  
 To cloy the churle with care,  
 But runnes unto his former vaine,  
 If ought he have to play.  
 To posting then he fomewhat puts,  
 His commons to defray :  
 Some cheater haply will him teach  
 Some coging trickes at dice,  
 Whereby he may mainteine him felfe,  
 If therein he be wife.  
 Then is he fet a fale to toule  
 Some other yonkers in,  
 To make them bite at unthrifts bayte,  
 While he their pence doth win.  
 Some can not brooke this fervile life,  
 But needes in ventures barge  
 Will feeke a price ; but howe they speede  
 I leave to shewe at large.  
 The sweete report of fouldiers gaine,  
 By them that lacke the fower,  
 Perfuadeth ftraight fome ventrous mynde  
 To fcale dame Fortunes bower :  
 But Flushing frayes hath wrought fuch feare,  
 That they fuspend their hope.  
 If one did gaine, then two were flaine,  
 The third did fretch a rope ;  
 And beggers moft returnd againe  
 Unto their native foyle,  
 For Holland yealded little thrift,  
 In lue of all their toyle.  
 And fome with trifles feeke to thrive,

Ventures  
barge.

Souldiers  
gaine.

Flushing.

But fewe do speede so well,  
And with a litle haply learns  
Repentance for to spell.  
The serving man, that plyes this vaine,  
A shorter cut doth make ;  
He hath no fines to fill his purse,  
Nor racked rents to rake :  
His way for to supply his want,  
Is by the Scottish cog,  
But finely he must strike his dye,  
Leaft yrons do him clog.  
And worse then that, to make him sure  
In haste doth hangman speede,  
Where he in cogging winnes the coate,  
For that he strikes him dead.  
The plowman, and the poorest fort,  
Which toyles and fowes the soyle,  
And sixe pence by the day doth gaine  
In recompence of toyle,  
If he at night consume at play  
The price of all his hire,  
His wife with hunger well may sterue,  
His children freefe for fire.  
O horned hap of hatefull harme !  
O venom vile to tell !  
O greedie gulfe of endlesse grieve !  
O horror next to hell !  
O foule infection, fraught with care !  
O sinke, of such a sent  
Which never leav'ft thy poyfined thrals,  
Till all their wealth be spent !

Of serving  
men.

The hang-  
mans cog.

Of husband-  
men, &c.

	For not in vaine Agrippa writ, The fiends of yre you made, An art most fit for hellish ympes, And not for Christians trade :
Pride.	A spring from whence all vice did flowe, Of peevishe pride the nurse, For note, the dicer roystes in filke, When pence be pert in purse.
Lecherie.	Then must he prease in pleasures court, To be of Venus traine, Which soone will purge his foggie purse From all their pinching paine.
Sloth.	His body earst that able was To serve at eache assay, By sloth &c. is so weake, That faintnesse bids him stay. To shewe the valure of his mynde, Till natures grieve be easde,
Blasphemie.	His feareleffe othes will feare the divell, When losse hath him displeafde.
Wrath.	When malice moves him to revenge, His quarels do excell ; His carelesse flashing at his foe Doth wray the fourme of hell.
Gluttonie.	An epicure for his fare,
Covetousnesse.	Such is his costly cates, His mynde is bent to snatch and catch, Yea more, to rob his mates.
Despaire.	When all is spent and credite crackt, Despaire then strikes the stroke, And makes him gape in hope of plumbes,

For pence will shun his poke.  
And thus you heare in ragged ryme,  
For so be feemes the worke,  
What veines of vice, what lakes of losse,  
In dogged dice doth lurke ;  
For loftie verse unfitly serves  
To paint the plagues of hell,  
Though not the same, yet next thereto,  
This dogrell rime doth tell.  
How youthes, from rod to freedome leapt,  
Are thrall to sharper whips,  
Whom counfner first, whom cutthroate next,  
Whome lawyer lastly nips.  
The braunches of the counfners tree  
Are whordome, theft, and pride ;  
From cutthroates rout doth bondage spring,  
With losse on every side.  
The lawyer lickes that they have left,  
And lets him sinke or swim ;  
Pure neede then makes him leane on those  
That earst did live by him.  
Although at large I here do touch  
Each vice in his degree,  
A speciall meaning hath my wordes  
To graunt that some there be,  
By rules of lawe which rightly live,  
And not which rules the lawe,  
To wrest the sence to serve their turne,  
Their clyents coyne to clawe.  
Some merchaunts rise by honest meanes,  
And not by craftie shiftes ;

The sum of the  
whole dis-  
course.

Xceptions.

Some tabling halles, in fayth, I judge  
 Are free from cheters driftes,  
 The which I trust will not repine,  
 Or quite my toyle with blame,  
 Nor yet the guiltie well may grudge,  
 Which wisely wayes the fame.

*Quod nocet docet.*

*Fiftie apples of admonition, late growing on the tree of good  
 government : bestowed on his especiall friends and  
 and companions, the Gentlemen of  
 Furnivals In.*

Serve, love, and dread you God on high, obey your prince  
 on earth ;  
 Unto your betters dutie shewe, be they by rule or byrth.

Live you within the bounds of lawe, and tether of your fee ;  
 For lightly after one yeaes store, of scarcitie commeth three.

Use studie when your wittes are fresh, and aptest to  
 conceive ;  
 But studie not the fruites of fraud, your neighbour to  
 deceive.

Use exercise with such a meane, as workes your bodies  
 wealth ;  
 And too much toyle doth hinder strength, and floth im-  
 payreth health.



Make choice to choofe fuch companie as are of honeft fame,  
For to be feene with thriftleffe men impayreth your good  
name.

Ufe modeftie in all your words, defpraise no man too much,  
For lavifh fpeech breeds great unrest in you and them  
you tuch.

Make you no fhewe of fuch conceit how others you excell,  
For if you doe, the wife will fay, wit with a foole doth dwell.

Inforce your felfe filence to ufe when others tell a tale,  
For babble then both troubleth them, and fets your wits  
to fale.

Have care to ufe fome recompence where you beholding are,  
For, trust me, with ingratitude no honeft mynde can bare.

What fo your friend commits to you be ever fcrete found :  
Who gives his toung much libertie doth all his body  
wound.

Beware of taylers curious cuts, for they will shake your  
bags ;  
The merrie meane I holde for beft, tweene roysting filkes  
and rags.

The tipling taverne, and fuch like, to haunt have fmall  
defire ;  
Of all reports it is the worft to be a drunken fquire.

Who quarels much hath care enough, with mischiefe oft he  
ends :

Saunce need throw not your felvs in brals, in need assift your  
friends.

Shun you the trains of wanton dames, whose bayts are sweet  
in tast,

But yet, in truth, helth, welth, and fame, the courtesan doth  
waft.

As high way unto beggerie beware of dogged dice ;  
The greateft cause of blasphemie, a vaine of filthie vice.

Out of the merchants journals keepe, buy sildome wares on  
truft ;

Such usurie bites above the rest, do try it who so lust.

In neede make choice to sell out right, before you morgage  
lande ;

What so befalls, looke for no grace at any cutthrotes hande.

Looke what you seale, read ere you seale ; therein trust no  
mans truth,

And writings seald, keepe safe your owne, lest had I wift  
enfuth.

Have great regard to suretiship : all is not golde that shines,  
Yet stretch your selves to help your friend with penurie that  
pines.

When wedlock life doth like your mynde, match with a  
vertuous mayde ;

The mischiefe of the contrarie a plague next hell is sayd.

And married wel, the citie leave ; sing then Pierce Plowmans  
fong,

For women, ufde to London once, will ever thether long.

Where fo you live, have great regarde to ufe your neighbor  
well :

A good report, in my conceit, doth riches farre excell.

What fome confume in painted pride good houle keep you  
withal ;

Relieve the poore in any cafe ; let chaps walke in your hall.

Intreate your honeft fervant well, give him his hired due ;  
The flatterer, and the make bate wretch, in any wife efchue.

Account that wrangling in the lawe is enimie to reft,  
A spoyle of fame, a losse of time, a theefe that robs your cheft.

This reckoning make, to ferve your felves you are not only  
born ;

Your countrie, friends, and children looke each one for fom  
good turn.

Three sorts of men, with speciall care, folve you their needy  
griefe :

The fcholer forced from his booke abroad to feeke reliefe,

The fouldier fpoyled in the wars, whose haffard works your  
peace,

And next the fimple husbandman, who toyles for your in-  
creafe.

So spend your time, as you may leave some monument of  
fame :

Preferre an honest death before a life prorog'd with shame.

*Quod cavere possis, stultum estmittere.*

*A Caveat to G. W. at his going into Fraunce : written  
by his friend R. C.*

Post hast since so thou mak'ft the coast of Fraunce to see,  
Thy frends advice in baren verfe, good George, yet take with  
thee.

Have thou a haught disdaine, which art a Bryttan bred,  
At thy returne to prove howe that French follies filles thy  
hed ;

In native soyle disguised, thy selfe God shield thou showe,  
In coate, in cloake, in hat, in hose, a French man like to go :  
French shoes, made fast with pointes, in doublets fyde and  
wide,

Which French men weare (God wot) for ease, sute not thy  
selfe through pride.

What tendeth to thy thrift, to folow not refuse :

Keepe thou one servant and no more, but not, as French  
men use,

For wages pay not words, as is the guise of Fraunce.

Array him not in tattered rags, french like, or nakt to daunce.

One meale, no more, a day is pittance very small,

To like wel of such french like fare few English yeomen  
fall.

Let gesture, words, nor weedes, inforce thy friends to say,

Behold a Frenchman wher he flaunts ! if face be turn'd away.

Which face French like to sute, good George, take speciall  
heede,

In taste the baites are very sweete, that do such cankers  
breede.

For to pronounce thy wordes, yea, French and all first lose.  
Afore thou spoyle thy English tong with snuffling in the nose.  
Thou knowest what I meane, thy wit is good and quicke,  
Yet wise men oft, before they looke, fast in the myre sticke.  
But ere thou rashly leape, the ditches I reveale ;  
The plainesse of my muse bewrayes, my warning is of zeale.  
My joy thy profite great, if thy returne do shoue  
Thy travell tends to countries good, not French man like to  
goe.

The rage of retchlesse youth thy travell did allay,  
And not thereby with proudest shewe to royst in garments  
gay,

That thou canst yeald account what is the countries state,  
What newes of note do run abroad, as well of love as hate.  
These fruits thy friends expect at thy returne to reape ;  
But stay I here, into advice my muse too farre doth creepe.  
She ment not to direct how thou shouldst use thy time,  
She ment French follies, for thy heede, to touch in naked  
rime :

Well, since she rov'd so farre, alowe what she hath sayde,  
My inward wish (for thy avayle) she hath no more but wrayde.

*Vive et vale.*

*Whetstons Dreame.*

I waying once my harmes by others health,  
By just account I found the selfe same thing

M M

Which weand my wo did worke anothers wealth,  
 Which wrought my pain to some did pleasure bring :  
 Thus, cloyd with care, to see my lucklesse lot,  
 My fenses fayld, as though I were a sot.

Yet Sopors beames so could not cleare my brest,  
 But stormes of care did shower in my thought ;  
 Thus slumber sweete did yeald but little rest,  
 For pinching paine supprest that pleasure wrought ;  
 But as my woes did wander here and there,  
 My thought I sawe an aged man appeare.

Patience.

Yet such a one as care me seemd to cloy,  
 And Patience he did name him selfe to me,  
 Who had me straight to bannish all annoy,  
 And of these doubtles I soone an end should see :  
 Then I with him purfude the most resort  
 Unto a place which seemde a princes court.

Whereas, my thought, fat crownd a famous queene,  
 By due defart to beare the regall sway,  
 Whose princely rule hath feldome earft ben seene,  
 As though the gods dame nature did obey,  
 That justice should degrade them of each grace,  
 Her to invest with rule of vertues mace.

Upon whose grace did nobles grave attend,  
 By whose foresight in peace her subjects live,  
 And valiaunt peeres were ready to defend,  
 If forreine force would once adventure give  
 By warlike frayes to worke our great unrest,  
 With fire, sworde, and piercing speare in rest.

Within this court, clothed in honest shewe,  
Was Envie, Hate, Ambition, and Deceit,  
On whome to waite, whereas these fiends did go,  
Bafe minded wights were ready at the gate,  
Which never fought that vertue should advance  
Their hautie mindes to height of happie chance.

There might I see of men another race,  
Which seemd to wayle their woes with weeping eye,  
Whom these same sprites had shaken once of grace  
By false suspect and filthy flatterie ;  
And well I markt how they did crouch and creepe,  
And all for grace, which evermore did sleepe.

Then I espide another valiant crewe,  
Which lookt aloft, by vertue to aspire  
Unto the roome to their defart ydewe,  
If due defart had reapt deserved hire ;  
But vertue gapt, and gained nought but plums,  
For flatterie catcht before they fell the crums.

Quoth Grayberd then, such once was my good hap,  
To be advaunst to height of great renoune,  
But I, too soone, was caught in Envies trap,  
Where false suspect by flatterie kept me downe ;  
Then patience I, perforce, a vertue made,  
And left with losse the countries tickle trade.

The[n] foorth we go into another place  
By outward shew, where faines, my thought, did sit,  
Whose gentle speech prefaged endlesse grace,

· Their loofe their gaine, they vought by facred writ :  
These prelates were ; their words deferv'd their roome,  
But fure their deedes I leave to others doome.

Hypocrisie did beare a vengeance fway,  
His double tong did bleare the clergies eye ;  
He ftill affirmde, t'was true that they did fay,  
Gainft their device a thoufand woes did cry :  
Mas. Ignoraunce a minifter was made,  
Who babbled much, yet wift not what he fayd.

Yet fure this clarke did fo in Scriptures creepe,  
As vought the fame to cloake each crime he could :  
*Pafce oves* he tooke for graſing ſheepe,  
Which well he fed, and daily view'd his fould ;  
And yet this sot with pence procur'd ſuch grace,  
As oft he wrought true preachers out of place.

Then out we goe into a pleaſant plaine,  
In armour bright where gallants we eſpy ;  
The captaine ſtird the ſouldiers rawe to traine,  
Of ſome unwiſht, unwares their foes drewe nye :  
The cannon crackes like thunder claps did ſing,  
At trumpets ſound the horſe men forward fling.

In formoſt frunt the feareleſſe youthes did fight,  
Which honour fought, and ſo with honour dyde :  
The fencer there prov'd not the forwardſt wight,  
Baſe minded Dick the ſpoyle, not blowes, applyde :  
The coward yet a loofe did catch a licke,  
As ſoone as he which throngd among the thicke.



When fearelesse blowes had driven their foes away,  
To slash and slay the cowards did not spare ;  
When spoile was given, the souldiers paines to pay,  
Who best deserv'd did reape the barest share :  
Thus vallor fought, and falthood fleest the spoile ;  
The coward thriv'de, who least of all did toile.

These bloudie broiles, mee thought, wee then forfooke,  
And soone wee slipt into a stately hall.  
Now well apayde about the same I looke,  
For glad I was I scapt the souldiers thrall ;  
And proudly then I throngd amid the preace,  
For that their weedes bewrayde the men of peace.

Within this hall were kept the princes courtes,  
Where lawyers fate as judges in the same :  
To shew their griefes more hast then needes resortes,  
Both hie and lowe, the riche and poore of name :  
*Pro et contra*, for pence at every barre,  
In right and wronge the lawyers were at jarre,

In faith, quoth I, these men deserveth praise,  
For justice cause which thus imployes their paine ;  
But I to[o] hie a note their names did raife :  
In right or wrong they still did gape for gaine,  
And as I walkt I saw one wrapt in woe,  
Which much complainde of matter *de post facto*.

Speake, English man, what meanes these words ? (quoth I).  
Oh syr ! hee said, a quillet in the lawe  
Alas it is, which makes mee howle and cric.



And looking backe another man I sawe,  
Of whom I askt, why hee did looke so glum ?  
Hee plagued was with plees of *non est factum*.

I, smyling then to heare the clownish drone,  
By neede inforst to talke hee wist not what,  
But as I learnd the cause of all his mone,  
More pittie fure, a lawyers friend how that  
To pay him pence did enter into band,  
The which hee seald, and livered with his hand.

But after, catcht by craft the selfe same bill,  
The former seale he falslie toke away,  
An other seald the same which he did spill,  
And unsuspect the bond there downe did lay,  
Which forfet once, in law they fall at jarre :  
The seale was off was pleaded then in barre.

There might I see releasses finely framde,  
Provided yet, that if such thinges were done,  
Which latter wordes, by former force were lamde :  
Who so releast a faire thred then hee spunne,  
With thousand toyes, which I do here omitt,  
Did coufening craft within his capcase knitt.

I lately feard to see the searelesse blowes, '  
The proud attempes assayd by desperate men,  
Here rouled bookes my manhoode over throwes,  
I durst not bide the truncheon of a pen ;  
Yet well I markt how mercie bared sway :  
The conquerd wightes were prifoners sent away.

But for this grace their raunsome fure was great :  
The gaylor fleest, the lawyer had a share ;  
If pence were spent, cold yrons made him sweate,  
Hard beds well payde, poore cheere was costly fare,  
Agreeved much, extortion bare such sway,  
To Patience I, meethought, these words did say.

Can coufening shiftes thus conscience soyle in fight ?  
Where is no right, may hellhoundes thus extort ?  
Shall perjurie condemne the guiltlesse wight ?  
And may it bee, suborning should support  
The lewde in lies, when grace is not their stay ?  
Can justice rule a right with parcial sway ?

Content thy selfe, quoth Patience then to mee :  
Good lawes are made to punish their amisse,  
But pence their wronge doth couler, oft we see,  
And want doth ware the poore mans right, I wisse ;  
And thus thou seest presented to thy fight,  
The proverbe old, how might doth maister right.

Then out wee goe, I glad to leave this hell ;  
But soone wee slipt into as hard a vaine,  
Where usurie with bagges of gold did swell,  
Who much complainde of penall statutes paine,  
And joynde with craft the same for to prevent,  
Now this, now that, the myser doth invent.

On casuall chaunce I may my monie lend,  
Yet hassard small shall happen by my marte :  
If I my wife, my servaunt, child, or friend,

A perilous  
casualtie.

Do goe to Powles, and home againe revert,  
Then twentie in the hundred you shall pay :  
This gaine is small, forfooth, doth Holdfast say.

Collusion then did catch him by the backe,  
And seafde his pence, which songe loth to depart.  
To levey mends the harmles went to wracke ;  
Thus salved was his sore by others smart.  
Covetousnes went myching upp and downe,  
His jacket pilde, and threadbare was his gowne.

But banckrowte sure did brave it with the best :  
His cape of cloth with velvet linde within,  
His hoafe of filke, with stiches straunglie drest,  
More cost, hee said, more worship did him win ;  
But well I markt how soone this pride decayd :  
His heeles he tooke when debtes should be defrayd.

Some kept their house, and durst not shewe their face ;  
Some were betrayde, and came in cutthrotes handes ;  
Then plees of neede did purchase litle grace,  
Past starting now, they, tyde in Darbyes bandes,  
In prison vile of force must lye and rott,  
Till they have paid their debt and cost[s], God wott.

Then forth wee goe into a paltrie towne,  
Where underprops eche staggering house did stay.  
I chaunste to meete a fillie countrie clowne,  
Of whom I askt, what wrought their townes decay ?  
Who aunswerd straight, your masships honour fees  
Yond goodly place ; that pluckt us on our knees.

Yond stately walles our chieft stones did steale,  
Which were the stay unto our feeble farmes,  
For want of strength then did our houses reale,  
And, worse then that, to worke our greater harmes,  
Inclosures great so in our commons creepe,  
Where kine wee kept, wee sca[r]fe can keepe a sheepe.

Yet racked rentes increafe our landlords gaine :  
Wee moile, wee toile, wee worke, both morne and even,  
Our landlords reape reward for all our paine.  
To pay our rentes, and make the world even,  
Doe what we can, wee compasse very hard,  
With farmers now the wonted world is mard.

When hee did raise, besides his landlords rent,  
Old gold good store, to serve him at his neede,  
The cribel loafe about his bord then went ;  
Salt beefe, good souce, their hungrie mawes did feede,  
A stand of ale hee ever had in store,  
Well come, gossipe, a cruse of ale to the dore !

Then droyling Dicke, and toyling Tom did sturre  
To mucke his ground to make a fatter croppe,  
To serve his hogges poore Madge his maide did spurre :  
For winters cold he hedge rows large might loppe,  
To ride abroad he seeldome lackt a mare,  
And in this fort the fermers life did ware.

But now, God wott, our rentes we hardly pay,  
To barlie crustes is turnde our cribel bread,  
Where beefe, brawne, souce, our hungers did allay,

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On cruddes and cheefe wee hungerly do feede,  
A pecke of malte doth make him ale good store :  
Wellcome, gossip ; no drinke now to the dore.

Where Hicke and Tom, his boyes, about did moyle,  
He delves, hee digges, he labours for his hire,  
And Joane his wife, perforce herselfe doth droyle :  
In steede of woode now pestrow makes good fire ;  
Where earst hee ridde abroad upon his nagge,  
For falling now on tenne toes hee doth lagge.

Thus John Adroynes did wray the farmers woe,  
And I mee thought did pittie much their want.  
Quoth Patience then, now time doth serve to shewe  
The cause why care thy heavie hart doth haunt ;  
Thou sayest thy want is weade with others wealth,  
Thy harmes are payste with weighes of others health.

Good reason why thou viewdst in courtiers trade,  
Both good and bad a like did gaine expecte.  
A like ? not so, the good by vertuous ayde,  
The bad did seeke by traynes of false suspect  
The best to throw, from grace despite to spell,  
Whilst they by craft did catch such crummes as fell.

Now hypocrites, with shew of honest life,  
In favour creepes, when goodmen be disdainde.  
Now souldiers winne the field with bloody knife,  
When cowards filch which their adventure gainde :  
Now cutthrotes thrive where conscience beares no sway,  
When simple men with want are worne away.

Loe ! thus thou seest the toyle of good and badde,  
Thy owne the choice their want or wealth to shunne,  
The good with care when craft with cost is cladde ;  
Yet if thou meanst the good mans race to runne,  
Of Patience here receive dame Vertues sheeld,  
Which to thy fame a fure force will yeeld.

Noe poore mans cry the conscience large shal blame,  
Ne common speach a cutthroate will thee call,  
Report of craft then shal not wronge thy fame,  
Ne men will say thy pride will have a fall.  
This bone he cast for mee to gnaw upon,  
And said, Adieu ; of force I must begon.

I waking then amased, in my minde  
Through this my dreame, gan checke my busie braine,  
But better wayde some fruite therein I finde,  
Which aunswers full of this report the paine,  
And craves a place of dutie with the rest,  
Provided yet the reader do not wrest

My wordes amisse ; which doe no evill import,  
To taunt the lewde, to praise the good a worke ;  
A fancie framde to teach the simple sort  
What huge deceite in honest shew doth lurke ;  
A toy to warne the lewd by others shame  
To shunne such faultes as breedeth filthie blame.

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## Inventions of P. Plasmos touching

*his hap and hard fortune, unto the which  
is annexed the fundrie complaintes of foure notable*  
couseners, the instrumentes of his greatest troubles ;  
which, in the prime of their mischievous enterprises,  
with soudaine death and vexation were straungelie  
visited. At the end of every of the said inven-  
tions, for the more plaine knowledge  
of them, is the Reporters ad-  
monition in prose, both plea-  
fant and profitable.

### *The Reporter.*

I have (good reader) at large reported the adventures of P. Plasmos, intermixte with these following inventions, together with the complaint of certaine couseners. And sure the labour stande very well with my owne contentment, for that the accidents of his evil fortunes might have forewarned other younge gentlemen to have shunde the like follies ; and that the fall of the said couseners might have taught other greedie carrens to have respect unto their consciences. And nowe to the condition of P. Plasmos in the prime of his unthriftines: it appeareth by his fonde triumph that hee was infected with (selfe love) the overthrow of many younge gentlemen, who seeing sufficiencie in themselves to bee advaunced to winne credite and acquaintance, so farre passe the boundes of their abilitie, that, longe before countenaunce taketh notice of their desertes, by the



inforcemente of necessitie they are gladde of meane maintenance at home with their friendes. Such gallantes, by the sequele of P. Plafmos fortunes, may learne to understande their mishappes, and in reading of his fantasies may likewise see the counterfet of their owne follies ; whose sond triumph in this sort beginneth.

*P. Plafmos Triumphe.*

Paris usurped roome resigne in lady Pleasures court:  
Thy mungrell choice in such a flurte deserves a foule report,  
Whose kytish trickes in gadding moode with every checke  
to stray,  
God knowes, I want both art and witt, in coulers fresh to  
wray.

Sufficeth yet thy mart to mare, shee bitt at every baite,  
Wher one good turne in toile thou reapst thy passage was  
not straight ;  
Why wronge I thus poore Hellen now ? shee was to good  
for thee,  
Whom fate did cast from Priams court a sheepeherd poore  
to bee.

Whereas in Ida mount thou wraydst thy willful will, ywisse,  
Which wealth and wisedome didst refuse to bathe in wanton  
blisse,  
Yet sure thy blisse was brute with bale, thy selfe will judge  
the same.  
What! blush not, man, to blase a truth; in faith it is no shame.

Thy jelous thought supprest thy joy, thy foes increast thy  
feare,

Thy love in armes, loude larums wilde embracements to forbear ;  
Thy kinsmen slaine, thou rest of love and life in little time,  
What peevish pride then moves thy thought, dame Pleasures  
mount to clime ?

Avaunt, avaunt ! give place to him whom fortune still doth  
guide,  
Whose choice doth passe, without her plague, faire Hellen in  
her pride,  
Within whose hart doth pittie rule, in whom dame bountie  
dwells,  
To whom faire Venus yeelds her ball, her beautie so excels.

Her constant love, longe wisht, I wonne : she mov'de no  
goddis yre,  
She shed no bloud, she flue no friend, shee sat no towne on  
fire :  
Her modest life exiles mistrust, and jelousie doth chace.  
In faith, I feare no lowde alarmes when I my love embrace.

And yet I dare with Paris joyne, if Paris scorne her praise :  
I enter now the listes of love, my ladyes fame to raise ;  
And proudly there my gauntlet throwes a quarrell streight  
to snatch,  
With him yet dare maintaine she lives which may faire  
L[a]ymos match.

Let lingring lovers rest of rest, whom scorne hath left in lath,  
Let careles futers try their force to praise their painted  
trash ;

Let happie wightes, which bath in blisse, my sharpe incounter  
prove,  
Whom Venus, with aspect of grace, hath linckt to yeelding  
love.

And let them eake, through passing joy which stands in  
pleasures grace,  
' Bestow their force, if that they dare, my fortunes to  
deface ;  
Who bathes in waves of wished blisse, with brave delight  
who makkes,  
Who findes amends for every misse, who hath but what hee  
askes.

*The Reporter.*

It seemeth by this devise folowing, that Plasmos triumph  
was but a voluntarie invention : otherwise, if it had beene  
devised of any certaintie, his pleasures would a beene of  
longer continuaunce. Likewise it seemeth his lady Laymos,  
that he so highly commended, was in very deede as fayre  
as Flora, as faithful as Faustine, as loving as Layis, as meeke  
as Medea, as honest as Hellen, as constant as Creffed, and  
as modest as Maria Bianca ; and therefore worthie of estima-  
tion. But digressing from the cause of the invention, for  
that the circumstances be long and not greatly materiall,  
the reader may vew the vanities of a number, who either  
bewitched with the outward blase of beautie, or blinded with  
the desire of riches (never examining the behaviour of their  
best beloved) hap well, or hap ill, adventure to marrie, who  
for the most part are haunted with Plasmos hard fortune,  
who pretily toucheth his Laymos inconstancie as followeth.

I dreaming once (me thought) dame Beautie bad me crave  
The thing that fed my fancie best, and I the same should  
have.

My choice was quickly made, I beautie likt so well,  
And yet I su'de my maistresse might her seemely selfe excell;  
Who, smyling in her thought to see my small foresight,  
Such one (quoth she) thou shalt injoy, make much of thy  
delight.

Unto which ende, forfooth, for Fortune straight she fought,  
Who did present a sightly girle unto my wanton thought.  
My promise is performde (quoth shee), sweete friend, adieu.  
My fancie rendred forthwith thankes, as though it had  
beene true ;

But when I wooke, and miste this passing lovely wight,  
A muredred sighe the fancie checkte that raifde my late  
delight,

And fretting forth I goe, fonde fancies for to chafe,  
But loe ! by Lady Fortune signde, I chaunst to spy thy face.  
Then to my selfe I said, Cease, Plafmos, to be fad,  
This is the dame thou didst possesse in dreame that earst  
thou had.

Acquaintance for to crave, adventrous boy, assay :  
Thou wert not nife, ne I abasht my secretes to bewray ;  
I showde thee all and some what I in vision sawe,  
Thou wart mine owne by beauties dome, unlesse thou  
scorndst her law.

My wordes did like thee well, or praises that I usde,  
And smyling saidst, Dame Beauties heft must no wayes be  
abusde.

Thus after slender fute thou knowste whom I enjoyde,  
But easly wonne, as soone thou wert, through fullon will  
accoyde,

And in thy wrangling rage I sawe thee raunge for newe :  
I chafte, through fight, Dame Beautie blamd, cause Laymos  
was not true ;  
Which foone I did recant, and yeelded for to have  
My fute performde at Beauties hands, in forme as I  
did crave.  
I askt a gallant gyrl, which vaild at first assault :  
I askte no faith, nor none I found, in whom was then the  
fault ?  
In him who now will learne to make his match more sure,  
And as for thee, thou doft but kinde to stoupe to every lure.

*The Reporter.*

This wrangling hate seemeth to be but a passion proceeding of Plasmos passing love ; the which digested, made his affection more perfect : neverthelesse, this following invention wrayeth the evill fortunes of rash beleefe and cholericke revenge, after which (for the most) insueth repentaunce : yet for that the sonet it selfe foresheweth but a fitt of disquiet minde, by love occasioned, it shall passe for mee without any preface.

Fowle fall thee, false suspect, so thrive, thou jelous thought,  
Woe worth you both, you reard the hate that all my harme  
hath wrought :  
You did envie my hap when late I liv'de in joy :  
You slaunder forg'd, you mov'd mistrust, you made my  
sovereigne coy.  
Shee, wronged faunce offence, good reason hath to hate,  
But you no cause of filthie strife twixt friends to set debate ;

But fith my heart did yeeld fuch motions to beleeeve,  
 Both heart, head, and every veine, with fretting thoughtes  
 to greeve :  
 Firft, love, renue thy force my joyes for to confume,  
 And when defire hath blowen the cooles till all my fancies  
 fume,  
 Then confcience guilt detect my follies day and houre,  
*And bafe desert exile remorse, fee dreade,* my fweete, thou  
 foure  
*Disdaine,* perfuade my minde : my ladies paffing love  
 Is chaungd to fcorne, from fcorne to hate, from hate re-  
 venge to prove.  
 Tormenting paffions eake abate my pride in howe,  
 Then fcauldng fighes prefent my ftate unto my friend-  
 ly foe :  
 Which when fhee once hath feene, with wrecke of my  
 delight,  
 Despaire, end me dole with death, in my fweete miftrefse  
 fight.  
 But leaft fhe beare the blame of this my bloody hand,  
 I crave upon my timelefse tumbes this epitaphc may ftand.

*Loe ! heare doth lie his corps,*  
*Himfelfe for woe who flue,*  
*That jelous thoughts his lady blamde,*  
*She ever living true.*

*The Reporter.*

Thefe paffionate verfes wittingly loft wheras fayre Lay-  
 mos might find them, of likelyhoode fhe perceiving his  
 fingular good love, having fufficient caufe of quarell, waxed

every day more straunger then other, until poore Plasmos purfe, to make atonement, provided some pretie devise that appeased her anger : these lovers thus reconciled, it seemeth Plasmos to requite the friendship of his purfe, in praise whereof hee wrote these verses infuing.

*P. Plasmos in praise of his Purfe.*

Come, prettie purfe, the jewell of my joy,  
The daintie soile wherein delight is fowen,  
Thou well deferv'st the title of a joy,  
Who doth not feare, whereas thy force is known.  
Who dare rebell where thou dost rule and reigne ?  
Thou soylest kinges by force of treason vile,  
Thou clokest craft with flatterie, feare, or gaine.  
When Justice should uncase his crooked guile.  
By thee escapes the traytour and the theefe :  
The murtherous mate, which languisht late in woe,  
Thou werst to ebb their tossing tydes of greefe,  
And grafest myrth where mone but late did growe.  
To make with pride thou art a visard fitt,  
Thou heav'st him up which held the plough of late ;  
Thou telst his tale which wants both art and witt :  
Thou wodcocke setst before the wise estate,  
The wilie churle which wronges the wretch full oft.  
The coufining mate whose mischiefes never endes,  
Should *sol fa* singe in coufiners cliffe aloft,  
But that thou cloakst their craft with wealthie friends.  
The thriftlesse chiilde by thee doth looke full hie,  
Whose sparing friends at home the plough doth hold.  
In court thou art the badge of braverie :

Who doth not fawne on gentle maister gold ?  
 Deformed girles by thee are made full faire ;  
 Dame Venus stoupes through thee to Vulcans lure ;  
 The coffing churle doth match with beauties heire :  
 Such straunge consents can lady Coyne procure.  
 Why stay I then, sweete purse, thee to embrace,  
 Whose ayde I usde when fortune most did lowre ?  
 My clowdes of scare thou cleardst with gleames of grace,  
 My bale to blisse, to sweete thou chaungst my sowe,  
 Thou fav'dst my life, with passing love me pinde,  
 Which friendly turnes are written in my minde.

*The Reporter.*

It is hie time to digresse from the report of Plasmos wanton devises unto other his inventions, touching his miseries and repentance, which immediatly followed his wanton expences ; and, for that want is the contrarie unto wealth, I thought good to place, after the praise of his purse, his complainte of wante : the commodities of the one and the discommodities of the other, duly considered, are meanes to perswade the wise in prosperitie to have an eye unto adversitie ; and, once in favour, to make provision for fortunes change. For fewe are so happie but in their time they are visited with miserie ; so wel beloved but once in their life they are as deadly hated ; so highly favoured, but are as unhappily scorned. Notwithstanding all these chaunces and chaunges, coyne in the coffer is an assured friend, whereas if thou have respect but to serve thy present tourne, in prosperitie thou art so over prodigal that, when povertie pincheth, the remembrance of thy former sweete delights doth increase thy fower passions : proove appeareth by



Plafmos, who, being nipped with neede, calleth to remembrance what pleasures he had received by his purse, and crossed every of the said commodities with the inconveniences occasioned by his want, as followeth.

*P. Plafmos Complaint of Want.*

I whilome writ a jest, what joyes my purse did plant,  
But now I wray with little lust the woes of withered want.  
When purse with pence did flow a thousand friends I  
found :  
Now wanted wealth doth weare to ebb their frendship runnes  
aground.  
When coyne I had in claw my wronges were doomde for  
right ;  
Since neede did nippe, my rightfull futes was overwaydewith  
might.  
When wealth I had at wil my wished joyes were wrought,  
Now want doth choke those jestes with care, and cloyes my  
braynes with thought.  
With wealth I freedome wonne, by wealth my woes did  
weare,  
Through lacke refrainte of libertie doth soyle my hope with  
feare.  
With coyne I servaunts kept, which served for mine ease,  
By neede inforst now am I faine to pay, to pay, and  
please.  
I rattled then in filkes by braverie of my bagges,  
But, pouer man, now am I glad to royst in rotten ragges :  
My purse me oft preferd to play in pleasures lappe,  
Wel may I wish, but want I shal, by want to reach such hap.

*The Reporter.*

This complaint folowing sufficiently sheweth that Plasmos, being somewhat behind hand by reason of his former unthriftines, having notwithstanding very proper living, unhappilie hit in acquaintaunce with certaine coufeners, who seing his sufficiente abilitie, supplied his want from time to time with monie, till they had wrapt him in very daungerous and cumberfome bonds ; so that hee had no way to winde himselfe out of their daunger, but either by long leasure, or sellinge some parcell of his land ; but by reason that it was intayled, none would deale with him, until a recoverie were had thereof. Plasmos, having no experience in those causes, and reposing a great confidence in one Liros, one of the said companions, committed the trust of his recovery unto him ; who traiterously perswaded and instructed by Frenos his confederate, by chaunging and counterfetting of deedes, had purchaste all Plasmos living for nothing, if he and his felowes eagre desire of the possession, by Plasmos untimely destruction, had not decyphered their devilish deceites. But sith the circumstances be longe, and in reporting them I should passe my purpose, I leave their lewdnes unto their owne reporting ; who, in the prime of their mischiefes worthily visited with miseries, to dilburden their consciences of a number of villanies, hereafter shall make discourse of their owne dealinges. In the meane while Plasmos, having new knowledge of (and not yet remedied) their indirect practises, and also being a litle before maymed on his right hande, by reason of a certaine quarel that Liros had rayfed betweene certaine youthes and himselfe, the said Plasmos, joyning the said mischiefes with other his evill fortunes, complayneth as followeth.

*P. Plafmos to his Mishap.*

How should I frame my plaint, how shall I tell my tale ?  
Whom should I blame, whom shall I bane as worker of my  
    bale ?  
Sith heaven and earth are bent to bruse mee with their  
    hate,  
What bootes mee (wretch) to rage at fraude, or raile on  
    lucklesse fate ?

Whom never hap did haunt, but thousand harmes affraide,  
In pryme of youth untimely death first tooke my surest  
    ayde :  
Then rose a lawlesse friend that likt my roving youth ;  
Hee gave mee will to fucke my wealth (alas ! the more the  
    ruth).

I lothed forced thrift, hee liked no expence,  
And tutors love not for to toile without reward of pence ;  
Which lacke to late I rue, the greater mischiefe mine,  
But yet my thought, at which offence, perforce, doth thus  
    repine.

Why scornde I merchaunts trade with baites of fraude to  
    fith,  
Sith craft doth onely compasse wealth and wealth is that  
    wee wifh ?  
Or placed at my booke, why plide I not the same ?  
Why fought I not by morall rules my madding yeares to  
    tame ?

Sith rule must lead our life, or els wee live awry,  
 Why Aristotles wife precepts then did I not apply?  
 Why likt I not the lawe, where huge deceites are sowne,  
 Sith wee by lawe do hurt our foe, and hold that is our  
       owne?

But leapt to libertie, that longe I did desire,  
 Why was my hart so fet on hoygh beyond my reach t' as-  
       pire?  
 Why was I wedded so to peevish will and pride,  
 Sith pride are will and foes to wit, and witt our wayes  
       should guide?

But most of all to love why was I, wretch, so thrall?  
 Why fought I so, by raging lust my gadding yeares to  
       gall?  
 Sith neither love nor lust doth yeeld a quiet rest,  
 Why made I choice of both the evils, when bad was very  
       best?

Ah (Laymos) once my love, by froward fate my foe,  
 Ah (Laymos) first by the[e] I knew the workers of my woe,  
 But (Liros) most unkinde, both spoild of love and ruthe,  
 Ah (Liros) thou doest wound my heart to thinke on thine  
       untruth.

Why did I trust thy faith, or fearelesse othes thou fware,  
 Thy fayned vowes, thy sugred woords, of my welfare thy care?  
 Sith faith is turnde to fraude and woordes to woorkes unjust,  
 Why likte I wretch thy wilye tongue, sith treason quiteth  
       trust?

And did I thus deserve ? in faith thy selfe be judge :  
If Plafmos had, did Liros lacke ? O no hee did not grudge  
To give thee what thou wouldst, yea, more then thou couldst  
    crave :  
What cankered thought then mov'de thy minde his life and  
    all to have ?

Whose murdrous marke (ay mee!) my maimed fist can showe :  
Although thou feardst to strike the stroake, the strife thy  
    hart did fowe,  
And should I spare thee, then, of death to stand in awe ?  
O noe ; my conscience bids mee strike, betide what may of  
    lawe.

Although the worst befall, death quites but death againe,  
And sure there is no joy to death to such as pine in paine.  
Why misse my hart the blowe that hitt my harmlesse wrist ?  
My hart it was that wrought offence, and not my faultlesse  
    fist.

My hart did trust these mates, my hart did sturre this strife,  
My hand did nought but make defence to save my fillie life :  
My hart devise the toyes which pult mee uppe with pride,  
My hart inforst my eye to love, which manly fist defide.

And yet my hand, not hart, is plagued for others mis :  
Too parcial sure, in my conceite, the heavens were in this ;  
Too parcial (wretch) ? not so : t'was neither heaven nor happe,  
But harebrainde youth, which leapt the hedge and left the  
    open gappe.

T'was youth which stouped first to Laymos wanton lure,  
T'was youth that likt the wily wordes which Liros put in ure:  
T'was youth, through smal foresight, that wrought poore  
Plasmos thral,  
T'was youth, so present want were servd, that feard no future  
fall.

T'was youth that made him maske with visard of delight,  
Delight? (not so) but dririe dread to shunne the merchants  
fight,  
And dread the scourge of youth for safegard of me, wretch,  
Did lodge me up with needie griefe while craft did play the  
leach.

In deede he playde the leach to ease my present lacke,  
But what should serve for future store his physicke put to  
facke.  
He toylde in my behalfe, God wot, I durst not steare,  
Leaft craftie traine should tol me in the merchants wily  
snare.

And dread did daunt me so, that death I did desire,  
Before a life of freedome rest : my hart did so aspire.  
A taylor yet cloyde the land which should me frolike make,  
Where (Timeles trust) to curtoule it did so the joynt mis-  
take.

That land will bleede to death, if conscience worke no cure,  
Such waste wrought haste, for freedomes sake to trust ere I  
were sure ;  
A pestlence blowe ! forfooth, it hurt not lande alone,  
But spoyld my fist by filthy strife, and maymd my hart with  
mone.

Of which I youth may thanke ; he snarld me in this snare,  
Of force to trust, or else to sterue, with dread, distresse, and  
care :

Where trust for best I chufd, although it prov'd the worst :  
Such backward hap doth ever haunt the man that is accurft.

*The Reporter.*

Plafmos digression from one action of miserie unto another, yea unto all the actions of his mishap (although it be somewhat tedious), duely considered, is tollerable ; for the nature of the distressed man is to call to remembraunce every speciall matter of his misfortune, to the intent (although too late) he may knowe the commodities of their contraries. And sure, although it was invented to ease his mynde of grieffe, there be a number of caveats therein to forewarne other young gentlemen to forestand with good government their folowing yl fortunes ; especially the reprehension of his youth, for this is once : brainslike braverie (besides his own great expence) inticeth the greedie churle to hunger after the gallants living, and, for truth, if his conscience be corrupted with craft, it is an easie matter for him to overthrowe the mistrustlesse and welmeaning man. But the mischief is insuing shame, without a cloke to cover his deceits, who can have no better colour to answer any complaint of coufnage preferd against him, then to say, the compleynant is an unthrift, a quareler, a proude, and prodigall person, &c. who, to maintaine his braverie, departed, *bona fide*, unto him, being defendaut, such and such parcels of lande, the compleynants monie wasted by unthriftinesse, and knowing the defendant to be desirous of quietnesse, to wring more monie

from him, to have the matter quietly ended furmifeth these [un]true and flanderous complaints againſt him, &c. And although that wiſe men, upon the ripping up of matters, will ſmell out ſuch merchants, yet at the firſt ſhewe, yea, during the tryall, the wronged youth is blamed, ſo that, in the meane time, the greedie carrion, by unkind vexations, enforceth the compleynant to agreement. Some prooſe appeareth by this invention ſollowing, wherein Plasmos ſuppoſeth juſtice to be divorced, and ladie wrong to be matcht with might. It ſeemeth on this occaſion, being wronged by divers lewd and deceitfull companions, he preferred his complaint to certaine commiſſioners: againſt them the defendants, colouring their couſenage with the report of his unthriftineſſe, and having their answeres ſoothed with the countenance of more wealthy then honeſt friendes, with [which] ſuche cheating varlots have evermore in ſtore, lead the faide magiſtrates with ſuch indifferencie, that in ſtead of redreſſing, they increaſed his injuries by giving countenance to his enemies: which Plasmos perceiving (provoked to impatience) whereas he came to complaine of one of the two, he departed, exclayming on them all, and at leaſure invented as followeth.

Why do I live (quoth he) to ſee this lothſome light,  
Sith juſtice is this day divorſt, and wrong is matcht with  
might?

Where couſnage was the clarke, where pollage was the prieſt,  
Where deepe deceit, which gave this dame, was father of the  
feſt,

Where brydemen were abuſe, where briberie bare the cup,  
Where greedie carls, as chiefeſt gueſtes, in every boll did ſup;



Where coyne was cater made, where cost the cookerie drest,  
Where catchpoles false did fill the cups at this great marriage  
feast ;

Where parasites did prate to free each fullen moode,  
Where cheting churles did fill their paunch, where poore men  
sterv'd for food,

Where countenance once dynde and might have cheard his  
mates,

Wide open then, but not before, the porter fet the gates.  
Yet thousandes preast to see the res'due of the sport,  
Some cloyd by craft, some foyld by force, for succour did  
resort.

But well I fawe (quoth he), which sight I fore did rue,  
How blastes of scorne the belly gods among the needie blue ;  
How wealth did smile at want, how riches railde on right,  
How vertue was supprest by vice, how pitie by despight :  
How false suspect did forge a thousand flim flam stayes,  
In rightfull suites to tyre the poore with cost and long de-  
layes.

Anon the musicke soundes, and force his office shewd :  
Well meaning mindes he wrapt so hard that they his hart  
beshrewd.

First falshood makes his choice, next flatterie takes his  
chance,

Then tag and rag about the house deceitfull measures  
daunce.

A curious maske at night the bridemen doth ordaine,  
With shews of fraud to feed their thoghts, which care not  
how they gain.

Abuse did leade the bride, extortion maskt with craft,  
To see deceit come hobbling on a hundred carrens laught.

Pure neede to get a place was glad to holde a torch,  
 But iustice, during all this sport, was placed in the porch.  
 Good ladie, then (quoth he), alas and well away !  
 You sometime did possesse this place, this whilome was your  
 day :

How hapneth lucre hath infected so your mate ?  
 How chaunceth truth did suffer craft to enter in your gate ?  
 What though that gaine did sowe some seedes of jealousie,  
 Might not (remorse) attonement make betweene thy seere  
 and thee ?

Is conscience nowe exilde, who sometime counfeld might  
 For to regard dame Justice suite, and not to strive with  
 right ?

Are honest myndes nowe fled ? doth rigour rule the roft ?  
 Is justice now divorst from might ? doth wrong nowe scour  
 the coste ?

Doth countenaunce cloake such crimes as justice did uncase ?  
 Dare coufeners false defende their faults with shew of ho-  
 nest face ?

They dare and doe, God wot, by maintenaunce of might.  
 Why live I then, alas ! he sayd, sith no man favours right ?  
 With that adieu good hope, and welcome woe (quoth he) :  
 I see no gleames of grace appeare my cloudes of scare  
 to free.

*The Reporter.*

It is more then straunge to see the filthie confederacie of  
 coufeners, how the wealthy churle, to save him selfe from  
 shame when his deceites are discovered, useth the names of  
 such lewd and carelesse persons, as to compasse gaine have  
 a regard neither to open shame, nor to their secret consci-

ences : and to tire the compleynant with delayes, such as with bold countenaunce (bolstred with the credite of the wealthy coufiner and his friendes) will abide the tryall of the matter : betide the worst that may, he can be but punished, for once the benefite of the deceite is in Holdfastes handling, so that lightly he that is wronged is like to reape but a colde amendes by his complaint. Among which fellowship of fiendes there is ever an odde lawyer, who secretly draweth their subtile deedes and craftie conveyances, and privily giveth them instructions how to deale in their lewd causes. To forewarne all men of this packe of pick-purses (making prooffe by his owne hindaunces) Plasmos describeth a coufiner as followeth.

*P. Plasmos description of Coufeners.*

A lawyers head to drawe a craftie deede,  
A harlots looke to witch with wanton sight,  
A flatterers tounge with sugred words to feede,  
A tyrants hart to wound the harmelesse wight,  
To toll with cheare a greedie gluttons gorge,  
A merchants mouth of falshoode truth to forge.

A scriveners fist, by nimblenesse to race,  
To scrape, to forge, to counterfet a name ;  
A lackies leg to trudge in every place,  
A desperate mind, which dreads no kinde of shame :  
These lims well linckt, and set on coufeners soyle,  
A worke were sure of all the divels the toyle.

For each of them a fiende in force can binde :  
Yet some, I graunt, by vertue guides their place

But fildome tis that kit ne followes kinde :  
If one be good a fcore doth want the grace ;  
But all in league their dealings lewde beware,  
For then they do the divell and all of scare.

*The Reporter.*

The philosopher Diogenes fayth, that nature to this intent bestowed two eyes and two eares, and but one tounge on any man, that he should heare and see more then he should speake : and sure who foeuer unadvisedly flaundreth another hurteth him felfe. In matters of controverfie, who fo feeleth his fuite colde straight seeketh by pretie traines to take some advauntage of his adverfaries wordes ; to whiche effect the craftie churle complained on for any notable coufenage, to knowe the compleynants secretes, worketh meanes to bring him into extreame passions of choler ; who being greatly wronged will not onely give knowledge, by what countenaunce, and in what court, he will trounse the defendant for his deceit, but lightly unadvisedly voweth to strike him, or calleth him craftie knave, coufening churle, &c. Whereupon the defendant, to worke the compleynants discredite, declareth to some justice of account in what daunger of life he stoode in : the compleynant being mischiefously and ruffenly disposed, and having colour of wrong for flaunderous words, he claps such unkynde actions on the compleynant, that will he, or nyll he, he enforceth him to agreement. Who so is so wronged may take warning to temper his tounge by Plasmos penance, who being hugely abused, gave out hard (yet true) speeches of one of his adverfaries, notwithstanding, by his owne negligence, together

with the extremitie of lawe, he payde roundly for recompence: who to discharge his stomache of griefe, a forrie amendes in fayth, blamed his tounge as followeth.

*P. P. Inveclive against his Tounge.*

Thy rash revenge (O tatling tounge !) I rue,  
Although with truth thou slaundredst late thy foe.  
The proverbe olde by prooffe I finde too true,  
Who fightes with words doth wound him selfe with woe :  
The civil lawe so favours fame and name,  
As strumpets knowne by wantons oft resort,  
Are sildome put to any open shame,  
Les open fight makes prooffe of Venus sport,  
Who so is toucht with any foule abuse,  
Though common speach the same for truth confirme,  
The common lawe the guiltie will excuse,  
If prooffe by oth ne makes the knowledge firme.  
Thus wanton fylthes and wily churles are scus'd,  
If secretly they worke their foule amis,  
Yet needely they which are by these abus'd,  
Must have a meanes to use revenge ywis ;  
Where oft their tounge is first addrest to fight,  
Whose furious threats forewarnes their foe of yre,  
Which knowne, he straight doth seeke to match their might,  
And first begins their griefes for to conspire,  
My selfe by such makes prooffe this tale is true,  
Who weend to feare with threatening words my foe,  
At which he smilde, preventing what he knewe  
Woulde be a meane to worke his overthrowe :  
Yea, worfe then that, he tryft me for me tounge,

Q Q

With actions houghe for slaundering of his fame :  
 For which my purse an honest quest so stung,  
 That ever since, in faith, it hath bene lame.  
 Thus losse to me, no hurt to him at all,  
 O babbling tongue ! thy rash revenge hath wrought,  
 Else blowes in lawe had given him cause to brall,  
 Of both the best, though best revenge be naught ;  
 For bobs do feare when words, not joynd with deede,  
 In wrangling myndes more canckred thoughts doth breede.

*The Reporter.*

I may now, without offence, enter into the plaine discourse of Plasmos following fortunes and inventions ; for I have hetherto layde the cause of his miseries unto his youthfull unthriftinesse, the which I confesse was an instrument : but there were unthriftie executioners of his harde fortunes, whose names and doings, for that it was supposed some of them were alive, according to my commission, I have lefte unreported, wishing them well to fare upon their recompence and repentance.

Nowe returning againe unto P. Plasmos estate, who being wrapped in a thousand miseries and mischieses, barde of the benefit of his owne living to worke his quietnesse, forsaken of friends in his distresse, and daily tormented with his enimies unkind vexations, looking unto the condition of his former life, his exercises and studies ; and finding his life full of lewdnesse, his exercise to be dallying, dauncing, and suche counterfet delightes, his studie wanton comedies, tragedies, and discourses, acknowledging these evilles the instruments of his mishap, fought if the reformation of these abuses, would be a meane of his better fortunes : so that using one day

the reading of scripture for his studie, and lighting on the  
102 Psalme, intituled, *Domine exaudi orationem meam*, im-  
ploying his muse unto a more better use then of yore, he  
made his humble submission unto the highest for the release  
of his miseries, as followeth.

In gayle of grieve inclosde, of worldly friendes forlorne,  
Thy mercy, Lord, to ease my mone, unto my prayers turne.  
Hide not thy heavenly face from him that lies in thrall;  
High time and tide, good God, it is to heare my plaint and  
call.

My dayes consume with grieve, my myrth is mard with  
mone,

My hart doth waft like withred grasse, my grave and I am  
one :

My flesh with thoughts doth fret, in shew I am a ghoste,  
I drencht in bale, my foes in blisse, I harmd, of hap they  
boft.

The world commends their welth, and spites my withered  
woe,

Yea, dooms my doings by my dole, theirs by delight in  
showe.

Thus wrongd and scornd I am, which crosse I do imbrace,  
Attending when thy mercy (Lord) my miseries shall chace,  
Which joyne with justice thine, to foyle my foes in fight,  
So shall I praise, and others feare, thy majestic and might.

*The Reporter.*

Plafmos in time wringing him selfe out of all the troubles  
and mischiefs that his enimies had wrapt him in, and being

his estate for his troubles so sufficient as, with good government, he might live in indifferent good credite : on the contrarie part, feing some of his enimies through their lewdnesse starke beggers, and other some of them to dye soudenly and miserably, as well to give God thanks for his deliverie, as for the overthrowe of his enimies, made this sonet following.

To thee (O Lord !) with hart and voice I sing,  
Whose mercy great, from dole to sweete delight,  
From mone to myrth, my troubled spirite did bring ;  
Yea more, thy yre hath foyld my foes in fight :  
They live in want that flourisht late in wealth,  
They grone with grieve, yea, lack bothe help and helth.

Their conscience guilt doth gall them through their gaine,  
And yet they waste more faster then they winne :  
Thus sweete prov'd sowre, their pleasure turnd to paine,  
Yea, living dyde to thinke upon their sinne.  
Their shadowes feard, so souden was their fall,  
But more their death when deffenie did them call.

Their mone amasd a thoufand wretches moe,  
Who fight and shrynkt through motions of deceit ;  
To heare report this thundring threat to throwe,  
Foule fall the fraude to breede our bale ! a baite,  
A bitter sweete, that rots ere it be ripe,  
A living care, to soule a deadly stripe.

But how with hap the pikes of harme I past,  
Of murdrous mates, of myndes on mischief set,



Whose snares for me them felves did fetter fast,  
Whose baites for me them measht in beggers net,  
Inforft men fay, of God, loe here the might !  
Which heales the harmd, and lames the lewd in fight.

But I whose scare thy heavenly helpe did cleare,  
Will daily sing with mynd, with hart, and voyce,  
To thee (O Lord !) be honour, laude, and feare,  
Which foyldft my foes and madft me to rejoyce.  
Laude for thy grace, and honour to thy name,  
Feare caufe thy wrath doth put the lewde to shame.

*The Reporter.*

After that P. Plafmos had throughly passed the pikes of his troubles, he foorthwith professed a newe courfe of life ; to witnesse which reformation (making povertie his excuse) he sent this following farewell unto fayre Laymos, and other fine dames of his olde acquaintance : which invention he termed his farewell to wanton pleasures.

*P. Plafmos Farewell to Wanton Pleasures.*

Dame Venus, be content thy fervant should depart,  
Who long hath bath'd in beauties blisse, yet swam in seas of  
smart ;  
And willing nowe with losse to leave his wanton sport,  
Repentance hath reclaimed him from pleasures statly court :  
Good love, my governeffe, thy charge that earft did raunge,  
Is well content to carelesse youth to leave his choice in  
chaunge.  
My colours frefh and gay, my pride in peacocks plumes,

I now resigne to Cupides thralls, whose head with fancie  
fumes.

My sugred wordes that earst did wray my suites at large,  
My scalding sighes to quench mistrust when jealousie gave  
charge,

I will to salve their sore whome false suspect doth byte :  
My vaunting speech I give to those which sojourne with  
delight,

And fantasie, earst my friend, of force I must forsake,  
And lust, my choice, I leave to those which rowes in leachers  
lake ;

For wisdom rules my will and reason bids retire,  
Least frozen feares through faithlesse love doth followe hote  
desire.

Expende doth nip my purse, my pride is pincht with paine,  
Aspiring mynde hath caught a fall, my lacke is linckt with  
gaine :

Yet losse this lesson learnd how pence my pleasure wrought,  
Not pleasure pence, but purges paine, when neede the bot-  
tome fought.

A noddie for the nonce, for faithlesse flurtes to flout,  
Poore want was rayd in ragged clothes amongst dame  
Pleasures rout :

Which picture when I sawe in favour like my lacke,  
Disdaine, my thought, did drowne my joy, despaire did bruse  
my backe.

Pure neede then prickt me forth (in faith) good mistresse  
mine,

Ere scorne should worke me out of grace my service to  
resigne.

For if you rightly wey my want by former wealth,

Your felfe will judge, I can not ferve without the ayde of  
ftealth.

Then wrong will feeke revenge with tryall of his bande,  
And iuftice foone will fentence give to truce me out of  
hande.

Then confcience will accufe my cofte in Venus court,  
And warne my friendes by thefe my woes to fhun dame  
Pleasures fport,

And (loth to dye) will curfe the caufers of my fmart :  
Thus with your blame, my o[w]ne the fhame, (perforce) I  
fhall depart.

*The Reporter.*

After P. Plafmos had bid adieu to thefe counterfet delights, he made this enfuing recantation ; and fith it behoveth every man that recanteth, to fhew with what errours he was led, as well to difcharge his owne confcience as to forewarne others of the like, P. Plafmos, in the faide recantation, maketh difcourfe of love betwixt faire Laymos and him felf. Wherein is difcovered the fubtile fleights of a cunning courtifane.

*P. Plafmos Recantation.*

Before the world I here recant my life,  
I do renounce both lingring love and luft ;  
My wanton will with wifdom once at strife,  
Hath loft the field, the type of fanfies truft.

My fugred tounge, bepoudred all with teares,  
To chafe miftruft from my sweete maiftrefse mynde,  
With fimple fpeech from humble fprite now weares,  
That favour I with my sweete Chrift may finde.

My scattered fighes which I on earth did strowe,  
 I gather up and fende them to the starres,  
 As messengers of my lamenting woe,  
 Twixt sin[n]e and soule so mortall is the warres.

Sith I repent, no shame it is to wray  
 My former life how far from grace it swerv'd :  
 Although from truth I, silly sheepe, did stray,  
 As good men God, so I my goddesse serv'd.

Her favour heaven I reckt, her frowning hell :  
 I swam in joy when I attaind her grace,  
 I sunke in noy when she with wrath did swell ;  
 Such strange effectes were shrowded in her face.

The religion  
 of wanton  
 lovers like the  
 papistes.

Saint Pandor then my advocate I made,  
 Who pynde my purse, yet fead my foolish vaine :  
 A thousand scornes with my fond sight did fade,  
 My suite in wordes such slender grace did gaine.

As Gods of olde my Goddesse honoured is,  
 Which sacrifice of kine and calves did crave ;  
 But she inoynd, in penance of my mis,  
 For fashion sake, that first I yeald her slave.

With vowe of fayth my suite then must I showe,  
 But suites of lawne, with toyes of deeper coste,  
 The duties were which I for grace did owe :  
 Such costly grace then found were better losse.

But mistes of love did so bedim my eyes,  
 That wealth was slave unto my wanton thought,

Glad was my purfe when he the toy espies,  
Which with my love a perfect liking wrought.

But I too sharpe did spurre so free a wretch,  
He pynde to naught to please her peevish mynde ;  
Then lacke too late this lesson did me teach,  
I serv'd no faint but one of Sathans kynde.

Who, when she sawe pure neede to play his part,  
With jealous speach gan straight to faine debate :  
My second choice, she sayde, possesse my heart,  
As though pure love had hatcht this souden hate.

But well I sawe despight did forge suspect,  
And jealous speach was set to colour scorne.  
My charge not change did frame with foule defect :  
She fained grieve, I, wretch, with woe forworne.

My plees of want then purchase little grace,  
She wild me love where I my wealth did waste,  
For my nice choice she rekt her selfe too base,  
Which here and there in change a new was plapt.

Fonde fantasie then presented to my will  
In desperate panges to pine away with paine,  
Or purchase pence on top of Shooters hill :  
If I escape, my bootie grace would gaine.

For him that earst both hope and hap did vaunce,  
To desperat thoughts to vayne his former blisse,  
Blame not his mynde to cure this forrie chaunce,  
If ventur'd life did worke amends of misse.

And fyth (quoth I) I must a martyr be,  
Then burne to naught with blafe of Cupides brands  
A gentler death is hanging on a tree :  
I may escape the bowget makers hands.

In spight of scorne, which haunts my ladies hart,  
Then shall I swim in seas of former grace,  
And sorrow shall finde recompence of smart  
With fouled armes, when I my joy imbrace.

These droufie dumps, which drives me to despaire,  
Shall purged be with drugs of droynses store :  
I glad, he mad, then mumping in his chaire ;  
When steede is stolne, too late shall shut the dore.

Thus I, vile wretche, led on by wanton lust,  
A triumphe made within my wicked thought,  
How I by hap the harmeleffe threw to dust,  
Ere I escapt, or had the mischief wrought.

But oh ! (sweete Christ) thy grace this folly stayd,  
Thou cleardst my sight which mistes of love did bleare,  
Unto whose praise my conscience hath bewrayd  
My former life, devoyde of godly feare.

Thou crav'ft (good lord) no other advocate  
But prayer mine to purchase heavenly grace,  
The which thou sayst doth never come too late,  
If I repent when prayer pleades my case.

A contrite hart is the sweete sacrifice  
That thou dost seeke, ere we thy favour winne ;

The which, deare God, with fighes and weeping eyes  
I offer up in recompence of sinne.

Attending still, when triall of my fayth  
Shall treade downe death, and Sathan force to reele,  
And boldly fay, till latter gaspe of breath,  
My soul through faith the joyes of heaven doth feele.

*The Reporter.*

To make this recantation or repentance more perfect, in  
shewe and in deede, he wrote this following admonition  
unto him selfe, which he termed his farewel to follie.

*P. Plafmos Farewell to Folly.*

Farewell, you fading joyes,  
Which fancie forst me love :  
Adieu, go trudge, your tickle toyes,  
Though late, too soone I prove.

O wandring head! leave off  
Fonde fancies to imbrace,  
And sugred tounge nowe cease to scoffe,  
Or others to disgrace.

Forfake, O luring eyes!  
To faine the loving art,  
And, scalding fighes, be you no spies  
To wound a womans hart.

O mynde ! with verfes vaine  
No more thy felfe acquaint :  
Forfake in time faire Venus game,  
Ere age doth thee attaint.

O hart ! on hoyh y fet,  
Be warnd by wifedomes lawe ;  
So fhalt thou fcape blinde Cupides net,  
Of which thou stoodft in awe.

Beware of tenne and foure,  
Which be the cheaters fare,  
Leaft haffards hard thy sweete do foure,  
And make thy purfe full bare.

This double charge I give  
To you, unhappie handes ;  
From quarels fond y free to live,  
As foe to life and landes.

Now laft to you, my legges,  
Which be my bodies ftay,  
Frame not your gate as men on egges,  
Whome bufting doth affray.

Nor yet fo ftoutly ftride  
As mens that beares would binde,  
For ftately fteps bewrayes the pride  
Which harbours in the minde.

My other members all,  
Be rulde by reaſons lore :



Let vertue reigne where vice did stall,  
And former faults deplore.

Least future plagues you pricke,  
To worke your greater paine ;  
For why against the thornes to kicke,  
I count it more than vaine.

*Nunquam fero.*

*The Reporter.*

I thinke it good to leave P. Plafmos in this good moode, untill time fitteth (he thus forewarned) for the report of his better fortunes : naythelesse, for others heede I will make discourse of the fouden fall of foure of his enimies, whom Gods iustice worthily cut off in the prime (or before the accomplishment) of their lewde desires. The first of them was Lyros, the only executioner of al his copartners deceites ; who, upon the revealement of his and their mischieves, fell into an extreme quarterne ague, which haunted him untill his death, he having but one only childe, which foudenly, without any shew of sicknesse, died : he for feare of arrest forooke his house and lived in corners. And yet, to comfort his solitarie life, he oft song a counter tenure ; he, being before a lustie and able man, became foudenly a most weake and miserable creature, to accompanie whiche, he lost the use both of memorie and wit. And to make an end of his miseries, in steade of drinke, he dronke poyson ; so that shortly after he was in shewe a most lothsome lepre, who thus distrest, forsaken of friends, and vexed with his

foes, for want of succour miserably (yet repentantly) died,  
whose complaint, almost in order as hee confessed, insueth.

*The complaint of one Lyros, a notable Cousfener, supposed  
at the houre of his death.*

Amonge their falles by filthie fraude which fell,  
Let my mishappe registred be I pray,  
Whose wanton toyes, whose wily trickes to tell,  
But cheefe of all, whose wofull plight to wray,  
No doubt the lewde will bring to better stay ;  
For whose behoofe, loe ! here I paint my thrall,  
My happ, my harme, my life, my death and all.

Noe shame it is for mee to shoue my evill,  
Though gracelesse life from wisedomes lore did swerve.  
A sinne it were to live and die a devill ;  
So foule and all with Tantals hope should sterue ;  
My warning here for others heede may serue.  
Freshe harmes, they say, will force men to beware,  
When had I wist comes after still the faire.

Then cousfeners, first to you my tale I streach :  
God graunt my wordes to heale your woundes availe ;  
But you will say, my selfe doth neede a leach,  
To heire my head, to helpe eche perisht naile,  
To ridde my scabbes, my leprosie to scaile,  
To cleare my eyes, which are now darke and dim,  
My nummed joyntes to make both lith and trim.

I neede God wot, if neede could favour winne,  
But out alas ! too late doth come the cure,  
When God is bent to punish filthie sinne.  
Though longe hee stayes, in fine hee striketh sure ;  
Best therefore then, ere you his wrath procure,  
You see your helpe (with his precept agree)  
*Ante languorem medicinam adhibe.*

Provide a falve before that sicknes come,  
Provide a mends for sinne and foule amisse,  
Before Gods wrath your due desert doth dome ;  
For note, deare friends, I whilome bathde in blisse,  
I swam in joy : my heart at woe did hisse,  
I then had strength, with health, and wealth at will.  
My hap was cleare, I sawe no clowdes of ill.

Then muse you will to see so rare a chaunge,  
As manly force to faile in prime of youth,  
As faire to foule, as health to scabbes and maunge,  
As hap to harme, as joy to greefe and ruth ;  
But listen well, and marke what woordes ensuthe,  
And you shall see what forced mee to fall,  
What wrought my woe, what turnde my joy to thrall.

Firft, weene that wealth did puffe mee up with pride,  
Next forme and force enforst me to aspire,  
Then love and lust into my brest did glide,  
Last, fretting thought so set my heart on fire,  
That mariage needes must coole my hoate desire.  
My choice was good, if chaunge had beene exile,  
But follie, faith and fancie, truth begilde.

He was a  
wanton liver.

My wandering will directed mee this course,  
 Which braineficke youth did duellie treade and trace,  
 And, entred once, I fell from bad to worfe,  
 I made a pray of every yeelding face ;  
 Such wanton lust doth follow want of grace :  
 Ne was this life defrayde with small expence,  
 And I (God wott) had not a mine of pence.

A backward  
 purchase.

While coyne did last yet carelesse did I spend :  
 A poore increase can spring on such a roote.  
 When coyne was spent ne did my fancies end,  
 With youth to strive for reason t'was no boote.  
 No lacke could treade my follies under foote :  
 While land did last, my want I did supplie,  
 With purchafes of *Dedi, concessi*.

My living sould, and monie in my purse,  
 My lavish minde had never thought of lacke ;  
 To gett or save I quite forgot the course,  
 For every toy my testours went to wracke,  
 Which did my bagges unto the bottome sacke.  
 My coyne confumde, and yearely rents thus gone,  
 What refuge then ? once credite had I none.

Yet live I must : neede doth obey no lawe,  
 To worke for wealth yet wist I not the way,  
 The scourge for sinne did keepe mee still in awe :  
 I durst not steale for feare of Tyborne play,  
 And other shiftes I knewe not to assay ;  
 But, to be short, to soone, to soone t'was knowne,  
 My will was good to take more then mine owne.

Then, wily mates, whose subtile eyes did see  
In yonkers states, and markt their youthfull vaine,  
Made choice of mee the instrument to bee,  
In wanton trackes unwayed youthes to traine ;  
Their wiles, my wishe, so sweete was speach of gaine,  
My tongue was good, my manhoode had in price,  
My life was lewde ; I knewe and usde eche vice.

He was made  
an instrument  
to execute  
other coufners  
devises.

Companion fitt for rufflers nowe adayes,  
Whose wills rule witt, and rage doth reason yoke,  
Of which I searcht a crue of thriftlesse strayes,  
Whom lewdly I to lewdnes did provoke :  
They bitt my baite, but other did them choke,  
I bore the name when others layde the bane ;  
The shame was mine, and others gleande the gaine.

But, oh ! I sigh, to wray what wrought my thrall :  
O, Plafmos ! nowe I swoone through thought of thee :  
I must confesse, the goad that did the[e] gall  
Was too too sharpe for friendship thine so free.  
I turnde my coate ere thou couldst fettered bee,  
My wanton toyes could hardly thee intrap,  
My falsed trust (aye mee !) wrought thy ill hap.

Plafmos the  
man hee  
abused.

And must I shewe wherein I was injust ?  
Shame fayes, conceale, my conscience wil not foe :  
I was a friend whose treason quited trust,  
A counseller lewde, that wrought my clientes woe ;  
Where I was lov'd I hated, fave in shoe ;  
Yea, twise accurst, for mucke his life I fought,  
Whose bloud and good for me hee ventred oft.

Hee forged  
deedes.

I forged deedes when fayled free consent,  
I rased roules to mend what haft did marre,  
I put in ure what coemates mine invent :  
My woordes were grave, as firme my friendship ware,  
And yet, forfooth, to shoue what mould I bare,  
I prov'de it true, how *Cito ad suam*  
*Redierint res fictæ naturam.*

For though my weedes forefhewde a fettled minde,  
God knowes, my woorkes my wanton humour wraide :  
The wyfer fort my follies soone did finde,  
They sawe full well my fancies were not staide ;  
Yet Plafmos hee of fraude was not afraide,  
And, truth to tell, I baynde him with fuch baite,  
As hardly hee could fmell out my deceite.

Officers about  
the recovery of  
P. P. land  
suspected the  
deceite.

Wife officers my falsehoode yet suspect,  
To purchase land they thought my store to small,  
And all to late to Plafmos they detect,  
(As they supposde) I fought to worke his thrall.  
Their sorrie newes did nip him to the gall,  
Who, like a man of hope, of helpe dismayde,  
Reportes the trust through which I him betraide.

Our foule deceite amas'de the hearers much :  
They Plafmos wild from greement kept aloofe,  
That open shame our villanies might tuch,  
Our falles would be a warning of behoofe.  
Our fraude thus found, before it came to prooffe,  
What course were best ? should wee confesse our fault ?  
Noc, noc ; wee ment to bide the first assault.

In every court our coufenages did ring,  
Which bouldly wee uppon our othes denide ;  
For wee that dar'd commit fo foule a thing,  
Uppon our othes ne cared though wee lyde :  
Yet durft wee not abide till trueth were tride ;  
In coufeners clyffes wee feard *fol fa* to chaunt,  
Howe fo wee seemde on honestie to vaunt.

Perjurie.

Yea (wretched) I, that bore the blame of all,  
*Peccavi* sounge, through pricke of conscience grieve ;  
How others scapt I sawe my shamefull fall.  
I mov'de my mates to salve our great mischiefe  
In time, or wee should suffer much repreefe ;  
But they that ufde their coufenage in my name,  
If worst befell, knewe I should bide the shame.

To make amends would never yeeld consent :  
What should I doe ? still Plasmos shot at mee ;  
Falso Frenos yet the mischiefe did invent,  
I plowde the lande, the profite reaped hee ;  
Hee bounde me so, saunce him I could not gree,  
And thus through neede (which I to show abhorre)  
Against my will, looke, what hee would I swore.

Frenos, the  
scrivener that  
devilde the  
coufenage.

Our coufenage knowen, our likelyhoode of paine,  
My earnest fute to some good end to growe,  
Once mov'd him not to leave ill gotten gaine ;  
Hee never blusht in conscience nor in shoue,  
But craft on craft hee layde to heape our woe :  
T'ware straunge to heare the wealthy friends hee found,  
Which joynde with him to make our fraude seeme sound.

And boultred thus for flaundring us with truth,  
 Our actions huge poore Plasmos overlayde :  
 Wee knewe in neede friends faild, the more the ruth,  
 Thus double wrong'd (his huge distresses waide)  
 To cleare his land good store of coyne hee paide,  
 Least share whereof, in faith, to mee did fall,  
 Yet of this end I was the glad'st of all.

From open shame my felfe I judged free :  
 I tooke no heede to salve my conscience gall,  
 But God, that doth all secrete dealinges fee,  
 Provided whippes to scourge our sinnes withall ;  
 And I that bare the blame of Plasmos thrall,  
 As sure I was the instrument of it,  
 The first man was that God with vengeance smit.

His miseries.

His sonne so-  
 dainly died.

A quarterne  
 ague.

My onely child, which should have had the land  
 With Plasmos blood that faine I would have bought,  
 Not sicke in sight, first dyed out of hand ;  
 Which heaue hap distempered so my thought,  
 As straight I was into a quarterne brought,  
 Whose froen fittes brought downe my youthfull pride :  
 Do what I could, it held mee till I dide.

He brought  
 himselfe in  
 daunger to  
 play the cou-  
 fener for others  
 commoditie.

His instru-  
 ment.

A house I kept till I to coufening fell,  
 But loe ! beguilde even with mine owne deceite,  
 My house I left, and did in corners dwell.  
 To lay mee up still Plasmos lay in waite :  
 Sometimes I was caught with a fergeaunts baite,  
 And through a grate *Presta quesimus* sounge :  
 With care on care thus daily was I stounge.



I that sometime had wily witt good store,  
As one bestrackt forgot what late I spake.  
For all my cheates still was I very poore,  
My friends did faile, none would relieve my lacke,  
On every side I (wretched) went to wracke :  
Yea, Frenos, he that drue the coufening plott,  
Devourde the gaine, and gave mee never a jott.

He lost his  
wit.  
He lost his  
memorie.

His friendes  
forfoke him  
in povertie.

Two yeares well nie I lived in this woe,  
God wot, not worth the ground whereon I went ;  
And when I thought my joyes againe would flowe,  
Unhappie I (that Plasmos murder ment)  
Unto such ire the hie Jehova bent,  
That (ah !) in steede of drinke my thirst to flake,  
I poyson dronke, my timelesse ende to make.

See, coufeners, see my present lothsome state !  
Loe, here the ende of all my wanton race !  
Behold the man that was so frolicke late,  
A leaper, soule in body, legges and face,  
At point of death, cryes out to God for grace :  
A warning fayre, a mirror full of mone,  
For greedie churles a bone to gnawe uppon.

Amende in time, before Gods wrath you sturre.  
Beware by mee, false Frenos and the rest,  
*Quod differtur*, be sure, *non aufertur*,  
Unlesse even from the bottome of your breast,  
You both repent, and to amends are preast.  
Loe here my tale and life will have an ende.  
God pardon mee, and graunt you to amende !

*The Reporter.*

The miserable end of Liros rather wrought a feare in strangers unto the horrible coufenage, then any repentance in false Frenos and other his confederates : so hadeneth the devil the heartes and blindeth the sightes of the reprobate, as neither the example of other mens miseries, nor pricke of their owne consciences, can reclaime them from lewdenes. And yet although a while they wallowe in their wickednes, and seeme to holde the inticing drosse (I meane wealth) of this world at will, in the pride of their prosperitie (the most part of such worldlings) throughe Gods justice are divorced from their vaine delightes. The soudaine fall of this Frenos proveth both the one and the other ; for notwithstanding he sawe the wretched death of Liros, and knew that Liros did execute nothing but his devise and direction, yet seemed hee no wayes to be vexed in conscience for his offences, being the author and only advauntage reaper of his deceite : and yet in the heate of his unconscionable provision, he was soudainly arested with death, whom you may suppose, as one amased with such soudaine visitation, striving for life, to tell this disordered tale following.

*Frenos Complaint.*

I see (quoth hee) death spares no sortes of men :  
 Our bagges of drosse may not withstand his might,  
 To moyle and toile for pelfe what bootes it then ?  
 No whit, God knowes, if wee could see aright ;  
 But worldly cares our minds bewitched foe,  
 As thoughtes of heaven silde in our brestes do dwell.

The proverbe faith (the more such fathers woe)  
Happ' is the childe whose father goes to hell ;  
But such proverbes more common are then true :  
Silde children keepe that fathers lewdly gett.  
And, trust mee, wealth, if after want ensue,  
With double griefe the needie thrall doth frett :  
To what ende then, for mucke, take wee such care ?  
To damne our selves, and worke our childrens scare.

Goods ill got  
are lewdlye  
spent.

O wicked world ! so sweete thy torments seeme,  
That when men taste thy drugges of vaine delight,  
Their onely heaven thy thralles do thee esteeme.  
With mistes of mucke thou blindest so their sight,  
That (wretched) they whilst that in health they live,  
As swine in myre, do wallowe in their faultes.  
An others fall, nor conscience can them meeve  
To waile their sinnes till grislie death assaultes ;  
The thought of whom as thornes do pricke mee (wretch).  
Alas ! mee thinkes I see his ghastly shape :  
What did I meane to name him in my speach ?  
And can I not his furious force escape ?  
Oh noe ! my sinnes beginneth now to swarme :  
To matche with him my selfe howe should I arme ?

When death  
attacheth the  
wicked, the  
thought of  
their sinne is  
more grevous  
then death.

My conscience cryes, confesse thy wicked life.  
My wicked life such monstrous fraude presents,  
As in my selfe I finde a hell of strife :  
My gracelesse deedes the hope of grace prevents.  
I see, I see, howe fierie fiendes do yell,  
Before hie Jove my wicked soule to have.  
My secrete sinnes condemnes mee (wretch) to hell :

Our owne  
finnes gives  
evidence  
againſt us  
afore the  
higheſt.  
Bible.

They be ſo huge that nothing can me ſave.  
Where is the booke wherein Gods will is writ ?  
They ſay therein is balme that finne can cure.  
What ment I (wretch) ? I never ſtudied it.  
The booke is large ; my life will not indure,  
So longe as I may reade, and reape ſuch grace :  
The fault is mine ; I might while I had ſpace.

I faint, I faint ! my life will needes away,  
False Frenos now of force muſt yeeld to death.  
Theſe farewell woordes, good friends, yet note I pray,  
Prepare your ſelves ere latter gaspe of breath :  
So ſpend your lives as if you daily dyde,  
Leſte *tarde* you by death (perhaps) be tane.  
Note well my fall in top of all my pride :  
Before I wiſt, hee gave mee (wretch) my bane.  
My worldly wealth, for which I tooke ſuch care,  
I needes muſt leave in no good order ſett ;  
A ſoudaine chaunge, the chaunce yet nothing rare,  
This is the prooffe of goods that fraude doth get.  
Loe ! this is all that death will let mee ſay ;  
But what is ſhort may beſt be borne away.

*The Reporter.*

This diſordered complaint of Frenos is answerable unto  
his diſordered dealing, but moſt of all unto his ſodaine  
death, who, having his conſcience unprepared, tormented  
with the multitude of his finnes, ſtoode amazed what to  
ſay : and yet howſoever it hange together, it conteyneth  
matter of note, which I leave to the cenſure of the diſcrete

reader. And now to the rest of this report: the next that death mett with in this tragedie of coufeners, was Caphos, a merchant, whose name Frenos used in divers of his craftie conveyances, for that (if neede so required) hee had friendes to countenaunce, monie to defend, and an indifferent honest report to couler their lewde practises. But notwithstanding his monie, couler, and countenaunce to set an honest shewe, in the sight of the world, of his subtile practises, now that death attacheth him to make his accompt before the hieft, you shall heare in what arerages he findes himselfe.

*Caphos Complaint.*

The proverbe faith, as good wee eate the devill,  
As sup the broth wherein his body boilde ;  
As good wee do, as give consent to evill,  
Which sorrie doome my coloured scufe hath foild.  
My conscience throbs, though I no fraude devis'de :  
My onely name, that shadowed foule deceite,  
In God his sight with Frenos fall is pris'de ;  
I feele my finnes pluckes downe my foule with weight ;  
Yea, Lyros and false Frenos both, I knowe,  
But leade the way that I must shortly goe.

Farre yet I am unfit for such a journie,  
My compt falls short that I to God must give ;  
If hee charge mee with filthie perjurie,  
It will not serve (to save mee from reprove)  
To say how that, for feare of after shame,  
A manifest untrueth I durst not sweare,  
But Frenos gott a post knight of my name,

A pretie kind  
of perjurie.

T T

In steede of mee, that did both sweare and steare.  
 I muſt confeſſe I gave thereto conſent,  
 And God, no doubt, will puniſh my intent.

Note.

My ſubtile flightes to ſhadowe ſoule abuſe  
 May well lye hid, and no man knowe the fame ;  
 But God doth knowe the fraude I put in uſe,  
 (For others heede) deſerved open ſhame.  
 The man that is with ſickneſſe never vext  
 Hath ſeeldome care what kinde of meate hee eates,  
 When ſuch as are with ſurfets oft perplext  
 Seeme daintie ſtill to feede on divers meates :  
 In worldly churles obſerved is the like,  
 They feede on fraude till infamie them ſtrike.

Marke well my woordes, you (worldlinges) of all fortes,  
 But, citizens, your natures beſt I know :  
 There are [of] you have meetely good reportes,  
 For riches ſake and outward honeſt ſhowe,  
 But how you get your monſtrous heapes of gold,  
 Your conſcience knowes, and I can ſomewhat tell :  
 Your ſecret craft ſo ſeeldome is controld,  
 As what you gett you thinke you gett it well ;  
 But how ſo heere your reckonings ſeemeth true,  
 A day will come when you ſhall count a newe.

Bee you reclaymde by others ſoudaine fall,  
 Sighe for your owne when others ſhames you ſee ;  
 Thinke that they are but patternes of your thrall,  
 If juſtice ſhould on you avenged bee.  
 A thouſand wayes the higheſt ſeekes to winne,

Our worldly mindes from love of worldlie joyes,  
But if wee still will wallowe in our sinne,  
The plagues are sharpe with which he us destroyes :  
To stay whose wrath I hould the next way is,  
While wee have space, to sorrowe our amis.

Death comes, God wot, even like a myching theefe :  
With conscience cleare some wardes his wily blowe,  
And some, againe, hee gawls with foudaine greefe,  
Whose thoughtes of sinne doth worke their double woe.  
Had I but wayde the halfe that now I wray,  
My coemates endes had made mee fitt for death ;  
But that is past : this is my onely stay,  
Gods mercie salves at latter gaspe of breath,  
And yet thereof let no man hope to farre :  
Presumptuous sinnes of all the greatest are.

A sweete  
comforte.  
Presumptuous  
sinnes.

*The Reporter.*

It seemeth, by the deposition in Caphos complaint, that the direction from time to time (as concerning the afore reported coosenage) came from some subtile head. But whose devise or direction soever it were, there is yet an other (a lawyer, it seemeth, by the order of his complaint,) that findes his conscience infected with Lyros, Frenos, and Caphos fellowship ; who, likewise attached with death, you may suppose, with a troubled minde, to wraest out this following complaint.

*Pimos complaint at the houre of his death.*

Aye mee ! (quoth hee) the case is altered quite :  
My wylie skill that chaungde the sence of lawe,

My cunning pleas that made a wronge seeme right,  
 Are nowe the bones whereon my conscience gnawe :  
 They force mee graunt the good from evill I knewe ;  
 The good I left, the evill too late I rue.

The common  
 lawe was taken  
 out of Gods  
 lawe.

The common lawe, the which I studied longe,  
 I finde, condemnes mee, wretch, of many a crime ;  
 The lawe it selfe (how so we wraest it wronge)  
 Of God his lawe was founded in the prime :  
 Then since in one they both agree in troth,  
 Abuse of one must be abuse of both.

And sure the one I turned as I list :  
 If I were wrong'd, the lawe amends could make,  
 If I did wronge, the lawe such power might,  
 The case was chang'de, the wronged might go packe.  
 Such helpes I had, such quilllets of delay,  
 That all seem'de true, that (subtile) I did say.

The diuel de-  
 clares our  
 offences before  
 God, our con-  
 science is the  
 witnes of our  
 wickednes.

But nowe I am attached to appeare  
 Afore a judge at no mannes faultes that winkes :  
 The divell declares, how I have lived here,  
 My conscience guilt gives evidence, me thinkes.  
 To learne the laws sith studie I did vowe,  
 For breach of lawe I am indited nowe.

Before my God, mee seemes, I charged am,  
 For ayding those with credite, coyne, and skill,  
 Whose lewde deceites deserved whippes of shame,  
 And that to make me guiltie of their ill,  
*Consentientes* (your lawe sayth, Jove doth say,)  
*Et agentes, plectentur pari pena.*



My guiltie minde confesseth streight the act,  
 Falſe Frenos fraud was boulstered up by mee ;  
 Condemnde of this, streight comes another fact,  
 I wronged men againſt all equitie,  
 When lawe doth ſay, *hoc facias alteri*,  
 In right and wronge, *quod vis tibi fieri*.

This bitter doome, given by the doome of lawe,  
 Mee, ſinnefull wretch, as guiltie ſtriketh mute ;  
 The men I wrong'd within my conſcience gnawe,  
 I ſpared none through pittie, nor through fute :  
 What lawe did give, ſince I for vauntnge tooke,  
 In breach of lawe ſhould I for favour looke ?

O noe ! I muſt in proper perſon pleade  
 Plaine not guiltie, or guiltie of the crime :  
 No forreine plea may now delayaunce breede ;  
 Untraverſt goes the *venu* and the time,  
 No advocate or letters here may ſerve,  
 The judge is bent to judge as I deſerve.

Note.

I guiltie am, I muſt of force confeſſe.  
 By ignoraunce theſe faultes yet would I ſcuſe,  
 But I, vile I, that had men in diſtreſſe,  
 And did their pleas of ignoraunce reſuſe,  
 Mee thinkes that God doth rule me ore with this,  
*Non excuſat ignorantia juris*.

Ignoraunce  
 will not ſerve.

And thus I lye, with deadly ſicknes pinde ;  
 Yea more, my ſoule beſeng'd with ſinnefull greefe,  
 The more I ſeeke to pacifie my minde,

The further off I (wretched) find releefe.  
 My dealinges great, or rather great deceite,  
 Fall out fo lewde as I no count can streight.

The foule and  
 flefh are at  
 continuall  
 warre.

Do what I can, the caufe that caufde my joy  
 When flefhe and bloud was fedde with worldly gaine,  
 Is nowe the caufe that caufeth my annoye.  
 Now feare of hell in place of flefhe doth raigne :  
 The foule and flefhe impugnes the other fo,  
 As what likes one doth worke the others woe.

What meane wee then (fith th' one wee muft difpleafe)  
 To ferve the flefh, that beares no lafting fway,  
 And leave the foule, that covets ftill our eafe,  
 Who (foyling flefh) in heaven doth live for aye?  
 What worfer match can any creature make,  
*Incerta* then, *pro certis* thus to take?

O finfull wretch! had I this ende forefeene,  
 I had not nowe come fhort upon account :  
 I would have lik't and lov'd the merrie meane,  
 Which ever doth to reckoning beft amount ;  
 For violents do fildome long indure,  
 They alwayes come from fortune moft unfure.

O wicked man! had I feene heaven in thought,  
 Had I ferv'd God like as in fhewe of zeale,  
 I had not thus for poore mens livings fought,  
 Nor purchaft hell for lande for others weale.  
 Had I well wayde how tickle was my life,  
 I had ere this appeafd my confcience strife.

Or had I thought (O most unhappie wight !)  
Looke what I gave that meafure fhould I reape,  
I fure had given to every man his right,  
This wicked world had not luld me afleape ;  
I had not then bene carelefse of my end,  
My foule had watcht deathes furie to defend.

But (oh !) in me the contrarie was plafte :  
I was intyfte on baytes of finne to feede,  
Which charm'd receits feemde fuger sweete in tafte,  
But (oh !) they fay, sweete meate fowre fauce doth neede.  
Neede, or not neede, I prove the proverbe true,  
My brittle joyes my endlefse woes do brue.

My confcience loathes what liked well my life,  
My confcience rues the gaine I got by guile,  
My confcience feeles the woes of wrangling strife,  
My confcience weepes at that my life did fmile,  
My confcience bleedes through that life thought a bliffe,  
My confcience wailes what life thought not amiffe.

Well, fith my life this wretched woe hath wrought,  
Would God my life (nay death through foule abufe)  
Were noted fo as all men might be taught  
By fcriptures rule their talents here to ufe,  
And fpecially about their ftudies wall,  
For lawyers heed, would God were writ my fall !

Through fight whereof, no doubt, they would refufe  
To fifh for gaine with nets of foule deceit ;  
To worke delays they would no pleadings ufe,

They fure would thinke they had account to straight :  
 My vexed mynde at death still in their eye,  
 Would will them live, as they did dayly dye.

If to fuch good my fouden fall would prove,  
 Would life would laft to tell a larger tale !  
 But howe it prove, in vaine for life I move,  
 Death nowe affaults, and (wretched) I muft vale :  
 My breath doth fade, the bell doth found away  
 From whence I came, I needes muft turne to clay.

*The Reporter's conclufion, as touching the report of Paulus  
 Plafmos adventures, and Lyros, Frenos, Caphos,  
 and Pimos falles.*

Who telles a tale at large of others fmart,  
 In his report fome errour needes muft shape :  
 Some blamed are, fome praifde, beyond defart.  
 In this difcourfe (fuch flaunder to efcape)  
 It feemd me beft to ufe but notes of heede,  
 And leave at full for to report the deede.

Yet fome will fay, I wrong poore Plafmos here,  
 To make his youth the caufe of his mishaps,  
 When he, good foule (who fraude did little feare)  
 Was flily fnarld in sneaking coufeners traps :  
 In deede, my heart did bleede his plaints to showe,  
 And much I blamde the workers of his woe.

And yet, forfooth, what fo of him is fayde,  
 In my conceit is nothing fayde but truth,

For fure his woes, if they be wifely wayde,  
Some wayes may be imputed to his youth ;  
For firft of all, his braverie was the bayte  
Thefe coufeners mindes that egged with deceite.

Then, fith him felfe was guiltie of his thrall,  
His fortunes wrayd may wanton gallants warne  
From rash clyming, for feare they catch a fall ;  
And by his woes unwayed youthes may learne  
To trust them felves, fewe others out of fight,  
For timelefse trust wrought Plafmos much defpight.

And for their falles, by fraude that fought to mount,  
Although that they not halfe their faults report,  
Yet in their plaints are notes of good account,  
Forewarnings faire, and words of mylde exhort ;  
And for the reft (how fo they liv'd awry)  
Let it fuffice, they did repentant dye.

*EPILOGUS.*

Loe here the fruits that growe of felse conceits !  
Loe here their falles that leape before they looke !  
Loe, gallants, here the sweete inticing baytes,  
Wherein lyes hid the coufeners poysoned hooke !

From maskes of pryde here are the visards pluckt,  
Of dogged dice, loe here the deadly yll ;  
See here how drie the lovers purse is suckt,  
That yealdes to please a wanton ladies will.

Who noteth here what treason lurkes in trust,  
Before he trust may haply learne to trie :  
Who sees faire words faust here with workes unjust,  
May have in scorne the shewes of flatterie.

Who marketh here the bitter end of frayes,  
Of more emprise may holde a quiet life.  
Who seeth here in lawe the long delayes,  
May love the worse to live in wrangling strife.

Without good heede, who so in court doth plant,  
May here perceiue his beggerie in the end.  
Who wayeth here the woes of withered want,  
Were worse then mad beyonde his boundes to spend.

Who would avoyde the snares that worldlings set,  
And who would knowe their wiles and foule abuse ;  
Who hath desires an honest fame to get,  
Who in his kinde inticing golde would use,

May here finde rules his life for to direct.  
Here lives their fames, that vertues fouldiers ware,  
And here againe their dealings I detect,  
To swimme in wealth that will no vantage spare.

Here, here discourst may worldlings see their falles,  
Which wey not how, so riches they may winne :  
Here may they see, how fore Gods vengeance galles,  
When he is bent to punish filthy sinne.

All this and more my Muse at large reports,  
All this my Muse (for your availe) did hit ;  
In lue whereof she friendly you exhorts  
To take in worth what of good will is writ.

*Quod cavere possis, stultum est admittere.*

*FINIS.*

■ *Imprinted at London for  
Robert Waley.  
Anno 1576.*





















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